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Frontier Times

September, 1970

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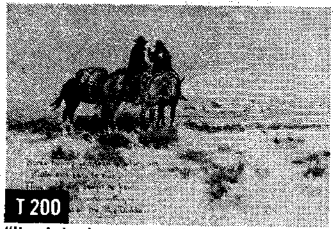
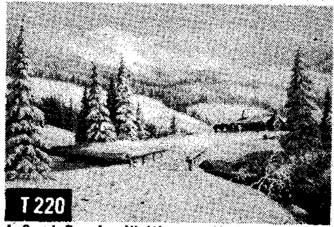
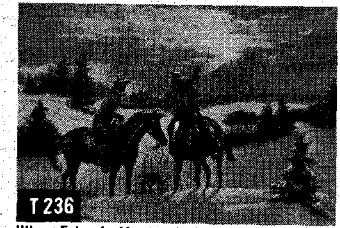

T 200

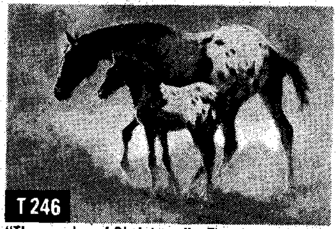
"Here's hoping your trail is a long one, etc." — Merry Christmas...Good friends, etc.— **C. M. Russell**


T 220

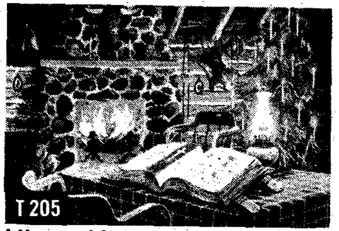
A Good Day for Visiting — May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You, etc. — **Thomas**


T 236

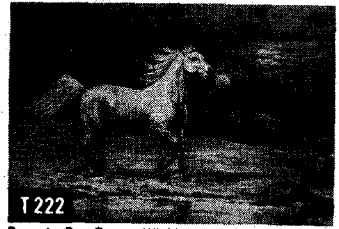
When Friends Meet — Christmas Greetings from our outfit to yours, etc. — **Lenox**


T 246

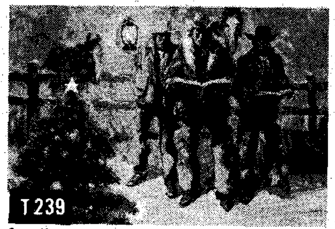
"The wonder of Christmas" — The glory of Christmas remains to brighten all hearts, etc. — **Touraine**


T 205

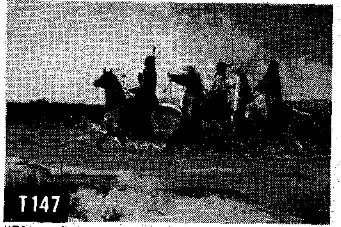
A Memory of Christmas — May you have a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way, etc. — **Stahley**


T 222

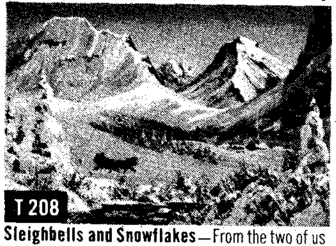
Born to Run Free — Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness in the New Year — **Steffen**


T 239

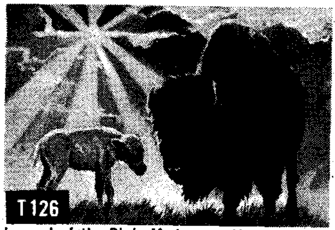
Caroling Neighbors — Thoughts of treasured friends make Christmas . . . etc. — **FitzSimmons**


T 147

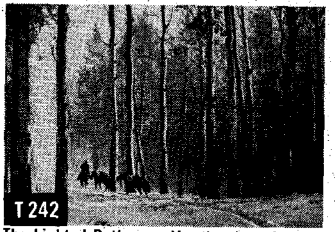
"Blessed are they that have not seen" — May the Peace and Joy of Christmas, etc. — **EchoHawk**


T 208

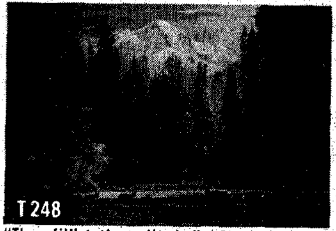
Sleighbells and Snowflakes — From the two of us at Christmas, etc. — **Kerswill**


T 126

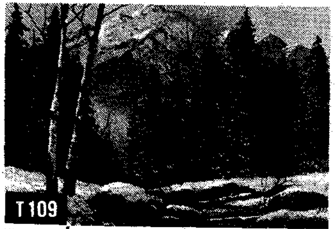
Legend of the Plain Madonna — May the Peace . . . of Christmas be with you, etc — **Touraine**


T 242

The Lighted Pathway — May the glory of Christmas shine upon your pathway, etc. — **McLean**


T 248

"Thou fill'st the solitude." — Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc. — **Barks**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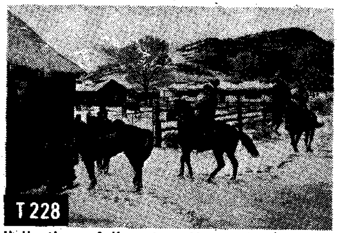
"In the heart of the wilderness" — May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc. — **Swanson**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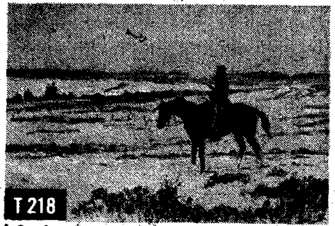
Hello there, folks, etc. — Merry Christmas and Happy New Year — **Marks**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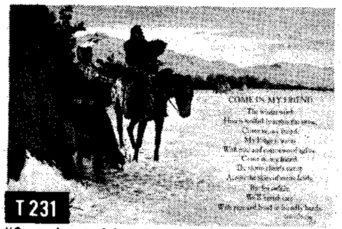
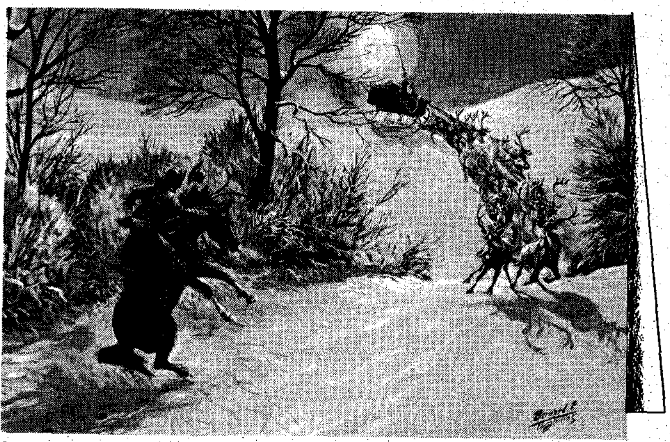
A Cowboy Prayer — With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year — **Powell**


T 231

"Come in, my friend, etc." — *Peace and Good Will at Christmas and through the New Year* — **Shope**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Surprise on the Trail — To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness — **Thomas**

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FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

True Stories of the West!

August-September, 1970
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New Series No. 67

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Ray Atkeson

In the distance snowy Three Sisters Peaks in Oregon's Cascade Range scrape a cloud-flecked sky. In the foreground are the colorful Smith Rocks and Crooked River.

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We Won Another One....

National Award, That Is

AT LEAST Pat Wagner and May Howell Dodson did. I didn't have a dad-burned thing to do with it but just publish the magazine it was in! We won our first "Wrangler" award in 1963 for "Nine Years Among the Indians" which was the harrowing account of Herman Lehmann as a captive of both the Comanches and the Apaches.

That "Wrangler" is a beautiful thing! Our inscription reads, "Western Heritage Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, presented to FRONTIER TIMES and WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Publisher; Bennett Howell's Cow Country, Outstanding Western Magazine Article of 1969." It sort of makes you feel warm inside when you win a "Best of Its Kind." I knew a tumblebug once that was so good—oh well, we'll go into that later.

As you folks who have been with us for years will know, I am much better for my crying editorials (and I'll cry some more if they pass that *50%* raise in second-class postage rates!) than I am trying to brag so let's talk about the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City.

This is getting to be a BIG thing. I think too little is known nationally about the endeavor as a whole and it might not hurt to acquaint you with just what goes on at one of these cultured black-tie fandangles. Presentation of the awards was held in Oklahoma City April 24 marking the tenth year of a distinguished program by this organization to recognize outstanding Western motion pictures, TV programs, literature, and music. Since 1961 leaders of the Western cultural and entertainment worlds—actors, authors, directors, producers, composers, publishers, and officials of producing companies—have attended the impressive awards ceremony to receive "Wrangler" trophies for their part in the preservation of our Western heritage.

Photographed by Jim Small

How did it all begin? In 1959 officials of the Cowboy Hall, realizing that a national institution of its type has a greater responsibility than construction and maintenance of a museum, started a program to help preserve the true spirit of the West. The first Western Heritage Awards were thus launched in 1960, with prizes for the most outstanding Western motion picture, documentary film, fictional and factual television program, short story and magazine article, and musical composition. The sculpture "The Horse Wrangler" by the famous cowboy artist Charles Russell was chosen as the model for the trophy. Russell was one of the first Great Westerners to be enshrined in the Cowboy Hall of Fame, and the Center displays one of the largest collections of the artist's works.

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame is unique among museum institutions in that it is owned by the people of the West and operated by a Board of Trustees representing the seventeen Western states. Located high on Persimmon Hill in northeast Oklahoma City, the Center with its $5 million collection of Western Americana averages more than 300,000 visitors annually. Be sure to drop by if you're ever in that part of the country.

BESIDES our award in the magazine article field, other winners were: *Olaf Wieghorst*—Outstanding Western Art Book, author William Reed; publisher Northland Press, Flagstaff Arizona.

"The Golden Spike"—Outstanding Western Documentary Film, narrator Royal Dano, director and writer Kenneth A. Meyer, producer Barbre Productions Inc., Denver, sponsor National Park Service.

"The West of Charles Russell"—Outstanding Western Factual Television Program, storyteller Milburn Stone, producer Donald B. Hyatt, associate producer Rogert L. Garthwaite, director and writer Richard Hanser, consultant Frederick G. Renner, Project 20 Production for National Broadcasting Company.

"The Wish" Episode from Bonanza—Outstanding Western Fiction Television Program, starring Dan Blocker, Ossie Davis, Harry Page, Barbara Parrio, Jerry Summers, Roy Jenson, George Spell; series leading actors, Lorne Greene, and Michael Landon; producer Richard Collins; director and writer Michael Landon; executive producer-director David Dortort, network National Broadcasting Company.

An Awful Name To Live Up To—Outstanding Western Juvenile Book, author Jessie Hosford, publisher Meredith Press, New York City.

"True Grit"—Oustanding Western Motion Picture, starring John Wayne, Kim Darby, and Glen Campbell; from the novel by Charles Portis; director Henry Hathaway; writer Marguerite Roberts, producer Hal B. Wallis and Paramount Pictures.

"True Grit"—Outstanding Western Musical Composition, composer Elmer Bernstein; title song lyricist Don Black; producer Hal Wallis and Paramount Pictures.

The Great Platte River Road—Outstanding Western Non-fiction Book, author Merrill J. Mattes; publisher Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.

The White Man's Road—Outstanding Western Novel, author Benjamin Capps; publisher Harper & Row, New York City.

Honored State of the Seventeen Western Sponsor States—California and The Honorable Ronald Reagan, Governor.

Special Recognition Awards—*Arizona Highways Magazine*, for Forty-five Years of Outstanding Western Publications, Editor Raymond Carlson; and "Death Valley Days" and U. S. Borax & Chemical Company, for Forty Years of Outstanding Programs Documenting Western History.

Swiss National Television Network

(Continued on page 69)

FRONTIER POST

Tom Mix Was His Chauffeur!

Dear Sir:

Your account of the last hours of Tom Mix brought back memories of 1934-35 when I was in the C.C.C. Camp, building and inspecting fire roads. The Forestry Superintendent told me of a road he wanted me to inspect out to the foothills and the valley. When there, I was to call collect and he'd come get me.

I followed the fire road down to the Blue Bird Ranch near Tunga Canyon. I believe it was Tom Mix's ranch; at any rate he was there. I ignored the "Keep Out" signs, climbed the gate and started up toward a red-tiled Spanish ranch house.

There was a three-year-old white-face bull loose in the field. I didn't see him until he almost charged me. I sidestepped his rush, cut a poplar sprout, and every time he charged I'd side-step and switch him about the legs. He finally got the idea and left. What I didn't know was that a crowd on the veranda took in the whole show.

The next thing I knew, a man on horseback and two with shotguns took me prisoner and walked me up to the house. My identification was verified by a call to the C.C.C. Camp and the Forestry Superintendent said he would be after me. In the meantime Mr. Mix was asking me where I had learned the stick trick, and I explained that we had broken all our young bulls and steers on the farm that way with a buggy whip, and I figured that this young bull had been trained that way, too. Mr. Mix said he had never before seen it done.

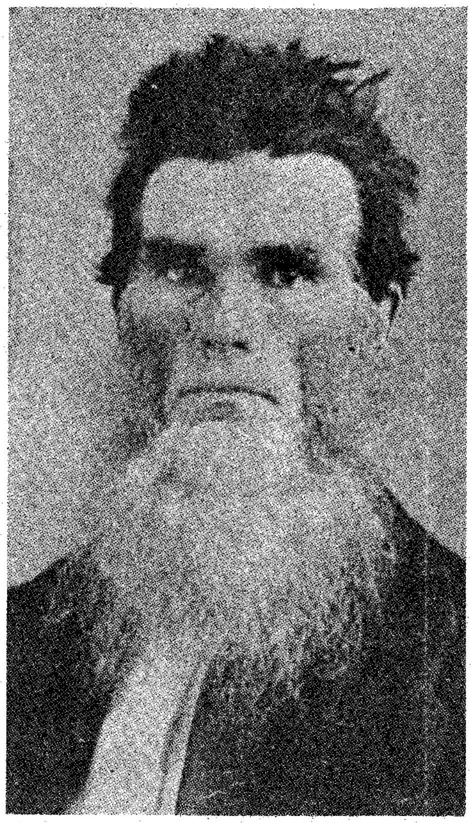
Then he told the man on the phone that he'd take me back to camp himself. We went out and got into a big boat of a touring car with the top down. What a thrill I got, sitting alone in the rear seat, going down a gravel road with hairpin curves to the foothill boulevard that passes just north of Claremont and Pomona, California. I couldn't see the speedometer but we were sure going fast.

A few minutes later I was handing in my report of the day's hike to the Forestry Superintendent, and he, Mr. Mix and I went inside and drank some wine together.

Afterwards, the superintendent said, "Walters, I suppose you know that was Tom Mix, the movie actor."

I said, "I know it, but I doubt if the boys up at the camp will believe me." And they didn't.

I never saw Tom Mix again, but his kindness to a green farm kid in C.C.C. Camp was sure appreciated and is a treasured memory.—Charles L. Walters, 1950 South San Joaquin, Stockton, California 95206



Thomas Jefferson Johnson. We're sorry we didn't have this photo of "Old Bristle Top" to go with our "Bear Creek and Friday Mountain" story in the March '70 issue, but such is life in the publishing business!

Tanana Valley RR Equipment

Dear Sirs:

A friend recently sent me a copy of your July 1969 FRONTIER TIMES as he felt I would be interested in the article, "The Tanana Valley Narrow Gauge" by Jack McPhee.

I found the article fascinating with regard to the human angle. The corporate histories have been covered greatly elsewhere but this article is the only one of its type to my knowledge. For your further information, however, I would like to take issue with the statement in the last paragraph that "All that is left of the line is old Engine No. 1. . . ." The No. 1 now rests at Alaskaland in Fairbanks. Alaskaland was the official site of the centennial celebration of Alaska's purchase from Russia in 1867. Other equipment does remain, however.

Locomotive No. 152, a 4-6-0 type built actually for the government during the construction of the Alaska RR, is now on the Camino, Cable & Northern RR in California. About 1940 it was sold to the White Pass & Yukon RR in Skagway, Alaska. They operated it until sometime after World War II. It was they who sold to the owners of the C.C.&N.

An old passenger car from the Tanana Valley is now used as a home by a family in the Fairbanks area. This car is reported to have come from the Utah & Northern RR in Utah where it supposedly served as a private car for Brigham Young.

Two freight cars, one a box car and the other possibly a wrecking car, are located at a mine near Palmer, Alaska. They were apparently operated on a short branch line the Alaska RR built about 1920. In 1929 this branch was rebuilt to standard gauge and it is assumed the two cars were taken off their wheels and used for various purposes around the mine.

According to information I have there may be other equipment still existing but I cannot say for certain. I can verify the existence of the equipment I have described.—John Henderson, General Delivery, Soldotna, Alaska 99669

Battling Nelson, The Boxer!

Gentlemen:

Thanks for the story of the glory that once was Goldfield, Nevada in the November 1969 FRONTIER TIMES. The interesting description of Tex Rickard's promotion of the Battling Nelson-Joe Gans lightweight fight in Goldfield in 1906 (before I was born) reminded me of an incident that occurred early in 1950 while I was working in the Chicago Loop.

In the early months of that year a fellow worker and I stopped in a small restaurant on the west side of the Loop for our usual afternoon coffee. The proprietor of the place was an old fellow whose book matches proclaimed the fact that he had judged over 5,000 prize fights. The photos on the walls indicated he also was acquainted with many of the men in the fight profession over the years. On this particular afternoon when we arrived there were no other customers in the place so we sat at two end stools at the counter to save the lone waitress a long walk to the tables.

Shortly after we had received our coffee two people made their way in our general direction and next I received a resounding slap on the back with the admonition, "Turn around, you fellows, and shake hands with the guy who killed Baby Joe Gans." (Gans died shortly after his last fight with Nelson.)

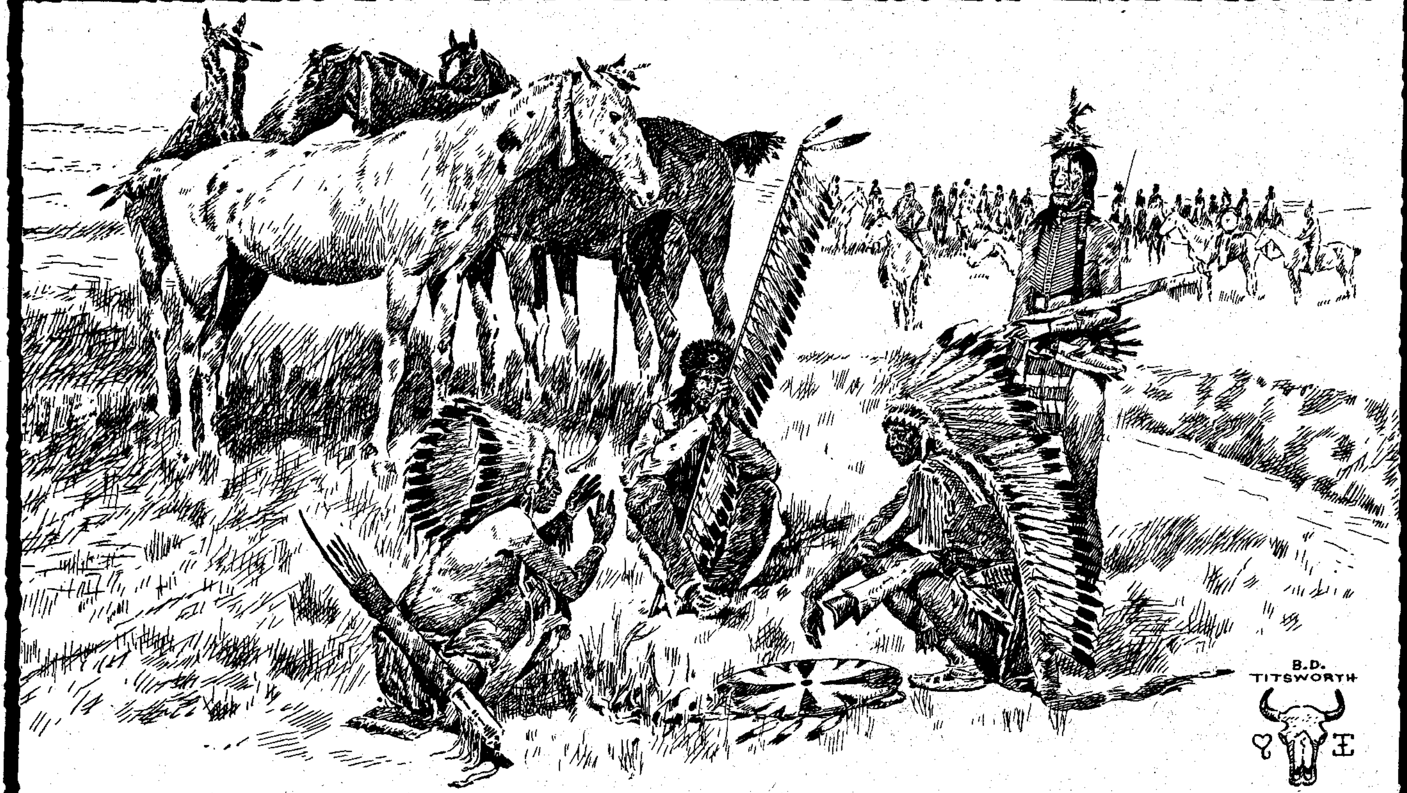
The proprietor and Nelson seemed to

(Continued on page 48)

WE'RE GOING UP . . . WE HAVE TO!

HURRY! SUBSCRIBE OR RENEW AT PRESENT RATES NOW!

Chief Hosstail and his tribal advisors have been pondering for many a moon on how to stretch the wampum. (Those horsemen in the background are creditors!) This drawing of the final parley was sketched just before they ran out of patience and rode up to say "The question isn't HOW, it's NOW!"



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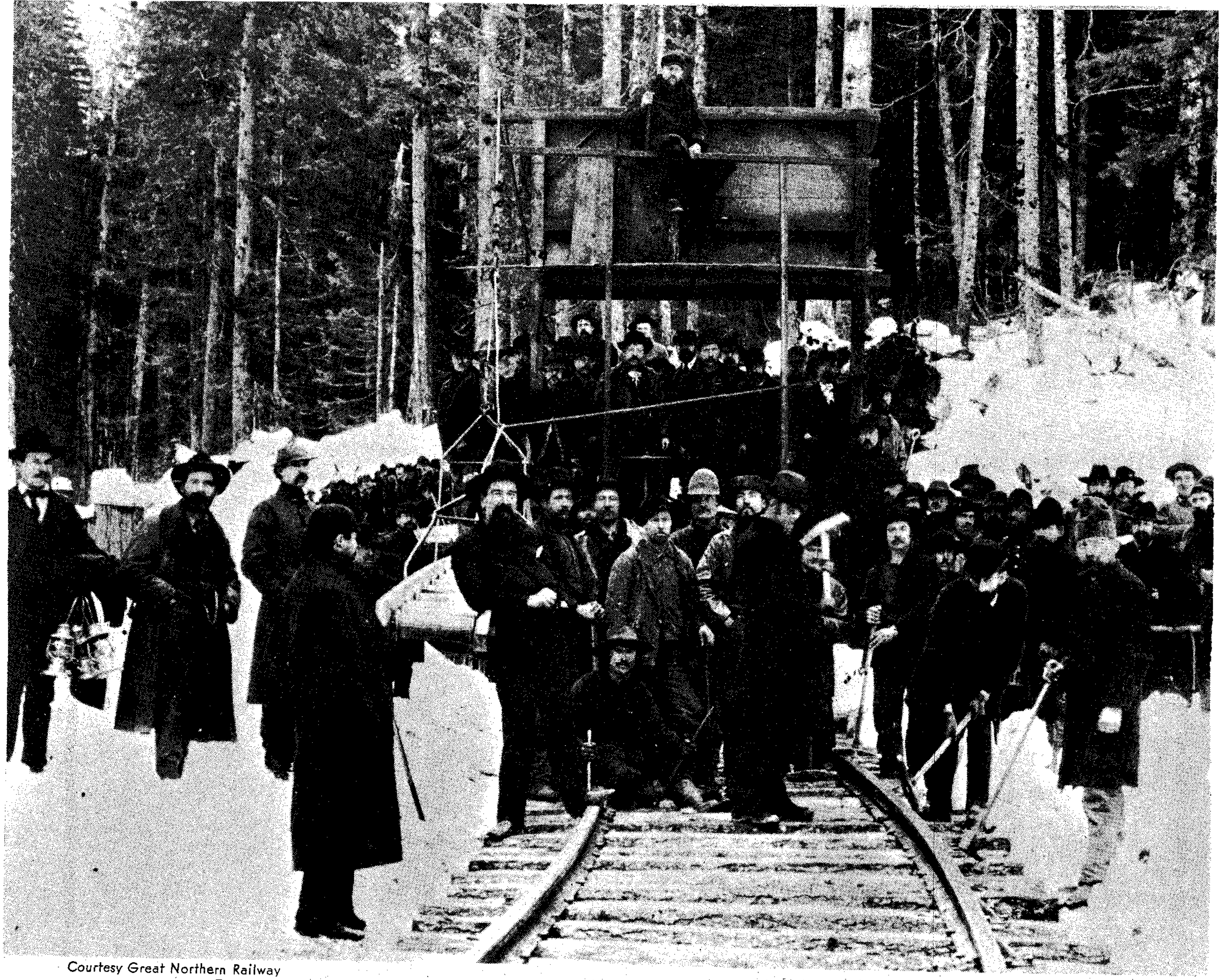


Courtesy Great Northern Railway

Driving of the last spike completing the train route between Minnesota and Washington, January 1893.

BRAKEMAN on the GREAT NORTHERN

A railroader's story of an open throttle to excitement and danger!

Author's Note:

In the fall of 1967 W. S. Dulmage, who was then ninety-five years old, died in Santa Rosa, California. Perhaps, with Mr. Dulmage, there passed away the last eye-witness knowledge of the building of the Great Northern Railroad over the switchbacks of Stevens Pass in the *Washington* Cascades and down the west side through Wellington to Everett and thence to Seattle.

The name Wellington was wiped from all timetables and all records sixty years ago because of the catastrophic disaster which toppled two full passenger trains from their tracks on March 1, 1910 and resulted in the death of ninety-six persons. Wellington station was changed to Tye. Tye was located just west of the portal of the old Cascade Tunnel. There is not a board or a rusty nail left today to tell where once stood the town which boasted snowshed roofs over its sidewalk and had scenic attractions which drew hundreds of mountain hikers and snow sport enthusiasts fifty years ago.

There never was a more spectacular *stretch of railroad in America* than the route of the Oriental Limited through the old Cascade Tunnel, past Tye down the mountain through miles of concrete-walled snowshed, through the Horseshoe Tunnel where the deluxe Pullman sleepers and beautiful diner and observation car ran straight into the mountain on a trestle—just to turn around and come out on a lower trestle where the engineer could wave to the passengers on the observation platform! These passengers had just been warned to step inside or risk inhaling unbelievable lungfuls of smoke.

When Will Dulmage dictated the facts of his railroad building experience to my stenographer in 1939, he unquestionably had more personal knowledge of Great Northern construction down the west slope of the Cascades than any living person.

Because Mr. Dulmage dictated his story and apparently failed to spell out for the stenographer any proper names, some doubt exists as to the correct spelling particularly of Mac Dougall; it may well have been Mac Dougal or even simply the surname MacDougall or MacDougal.

Waiting for a train

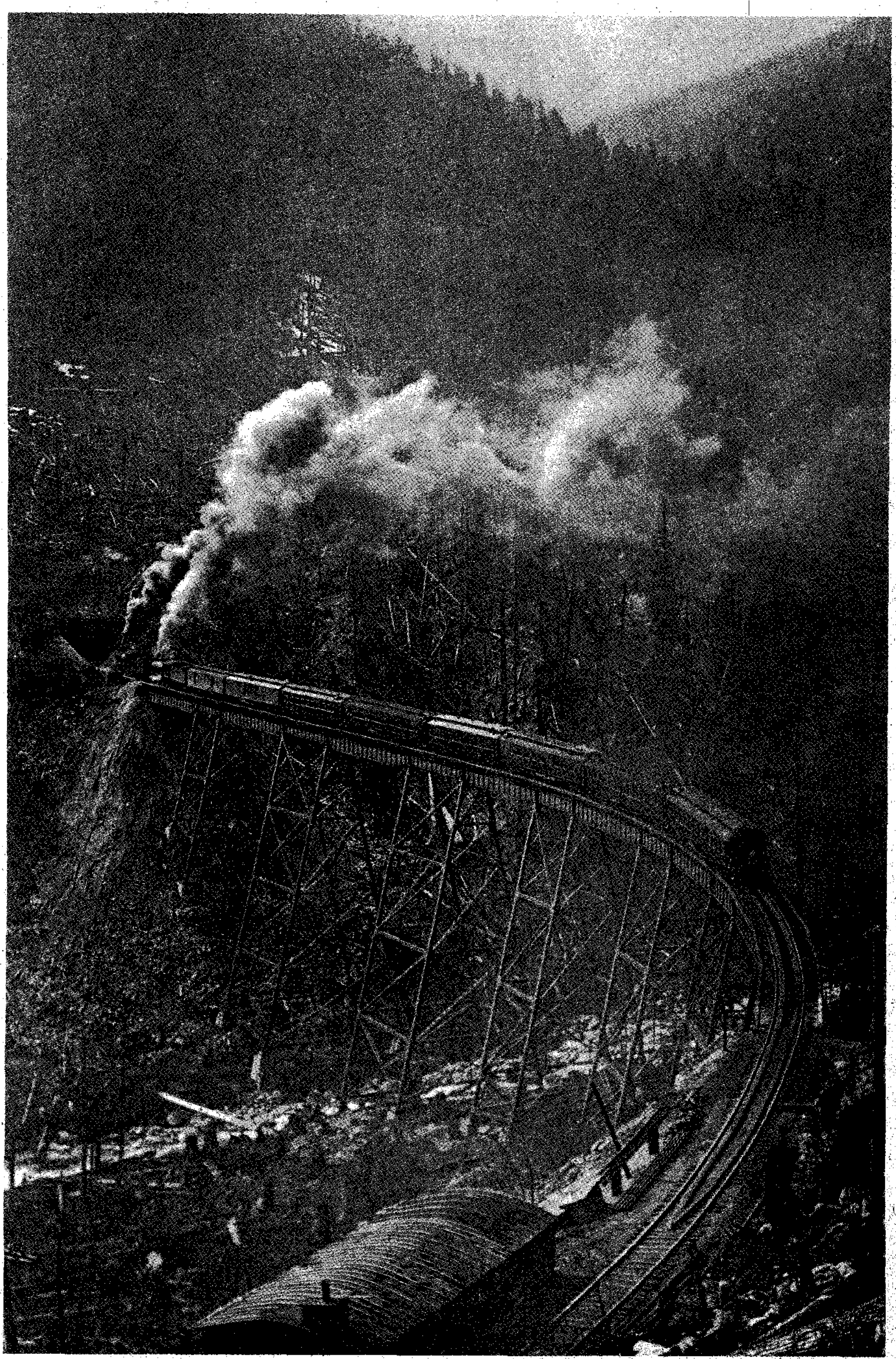
By VICTOR H. WHITE

Photos Courtesy Author

W. S. DULMAGE arrived in Hillyard, Washington (Great Northern's Spokane division point) about 7:45 on the evening of September 25, 1891. It would still be a month and a half before his eighteenth birthday and he was looking for work at what was then the Great Northern working terminus.

A mixed train which carried both freight and passengers, the passengers in first class coaches, but no sleepers as yet, let Dulmage off that evening with a personal letter signed by J. D. Farrell of the Canadian Pacific and addressed to a big good-humored Irishman named Kelly, who was master mechanic in Hillyard.

Even at this late hour, Will Dulmage found Kelly in his office, still working. Kelly looked the young fellow up and down and Dulmage took a good look, too, at the 200-pound bundle of hard bone and muscle who was driving the Great Northern westward for Jim Hill, the Empire Builder. Kelly said gruffly, "You look strong and healthy but our kind of work's too rough for a boy of your age. I'm sorry I can't help you."



The Oriental Limited entering Horseshoe Tunnel, early 1900s.

"I came down from the Canadian Pacific because I have a sister here in Spokane." Will extended J. D. Farrell's letter.

Kelly read the letter and grinned. He pointed out into the rainy darkness. "Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house is that direction. Supper's over but tell her I said to fix you something. You look hungry. Someone will tell you what to do in the morning. Forty dollars a month."

Dulmage stumbled into the night and, after a few sloshes in various directions, finally located the buxom and genial Mrs. O'Reilly, who rousted out a big warmed-up meal and made over Will as if she had found a long-lost son.

"I was really hungry," Dulmage recalled. "When I had finished I waged another battle with wind and rain getting the blankets, which I had brought with me, to the roughly-constructed wooden bunkhouse. It had a long aisle with bunks on both sides in tiers right up to the ceiling. As soon as I was in an upper bunk another battle began.

"I got an itchy night's sleep and in the morning was put to work polishing the enormous drive wheels and framework on a mountain-type locomotive that had taken a sidetrack during the night.

"I got to have a little talk with Mrs. O'Reilly and a very small amount of arithmetic convinced me that after paying her for board and allowing for room, I would be financially flat.

"But Lady Luck was a girl who always flirted with me generously in those early days. A few mornings later, about four a.m., the call boy came into the bunkhouse proclaiming loudly that a certain fireman was to take over on a supply make-up to Leavenworth (west of what is now Wenatchee). The loud calling awakened everybody but the much-desired fireman. Finally the noise quieted and I was dozing again when I felt someone shaking my shoulder. 'Wake up, kid, I want to talk to you.'

"I woke up, blinked and listened. My tormentor was a twenty-four-year-old chap named Mac Dougall. I had met and talked with Mac Dougall several times at meals and around the bunkhouse. In fact, I had sort of mentally made a hero of him. In spite of his youth he was considered a full-fledged engineer. He had been switching freight around the yard for a time and had made a trip somewhere east of us. We had talked enough to know that neither of us smoked, drank or gambled. Mac was Catholic and I was Protestant but that made no difference to either of us. I had gotten the feeling that Mac had taken a liking to me even before that morning when he said, 'Well, Willy,' (Mac Dougall was the only fellow I ever allowed to call me Willy), 'They found my fireman. He's drunk.' I was still blinking, trying to wake up.

"'Think you could fire an engine?'

"'I could learn,' I said.

"'You get your chance to say goodbye to Hillyard as quick as you can dress and pack your blankets. I got a spankin' new engine outside with about enough steam in the boiler to keep me warm till you're ready to shovel coal.'"

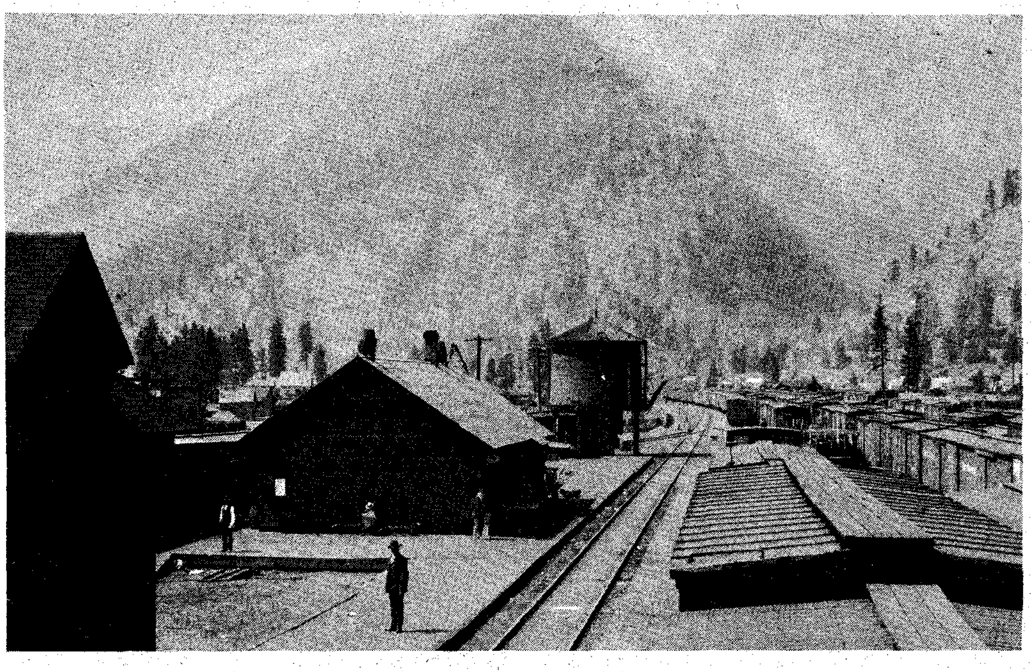
WILL DULMAGE went on to explain how fast he got out of his bunk, dressed and rolled his blankets. A few minutes later he climbed onto #404. The #404s were known in Hillyard as the "Big Hogs" and were different from the ordinary engines used in railroad work. They had an unusually long firebox which took up most of the cab. An elongated seat was on either side. Mac Dougall could watch the track from his side and Dulmage could see ahead from his side occasionally if they were on the level or going downhill. Going uphill he was kept too busy shoveling.

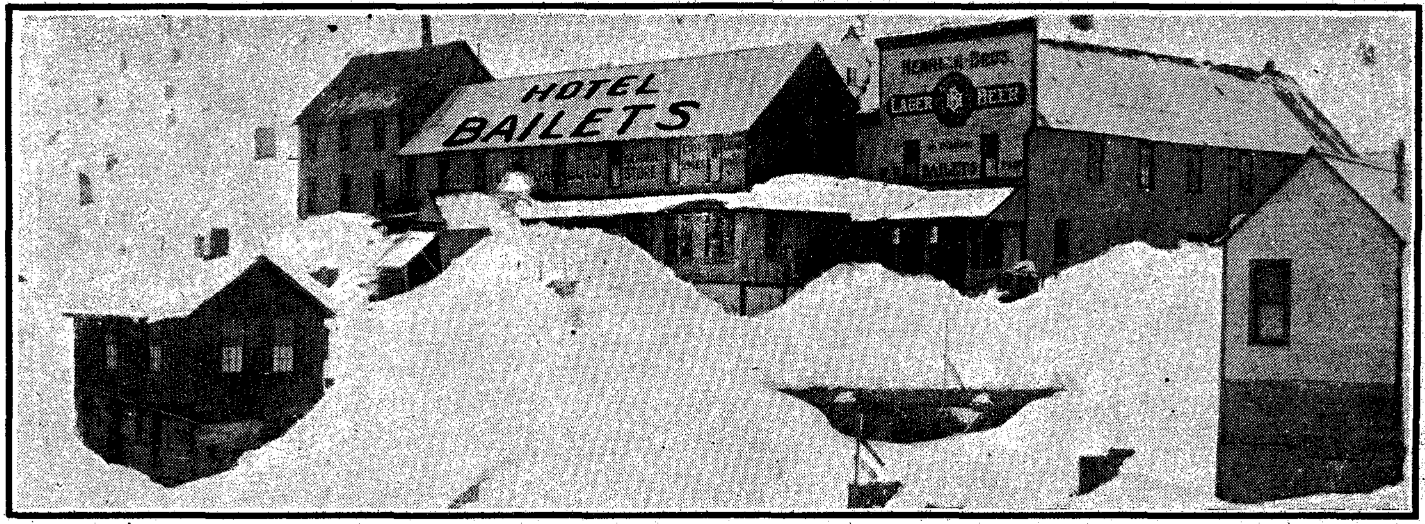
Mac explained that it was necessary to spread each shovel of coal as it was heaved into the enormous firebox. "You can't pile it in a heap," Mac Dougall would take the shovel, "you've got to learn to spread it like this."

Dulmage took hold of his first coal-spreading shovel on a spanking new engine up ahead of thirty-four cars loaded with steel rails for Stevens Pass on the other side of the Cascades. Less than two hours out of Hillyard, the new fireman got a glimpse out the window. He was amazed to see snow on the ground. He swears it was 110 in the cab in spite of the swirling cross ventilation. MacDougall understood the temperature situation. The first time he could pick a safe place, he eased away from the throttle long enough to help Dulmage off with the long woolen undershirt which had been such a comfort during Hillyard's cool nights.

After endless coal-tossing, there was

Early photos of Leavenworth, Washington. Leavenworth was the main construction headquarters for the railroad westward over Stevens Pass as far as Scenic, Washington.





Wellington, Washington, the morning of March 1, 1910. Hours before this photo was taken, an avalanche, a few hundred yards from this spot, swept two Great Northern passenger trains from the track killing 96 people. So upset were the train officials about the tragedy that the town's name was changed to Tye.

a side-track stop at Rock Island, Washington for breakfast. The Great Northern management well knew what a grimy fireman needed most and first when he climbed down from the cab. Dulmage was wearing nothing above the waist. His face was as black as the engine varnish. Coal dust was all over him. But a hot shower with plenty of soap was available even at that early date.

"Mac Dougall was faultless," Dulmage claimed. "He appraised the steam gauge and instructed me in banking the fire. 'If the steam pressure gets low and slows us down, they'll flag us to a stop right in the middle of nowhere. We want to move right after breakfast. We've got some rails to deliver, remember? It'll be nip and tuck on some of the grades even with a good head of steam!' "

Railroad men didn't hurry. The company's time was their time. Their time was the company's. They got out of Rock Island and proceeded west to Wenatchee. Today Wenatchee is the largest city between Spokane and Everett. When Dulmage went through it with Mac Dougall that day in 1891 they saw only three dwellings and the railroad station. But the railroad was building a section house—in fact, section houses were being built in all of the towns. Wenatchee was one of those where the train crews were to eat and shower. Everything in the town belonged to the railroad.

With stomachs full again, a harder grind began. It was uphill now along the river that was later to provide irrigation and literally make the desert bloom. They stopped at Chiwaukim to set out a car of construction materials. This lightened the load to thirty-three cars. Then, like most of the trains, they wound up at Leavenworth. Leavenworth was the big city of that day, set like a small blur amid the untouched scenery at the upper end of the Cashmere Valley. It was here that the last vestige of the desert grooved into the forests and the mountains. It was here that the real climb began into the ice, snow and rocks of the Cascades, along streams flashing with trout and through an evergreen paradise. Here it had become known to Jim Hill that after one last grand, determined, almost impossible climb, Stevens Pass would let a railroad through to where one could literally smell the invigorating salt air from the Pacific Ocean waters of Puget Sound. What matter if thirty, forty, even fifty feet of snow was known at times to have blocked the way. The Empire Builder's tiny miniature railroad engines, winding amid those unbelievable vastnesses were destined to hiss and steam and sputter up and over.

LEAVENWORTH, the first scab of civilization to mar God's beauty, was a real frontier town, complete with five or six saloons, gambling houses, painted and unpainted dance hall girls, and Jim Hill's puffing, huffing, hissing steam power. Leavenworth was the place for Mac Dougall and Dulmage to await further orders.

But Great Northern had known the bristling new #404 Hog was coming. There was no wait. Within minutes their engine was switched to a lighter load with only a few cars of mixed materials, ties, timbers, track plates. They could shower and eat maybe at midnight or sometime toward morning at a place called Cascade Tunnel, where actually there was no tunnel at all and where none would be completed for nine or ten years in the future. Cascade Tunnel was a name, a sidetrack or two and, above all in importance, a large section house where Great Northern's world famous food was already available after climbing innumerable wooden steps.

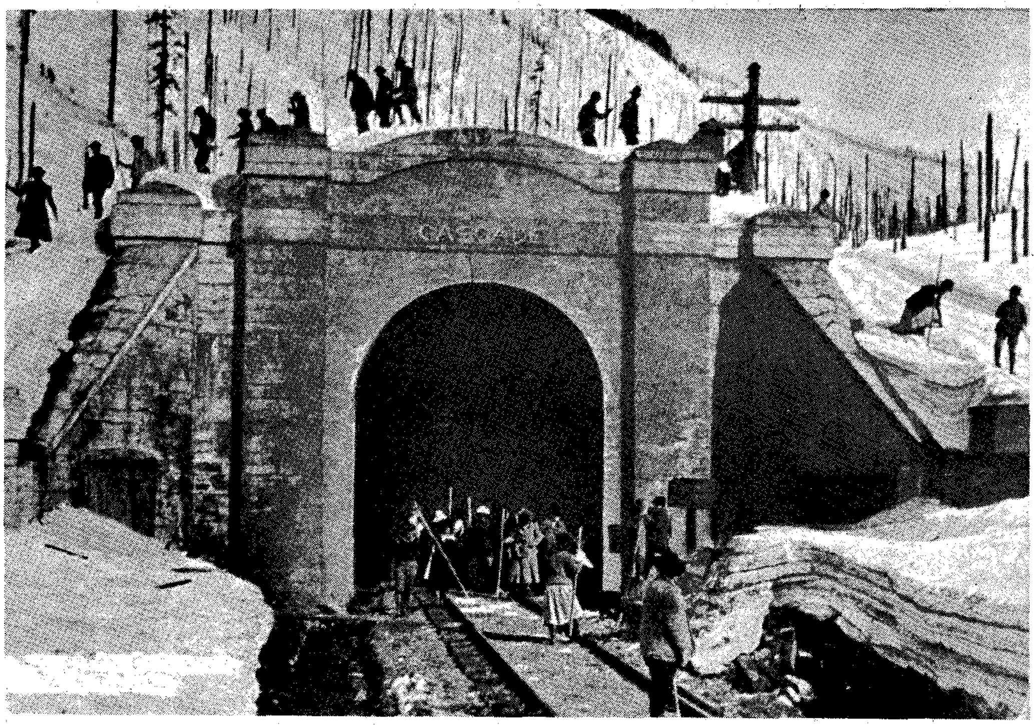
The #404 pulled onto a wye at Cascade Tunnel about two a.m., not quite twenty-four hours out of Hillyard. Mac Dougall informed Dulmage that he was on double time at fireman's wages, more money than he had ever dreamed of making in just one day. Dulmage remembered how he climbed those steps to the section house at Cascade Tunnel and immediately conjured up thoughts of a good meal, a shower and at least a semi-comfortable bed for the rest of the night. Even at that eerie hour the good meal and the shower were available—but the bed was something different.

Mac Dougall had instructed that the fires be banked and curtains drawn tight along both sides of the locomotive cab before they had climbed down. After dinner Mac, as Dulmage had now come to call Mac Dougall, said, "Well, let's get back home for some sleep."

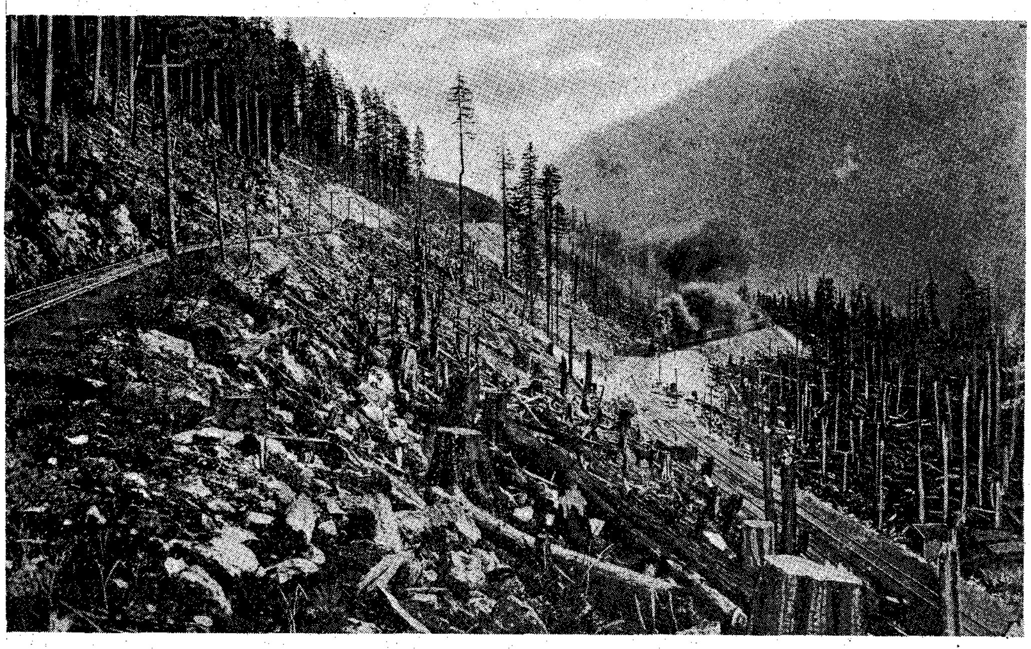
It was Mac Dougall who had the detailed lowdown on what their orders were. The big #404 Hog actually had become home to the two young railroaders. They were to live and sleep on it for the next several months. When they were back on the engine, Dulmage spread additional coal in the firebox and banked the fires anew. "We're on duty," Mac told him. "This is where we stay until further orders."

The engineer went on to explain that they would be paid for twenty-four hours a day continuous work. They would sleep on the elongated seats on each side of the cab and be ready to rake fire and steam backward down the wye to fall in behind any load of supplies, rails, spikes, plates, commissary provisions or what-not that might come puffing and huffing up from Leavenworth. The steepest part of the east side Stevens Pass grade was just ahead and the #404 had now taken position as helper to fall in and boost anything that needed help between Cascade Tunnel and the summit.

West of the actual pass, the switchbacks had already been built down the west side. The main line was completed as far as Wellington and was progressing on down the mountain toward what was soon to become the rather famous Scenic Hot Springs resort. There were eight switchback tracks, each directly above the other. They wound back and forth about the cheek of the mountain in the same formation as the miniature "cuts" which a child might make in building a wood block railroad up one side of a pyramid in a sand box, except that the Cascade mountain the G. N. came



Above, the western entrance to the first Cascade Tunnel. Below, loop on the Great Northern railroad near Scenic showing the Oriental Limited.



down was only a rounded pyramid or cone shape on one side and was composed of hard rock. The terrain was capable of unbelievable drifts of snow from October till May.

Mr. Dulmage dictated in his memoirs, "The snow would start coming down in flakes the size of a silver dollar and pile up ten or twelve feet in a night. We would find the track in a twenty-foot deep valley scooped out with snow ploughs or, more often, with 200 men heaving shovels. The temperature would drop. We would keep dry kindling in little makeshift sheds and start fires on the tracks to get the ice thawed enough to throw the switches. When we heard the shriek of a locomotive coming up from Leavenworth, I would get to work with the coal. We would back down to the main line behind the work train and couple on to push, push, push. At the top we sometimes dropped off and coasted back to Cascade Tunnel, steam onto our wye and wait for the next load of supplies. At other times we would assist, on one end or the other, all the way down to Wellington over the switchbacks."

WELLINGTON, as wild a town as any described either in western truth or fiction, was going full blast. Girls from Leavenworth rode the work trains up the mountain. No conductor collected any tickets, and the workmen were always glad of the diversion of being with them. They gravitated to the bar and dance hall as bees do to honey.

Dulmage and Mac Dougall were a couple of clean young fellows both of whom saved their rather fabulous salaries. Dulmage says he was receiving upward of $300 every month at a time when $40 was going wages for labor. He reversed charges on the dance hall girls because he was the only man in camp who could decently play the upright piano which had somehow got to Wellington. The music helped the girls get dances with the men and many of them tipped Dulmage for his help. They just slipped by and laid something on the piano, which he accepted with a nod because his hands were too busy with the keys to reject their offerings. The house also paid him two-bits a tune.

Will Dulmage explained that between his work for the railroad and playing the piano, considering his preference in entertainment, there just wasn't anything to spend his money on, and he saved it all.

It took about two hours to help boost and lower a train to the summit and on down to Wellington. That was when the track was clear and the weather was good. When it snowed and froze "Well," Dulmage explained, "There was more than one stretch over thirty-six hours when Mac Dougall and I went without a meal because we were snowed in so unexpectedly that we hadn't even prepared a sandwich."

It was going to be another year from January 6, 1892 before the great new transcontinental would be tied together at a point near Scenic, only four miles or so below Wellington as a crow might have flown, but ten or twelve miles as the railroad had to go. They had just begun winding down the side of a mountain to the west and below the switchbacks, which was saturated with mud, snow and ice all winter and dripping with run-off water and mud most of the summer. Two-thirds of the way down there was no place to turn back and go lower so they jumped a canyon by trestle, entered a different mountain and made a great semi-circle inside. We, who were early passengers on the Oriental Limited, called it Horseshoe Tunnel.

I wound down that spectacular track many times in the twenties and, in October 1923, I jumped off the observation platform and ran back to take a snapshot of a girl I had just met who was sitting there. When I took the picture in 1923 the Oriental Limited was waiting for the electric motors to hook on up front to draw her smoke-free through the first Cascade Tunnel. The Oriental Limited was then standing within a few yards of where Dulmage and Mac Dougall had slept in #404 thirty years before. The girl whose picture I took has now been my wife for forty years.

Great Northern figured on the first Cascade Tunnel from the beginning. Even while Dulmage and Mac Dougall were helping construction trains over the top, men were planning the two-and-five-eighths-mile bore which was to take nine years to build and make all the work that old #404 did just a temporary

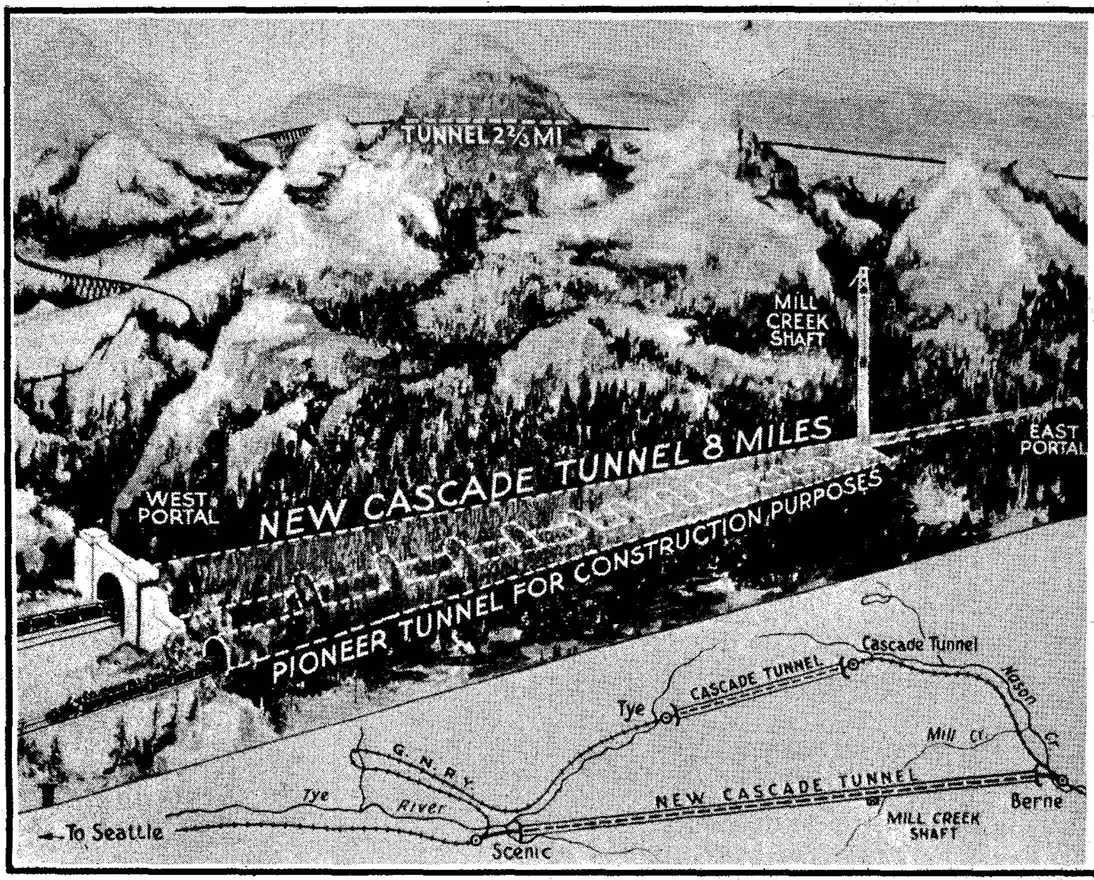


DIAGRAM OF THE GREAT EIGHT-MILE LONG CASCADE TUNNEL WASHINGTON. NOTE THE OLD TUNNEL HIGH ABOVE THE PRESENT TUNNEL COMPLETED IN 1929

project. Great Northern was not to be satisfied with one temporary project, however. I went back in 1929, with my wife and a baby girl. The new 7.79-mile construction job where as many as 1,793 men worked at one time to complete the new and lower tunnel, made obsolete all that wonderfully scenic old roadbed where 400 men had labored and which, including the first tunnel, had required nearly ten years to complete.

DULMAGE'S famous new engine was not overhauled until the spring of 1893. In April, at Leavenworth, they were given a trainload of empty cars and they slipped quietly back to Hillyard. An old wooden depot had been built at Spokane by that time.

"Master mechanic Kelly was on the Hillyard station platform and J. D. Farrell who had switched from Canadian Pacific to Great Northern, was standing beside him," Dulmage recalled. "Farrell was a little man, who always had an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He had a head that looked square across the top. I somehow always remembered that.

"We had picked up additional empties and had been joking about the rear of the train still being in Spokane when we reached Hillyard. I was busy ringing the bell and trying to shoo people off the track by giving signals with my hands. There must have been 200 excited men and women there to meet the engine that had been putting the line over the pass. Kelly grinned up to me as we eased past. He said, 'Hello, Kid.' Then he turned to J. D. Farrell and said, 'That's the boy you gave me the letter about.'

"We got our train into Hillyard. Mac Dougall and I decided we ought to celebrate. Since neither of us drank and we didn't have other wild inclinations, we finally got in to a hall where there was a piano. I played and Mac Dougall sang. We had a hilarious time. I almost pounded the keys out of the battered instrument by sheer hammering and Mac's voice, as I told him afterward, confused me because it sounded so much like a mule braying—I mean a donkey."

Dulmage got a promotion and was getting almost fifteen percent as much as he had made at Cascade Pass. But in those early days there was always a way to supplement one's salary. His run was between Spokane and Leavenworth as train brakeman. It was a mixed train which carried both passengers and freight and was the first scheduled train, one trip per day each way, to run there. No one had yet thought of printing tickets because the line over the mountain was not yet finished and there were no through passengers. The fare for the passengers they did have, who sat in the passenger coach, was high, about twelve dollars from Spokane to Leavenworth. There were no ticket offices but some passengers, mostly railroad employees, carried books which the conductor punched. Or the passenger paid cash. The track was improving. The trip was made in seven or eight hours and this time wasn't speeded up a great deal for the next thirty years.

Dulmage, as brakeman, had unusual opportunities. He appointed himself conductor for the passengers who chose to ride the freight cars. These were not bums or hoboes but just ordinary people who lived or had business along the line and wanted to avoid the high fares. The railroad did not attempt to keep them off the train. Dulmage's lowest fares were on open flat cars. If it rained, the traveler got wet. If there was a gondola on the train, he could get out of the wind and part of the dust for a little extra. The first class unrecognized and unofficial passengers were those willing to pay Dulmage's self-established tariff for the comfort of an enclosed box car, maybe even with a little hay or straw left in a corner.

The Great Northern knew its brakeman was in business for himself. They had no objection to his earning side money as long as he didn't lower his rates to the point of pulling their passengers out of the few coaches available. It helped to keep a good employe satisfied and might train him for something better. Dulmage told my stenographer when he dictated these experiences, "I used to joke about having my own tickets printed and a card with my own tariffs on it. I figured such a reference would at least help me avoid confusion so I could remember to charge everyone the same fare for similar transportation.

"At that time, I had a second brakeman, Bill Marsh." Dulmage described Marsh as a little solemn man who was always making wisecracks. "It's all right with me if you become a banker on the side," he told Dulmage, "but you ought to have a bookkeeper and I know how to count."

Dulmage took Marsh up on it. He started turning over all money taken in to Marsh so as to start a record of the fare charged between different stops on different kinds of cars. At the end of each week, Marsh turned the money back to Dulmage with a written report, keeping fifteen percent for his "bookkeeping," and was always careful and honest about it.

DULMAGE also picked up pretty good change by cultivating customers who wanted to get some particular package to or from Spokane or to some small station. If it was something he could handle personally, Dulmage just accepted it aboard the train at whatever his *regular* charge happened to be at the moment and saw that it got off at the right place where he hoped some friend or business acquaintance of the sender would be available to accept it. The railroad was aware of this also. Dulmage knew they expected *him to* use sensible judgment so that charges would not be too high and service would be dependable and with a smile. This added to the goodwill of the line which was busy getting ready for the extensive passenger and express service to come.

When Dulmage thought he was ready for another promotion, he talked to Kelly about it. Mac Dougall came to the front and vouched for the husky young fellow whom everyone called "The Kid." Kelly thought Dulmage could handle a gravel-hauling job as a locomotive engineer. Dulmage took the job but only kept it about two months. "I just quit," he said. "I told Kelly I thought I needed a rest and that I wanted to go fishing. The truth was that the engineering job was too much responsibility. I had to know more about railroading and the engine than I really knew. I had to know whistle signals and steam pressures and a lot about curves and grades and weights of cars and loads that only experience can give a man. I was scared half to death that some accident would occur—that someone would get hurt and it would be my fault."

Ladies have afternoon tea on the Oriental Limited. This train was replaced by the New Oriental Limited in the early twenties.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Shortly thereafter, Dulmage met a man named Quigley. It is unlikely that publicity ever touched Mr. Quigley but he had a great deal to do with building the west end of the Great Northern. He had taken the contract to feed the construction crews. Considering drifts of thirty or forty feet of snow, with the nearest large supply depot as much as a hundred or even two hundred miles away, feeding from two to four hundred men regularly was a job requiring experience and ability.

When Quigley met Will Dulmage his first question was, "Can you write, Kid?"

"Listen," Dulmage quipped back at him, "I am not only a graduate of the normal school in Toronto but I can do absolutely anything. Just tell me what it is and let me learn. My father was in business in Toronto. He taught me the general store business."

"Just the man for me," Quigley said. "One hundred fifty a month, room and board. You start back over the Cascades on the first train."

Dulmage admitted, "It was an enormous salary for a kid my age at that time, but I really had more experience than anyone else who was free to go—and the work would not entail sleeping in an engine and being awake at all hours as I had done to average $300!"

Dulmage became head storekeeper for the commissary in Quigley's camp. The camp was down the Cascades near what was to become the station at Scenic, which was also destined to be near what would be the west portal of the eight-mile tunnel forty years later. Scenic was only three or four miles from Wellington in an air line; in most respects, though, it might as well have been a hundred. There was from three to thirty feet of snow all winter and Wellington was only a little different in slant from being straight up from Scenic. When the line was finally finished between the two points, the rails traveled nearer to ten or twelve miles than to four over the most spectacular and beautiful stretch of railroad engineering in the world. The old Oriental Limited clung to the side of the fir-studded mountain for those miles by means of the concrete teeth of snowsheds roofed over with enormous timbers and cross-studding. Water from melting snows dripped from the sheds in front of the car windows in June and July and even August, long after every drop of rain and every last flake of snow from the winter before had embedded itself on the flanks of the towering mountain.

It was the men who cut and hauled the timbers and lumber and drove the teams and held the scrapers and laid the ties and then the rails, whom Dulmage helped Quigley feed. It was a long time before any sort of recreation caught up with Quigley's headquarters. Dulmage said that he saw two men shot to death one night but he passed over the incident without details. Not one woman was in Quigley's camp all winter. With the snow and the wind and the storms, the supply trains had all they could do to get through without encouraging further trouble which women might have stimulated.

While the crews of husky overcoated laborers were building down from Wellington, others were building up from Everett. "I sent in all the orders," Dulmage said. "Everything was sidetracked in cars. My car was divided in the center, half of it filled with clothing and shoes." The men purchased their supplies individually and either paid Dulmage in cash or signed slips and had the amount deducted from their pay checks.

DULMAGE finally left Quigley, returned to Spokane and became a passenger brakeman. According to the Great Northern, the final spike was driven on January 6, 1893 and the line east from Everett was joined with the line west from Havre (Saint Paul). The first train went through to Seattle with Dulmage aboard as its brakeman. Dulmage's recollection was that he went through on that train late in the winter of 1892. The records seem to indicate it was January 8, 1893 when it arrived in Seattle.

In January 1968, the Great Northern issued a press release and a picture of the scene when the last spike was driven. I quote the railroad's own account:

"Snow was piled high at trackside in the Cascade Mountains 75 years ago on January 6, 1893, when two Great Northern Railway officials drove the final spike into a roughly-hewn crosstie to complete a continuous track from the twin cities of Minnesota to Puget Sound. Pomp and ceremony was ignored as workmen on the track-laying rig lowered the last rail onto the ties. James J. Hill, GN's founder, who pushed the line across the prairies, along river valleys and over the Rockies, was not there for the historic event. As the heavy maul pounded the last spike, cheers rose from the workmen. They were drowned out by sharp cracks from a six-shooter and the shrill whistles of work train locomotives that reverberated throughout the Skykomish Valley. The site of the impromptu ceremony was near the present western portal of the 7.79-mile Cascade tunnel that was completed in 1929. The first train over the tortuous switchbacks of GN's original Cascade crossing arrived in Seattle on January 8, 1893, but it was not until the following June that regularly-scheduled passenger service was inaugurated between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast.

"The eventful morning of January 6 saw trackmen with 9,000 feet of bare roadbed ahead. At 6 p.m. there were 1,400 feet. Lanterns and headlights brightened the site casting eerie shadows through the tall pine. The track-laying rigs inched along toward the final section. By 8 p.m., the final rail was in place.

"Superintendent Cornelius Shields and District Superintendent J. D. Farrell were the only officials present. Workmen spiked down the rail and turned over the spike mauls to Shields and Farrell. A few strokes and the road was completed. Cheers rose from the workmen. That was drowned out by sharp cracks from a six-shooter and the shrill whistles of work train 'Mogul' locomotives that reverberated throughout the Skykomish Valley."

With this release was a publicity photograph of the impromptu ceremony attending the driving of the last spike.

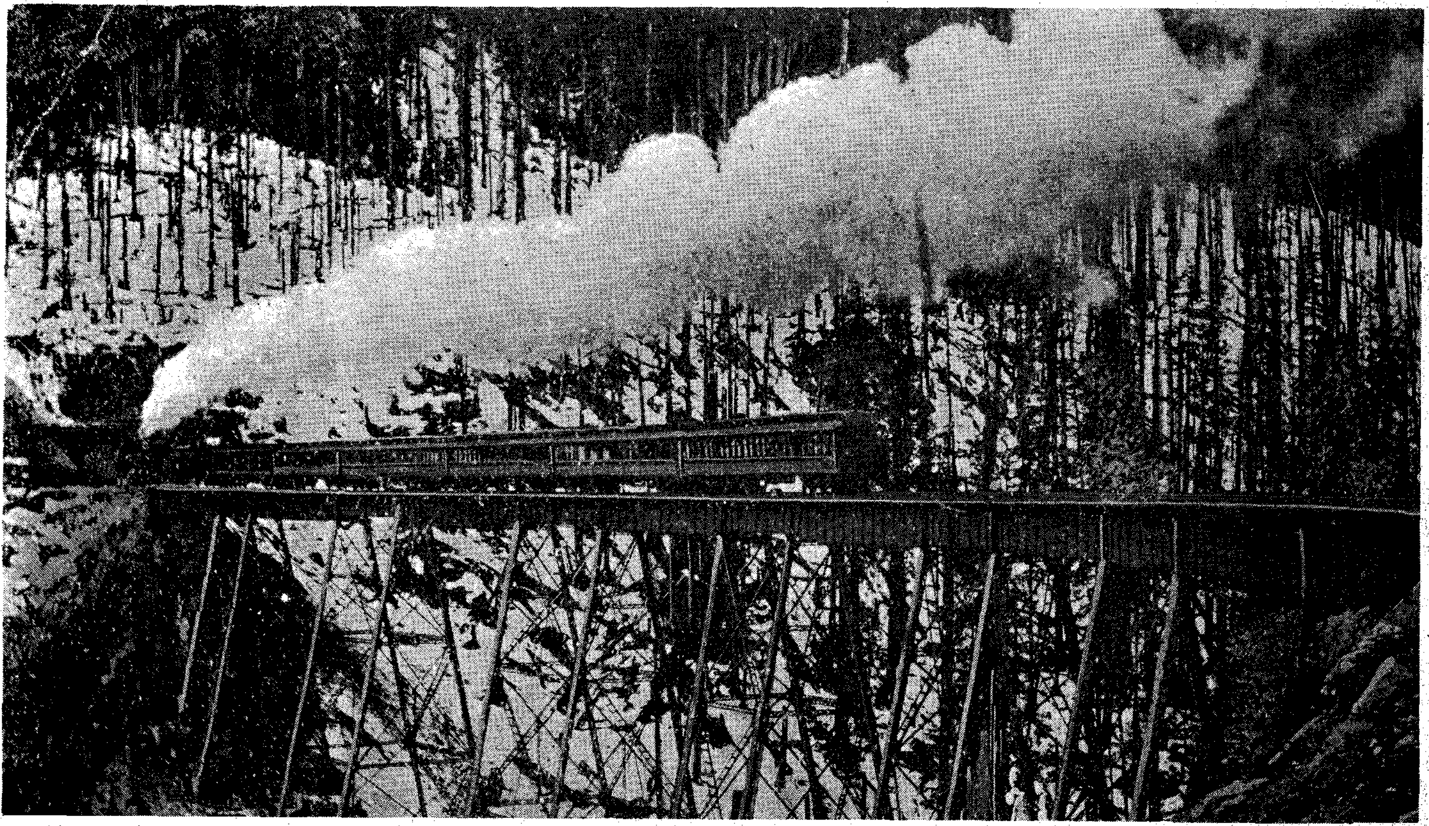
The picture released by Great Northern is not represented by them to portray the actual driving of the last spike. The picture is obviously posed. It certainly was not taken at eight o'clock at night at that time of the year at Scenic, Washington. Who is the man on the extreme left of this picture, who holds three lanterns and what could just possibly be a bar used to throw a switch in the lighter rail system of the time? Mr. Dulmage is not here so I can't ask him. But since the railroad was completed after dark and the picture was taken in daylight on a track that is definitely completed and joined, and since there is light snow on the ties and rails, we might let our imaginations run to the point where we dreamed up the idea that Superintendent Shields and J. D. Farrell, knowing the line was within hours of completion, came over from Spokane on that same passenger train on which Dulmage was brakeman. The workmen were again gathered at the spot where the final rail had been laid and the man with the lanterns, who carries a coat but is not wearing it and who is the only man in the picture with a white shirt and tie and wearing what might have been a brakeman's uniform of that time, is only waiting for this last final incident, the taking of the picture, before getting back to his train and getting this track-laying equipment out of the way so he can go to Seattle. I do not claim that any of this is true, but it is a fact that the picture was not taken at night; the track was completed on the sixth too late for the picture and the picture must have been taken on the seventh. This would indicate that the first passenger train (or the first train) had to be pretty close behind the track-laying crew in order to reach Seattle on the eighth.

It isn't probable that the man with lanterns is Mr. Dulmage. He could be a brakeman from a worktrain or he could be most anyone else. It is also possible that a train could have left Spokane after telegraphic notice of the road's completion, and reached Seattle sometime on the eighth. (I would like to

SCENIC HOT SPRINGS

Famous early-day resort at Scenic Hot Springs. It was located less than a mile from the west portal of the eight-mile-long New Cascade Tunnel built in 1929.

Great Northern train on the loop near Scenic, Washington.



ORIENTAL
LIMITED

Observation car of the Oriental Limited, October 1923. The photo was taken by the author while an electric locomotive was being coupled to the steamer to pull the train through Cascade Tunnel. The girl on the platform is Mrs. White.

know if anybody knows for sure or will ever know. I am curious enough to invite correspondence from anybody with a reasonable theory or knowledge.)

There are other theories to the effect that a man named Ryder (nobody seems sure just what Ryder's connection with GN was, if any) and Superintendent Shields were in the Cascades near Scenic on the fifth and this has priority in print and is very likely true. In any case, Will Dulmage dictated to my stenographer, "The first train came through about the end of 1892. I was brakeman on that train." He was eight days off in his recollections but it is not hard to think of January 8 of a new year as being near the end of the previous year.

IT IS AGREED that there was no regularly scheduled service between Seattle and the Twin Cities between the driving of the final spike and June 1893, and it is hard to authenticate certain facts. There is also a question of semantics. What is a "passenger train"? What is "regularly scheduled"?

Dulmage has fully described the mixed train service which ran on regular schedule between Spokane and Leavenworth even before the line to Everett (connecting to Seattle) was completed. A great deal of the patronage, both passenger and freight, was railroad business. Laboring men, lumber and equipment were being distributed to the various stations along the line. Depots were being built, section houses constructed, and the track being broken in and solidified. It hadn't been as scientifically ballasted in construction at it would be today.

Little information is available as to what happened along the line from Spokane to Seattle between the day the connecting spike was driven and the first transcontinental passenger train departed from Seattle about June 18, 1893 on its sixty-nine-hour schedule to Saint Paul. But Will Dulmage said in his memoirs, "There was one train each way every day, Number 3 west and Number 4 east. We got out of Spokane about 9:30 or 10:00 p.m. and into Seattle around noon the next day. I used to make ten or fifteen dollars a trip just taking stuff over. I would have things put on the front end of the baggage car and put them off at the right place. One good customer was a Scandinavian from Ballard who sent a box of fresh fish from Interbay (in Seattle) to Spokane on every trip. I kept braking until after the big Wenatchee bridge went out in a Columbia River flood. The flood took out the entire track.

"J. D. Farrell had his private car on our train in that terrible rainstorm. His daughter Allie was with him when we ran into this flooded condition about five in the evening. We had water on the tracks. I had to guard with a red lantern and had to go back about half a mile. By then we had blue uniforms and I got completely drenched. I couldn't have been wetter if I had been submerged in Puget Sound.

"When the engineer finally signalled me aboard, I had to climb onto Farrell's private car. 'You'll have to pardon me,' I apologized. 'It's necessary to go through your car to get forward.'

"'You didn't have a raincoat?' Farrell inquired.

"'Didn't have time to get it.'

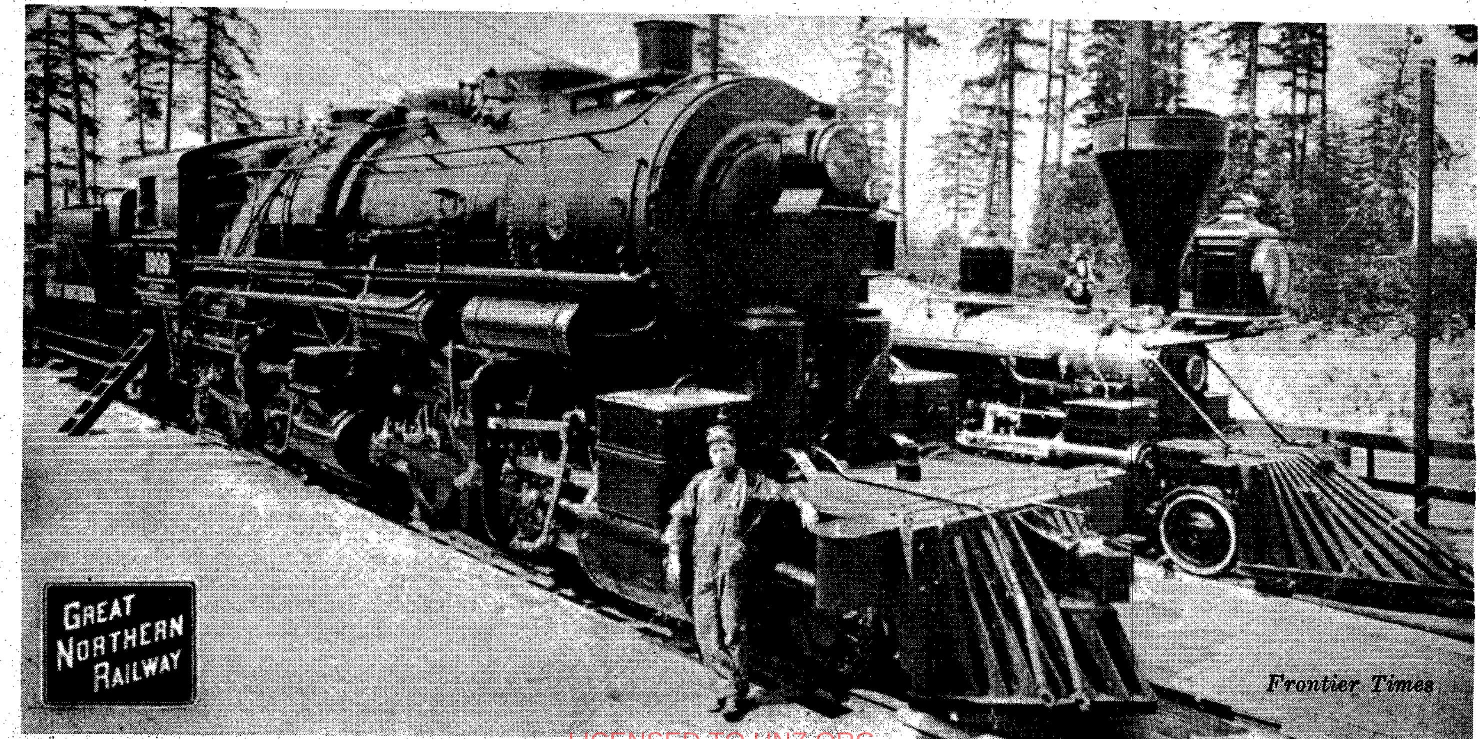
"'That's a shame,' his daughter joined in. 'Have you had dinner?'

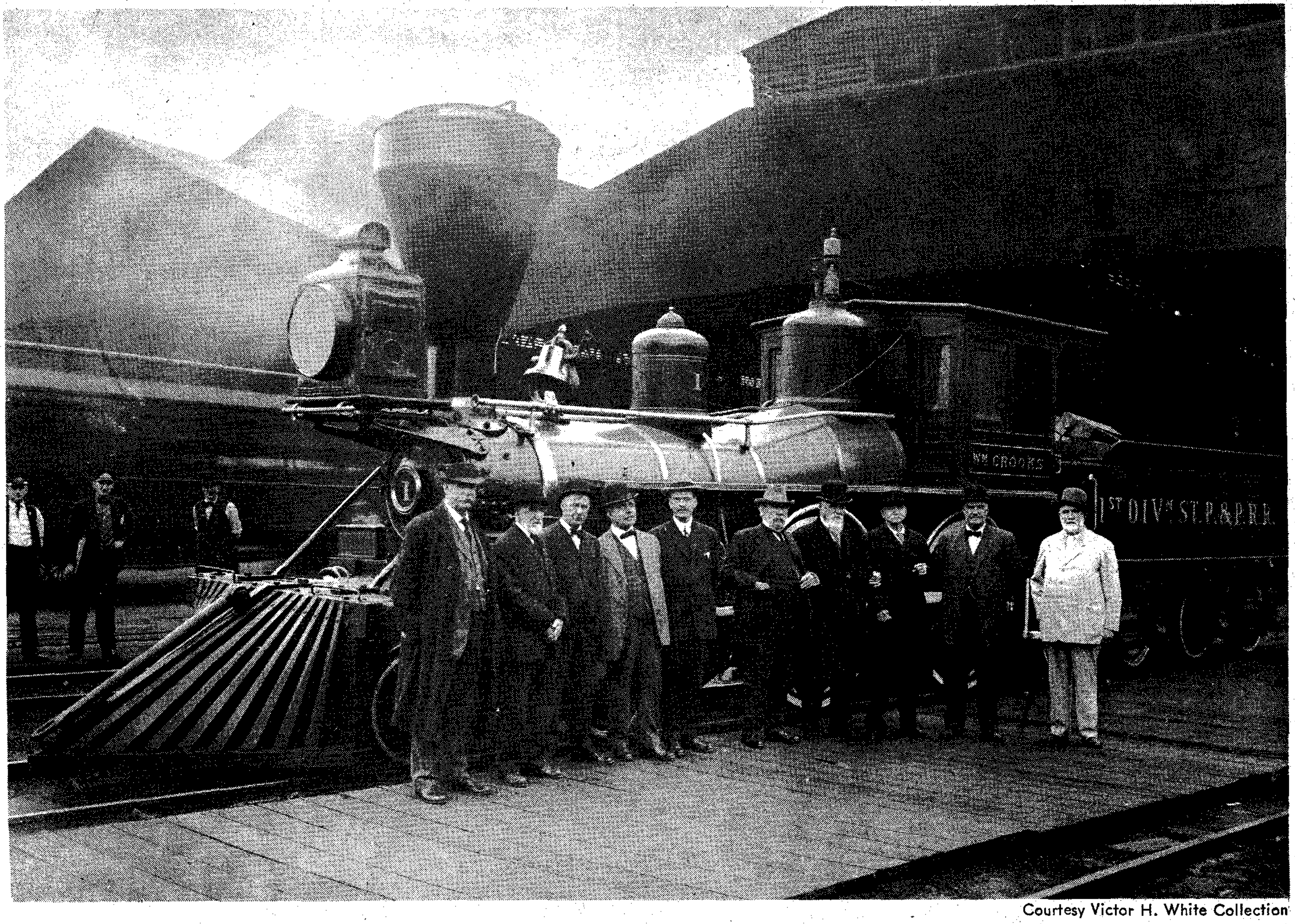
I shook my head negatively.

"Allie got hold of my coat. 'Get off your coat and vest,' she instructed. 'I'll get them dried out.'

"Farrell said, 'The diner's closed, but I'll get hold of the cook and have something sent back here for you.' Then the superintendent of the western division was off toward the kitchen to prepare special service while his daughter was fussing over me like a mother hen with a wet chick. As her father returned, she

By 1909, the Great Northern had advanced in steam power far enough to show patrons of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition held in Seattle the contrast between their first engine "William Crooks" on the right and their latest and largest engine "Big Mallet." The "Big Mallet" could haul almost as much tonnage as twenty-five "William Crooks."





Courtesy Victor H. White Collection

A party including James J. Hill, founder of the Great Northern Railway, stands in front of engine "William Crooks" at the St. Paul Union Depot.

was saying lightly, 'This is a dirty shame. I wouldn't work for a wet railroad like this another minute.'

"Farrell joined in by asking, 'Do you intend railroading all your life?'

" 'No, sir, just till I can get something better. I think I'd like to have charge of a dining car. I've had a lot of experience feeding people with Mr. Quigley.' "

When Will Dulmage got back to Spokane about ten the next night, a boy came running with a telegram from George L. Bonney, who was in charge of Great Northern's dining service in Saint Paul. It read, "You are instructed to use this telegram as transportation to Havre where you will report to Mr. Goldsmith." When Dulmage reached Havre, Goldsmith advised that Dulmage's new dining car run would be southwest from Havre through Great Falls, Montana on the cut-off to Butte and he was to go on east to Saint Paul where Bonney, himself, would give final instructions.

The interview with Bonney resulted in Dulmage's becoming "Conductor" in charge of a spanking new dining car #408 with Charley Atchison as cook. He also had four colored waiters, an assistant cook and a "cookee."

The railroad was still using carbide lamps but the service given was something the modern traveler would envy. The word Conductor on his cap meant that Dulmage was also responsible for picking up tickets and getting passengers on and off the train as well as keeping track of sleeping accommodations in two Pullmans which the train carried.

Dulmage always reserved a lower berth for himself but seldom got into it before three or four in the morning. He made $150 a month with all expenses paid by the railroad and there were still acceptable ways of making side money with the approval of the railroad. Dulmage explained as one example how Bonney told him to get a certain size of liquor glass from the commissary for 'measuring,' not serving, hard liquor. "Buy some smaller glasses," Bonney suggested the size, "and pay for them yourself. The difference can be part of your wages and we want to keep our passengers sober."

Dulmage told of high stakes at poker among the cattlemen who rode trains through Montana. "I served liquor some nights after the porter turned in till gold pieces sagged my uniform pockets completely out of shape. As high as a thousand dollars changed hands across one table."

IN SUMMARY, there are indications Mr. Dulmage's memory may have been faulty as to certain dates. He likely went to work in Spokane September 25, 1892 instead of in 1891, and fired the engine on Stevens Pass the winter of 1892-1893 instead of 1891-1892.

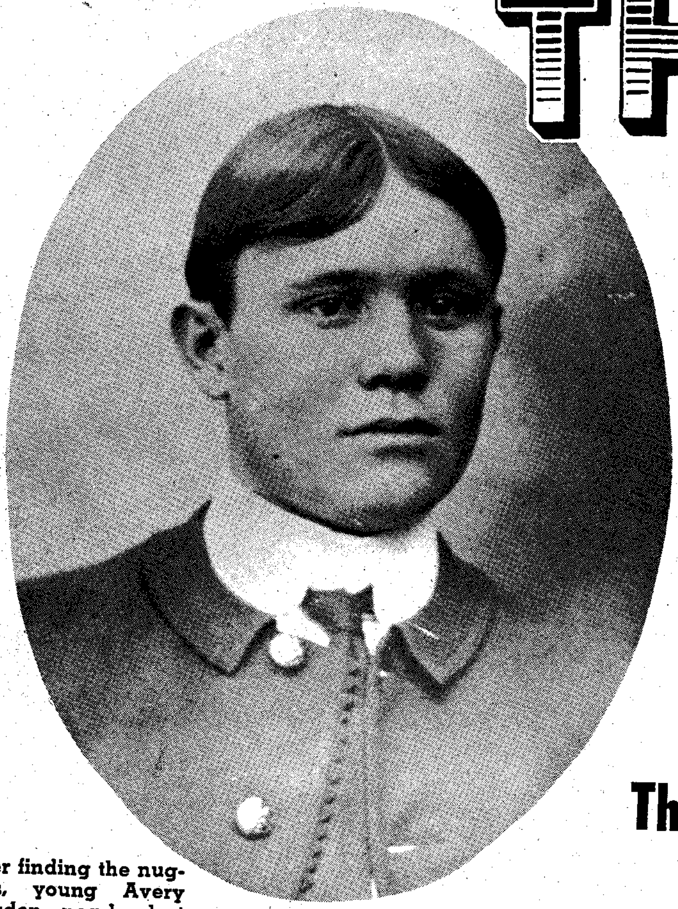
I am not totally convinced of the presumably established and published fact that Great Northern reached Wenatchee October 17, 1892. Although I admit that conclusion to be likely, I consider it possible that work trains passed through earlier. Dulmage shifted positions and locations so rapidly that chronological order of events is not always certain.

There are contradictions, inconsistencies and uncertainties of detail in Dulmage's recollections as well as in all other accounts which I have studied of the Great Northern story. I cannot forget that the "official" picture of the last spike being driven by locomotive headlight glow at eight o'clock on the winter night of January 6, 1893 was taken in broad daylight and the railroad itself has "no information whatsoever on the circumstances." To one familiar with the old Great Northern tracks between Scenic and Wellington, it is reasonable to assume that the first transcontinental passenger train, which left Seattle only after six violently cold and wet months, did so because additional time was necessary to make the so-called completed line safe and dependable.

It is certain that trains on regular schedule ran between Spokane and Leavenworth before the line was completed

(Continued on page 53)

THE LOST



After finding the nuggets, young Avery Amsden nearly lost his life.

The clue to a desert gold field was a natural rainbow of stone...

ARCH NUGGETS

By MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

IN AUGUST, 1886, the whistle stop of Goffs on the Santa Fe Railroad in California consisted of a general store, freighters' feed yard, blacksmith shop and a tie-pounders' section house. Among several men standing in the shadows of the hot store walls was Dick Colton. The group stared as though at an apparition as twenty-two-year-old Avery Amsden staggered out of the desert wastes.

He collapsed before reaching them. Colton and the others rushed to get the exhausted man out of the blazing sun. As they did so yellow nuggets spilled from Amsden's pockets. Amazed, they quickly discovered that all his pockets were filled with gold and contained nothing else.

Amsden very nearly succumbed from his ordeal. During his recovery he told of finding gold in the Turtle Mountains far south of Goffs.

In the railroad division town of Needles the preceding June, he had become friends with a broken-down old prospector known only as Emil. The desert rat had sworn that he knew where they could pick up gold off the ground. He kept assuring Amsden that his information had come from some Mojave Indians.

According to them, on the west side of the Turtles stood a stone rainbow arch not far from a very tall saguaro. The nuggets, lying uncovered, could be gathered by the handful. Amsden, a greenhorn and adventurous, was convinced. It was his money that provided three burros and a good outfit.

The arch of red and white sandstone at left is said by prospectors who knew the Turtle Mountains to look remarkably like the lost arch.

He and Emil were very careful not to advertise their projected journey. In fact they left Needles in the night, around the first of July. Their long trek south between the Sacramento and Chemehuevis Mountains passed without incident.

ON ENTERING the almost barren Turtles, their first stop was at Coffin Spring, but the water there tasted brackish. All their containers, wooden kegs and strap canteens, were filled some forty miles south of Needles. According to Amsden they proceeded on for about another ten miles. Emil definitely had his facts straight, as the markers he had described were located without any difficulty at all.

Not far from the hard andesite arch—six feet high in the hole and twelve long—they found a cave in a cliff. On a shallow slope before it lay black encrusted gold nuggets on top of the ground.

The two men became so excited that they scrambled for gold before pitching camp. In their equipment was a small tub for watering the burros. Soon it was filled with gold. Hence, in some accounts of today, this dry placer is also known as the Lost Tub Mine. It was not (or is not) a mine at all.

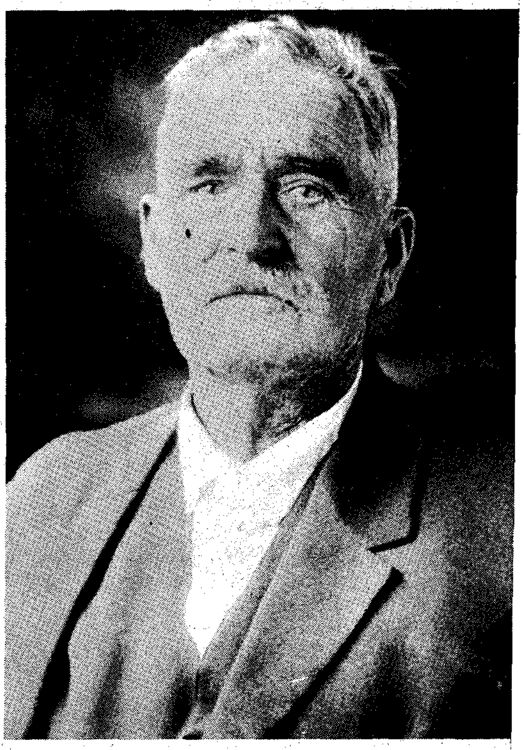
Despite the terrible heat Amsden and Emil drove themselves hard, piling up nuggets and oblivious to all else. Came a day in late July when they discovered themselves entirely without water. This forced them to head out for Coffin Spring.

The filled tub was dragged inside the cave, and the burros were loaded from the several piles of nuggets on the ground. In their eagerness for wealth, and intending to go on to Needles from the spring, they weighted down the small animals far too much.

The men passed out of the mountains by a butte standing stark in an open plain. Amsden suddenly remembered that they had not come in by any such high standing monument. When he said so, Emil flew into a rage. The old man claimed that it didn't matter. He knew where another spring existed. Actually they were already lost in the desert. The terrible heat seemed to have fried Emil's brains. Probably he suffered sunstroke. On the second day one burro lay down and died.

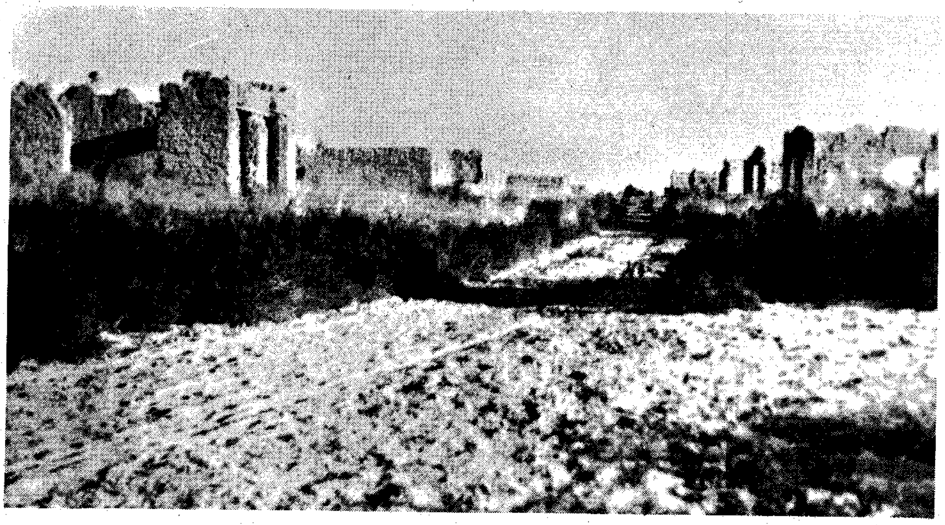
Both of the prospectors were in a bad way, with tongues and throats beginning to swell. Staggering on, they became aware during the next afternoon that only one hobbling burro remained with them and that a halt was imperative.

After midnight, Amsden decided that they must go on while it was cool, but when he went to get Emil onto his feet, the old man was dead. So was the last burro. Eyes swollen almost shut, nearly blind, Amsden tried to assess his most desperate situation. Either he reached water in a matter of a few hours or he, too, would be gone.



Henry C. Packer, desert wanderer who brought out some of the gold.

Filling all his pockets with gold, and carrying one empty canteen, he headed straight north, knowing that if he lived long enough he would reach the Santa Fe Railroad tracks. At dawn Amsden



Ruins of old La Paz, desert gold rush town.

found a bitter seep in a dry wash. It dripped from a ledge of rock and could have been called a spring. There he rested, drank, washed his blistered feet, filled the canteen, and went on.

Not until much later did he realize this was bad judgment. He should have waited out the day's terrible heat. To the west loomed the Old Woman Mountains and eastward, the Sacramentos. Somewhere he threw away the emptied canteen but none of the gold.

Afterwards he could never recall how long it had taken to stagger and crawl into Goffs. His shoes were worn out, feet bloody. His clothing was in tatters and he was skinned and lacerated in many places from falls. When he was put to bed on a screened porch behind the store, no one believed he could survive but the nuggets were a powerful incentive to do everything possible to bring him through. A doctor was brought from Needles.

As Amsden's strength returned he talked a great deal of his terrible experience, yet consistently refrained from revealing any real clues. In a way he left the impression that he would lead a search party and stressed that the tub of gold and the piles outside the cave belonged to him, likewise everything on the dead burros if the remains could be found.

Then one day when a freight train halted briefly in the heat-ridden town, Amsden sneaked aboard the caboose. When his absence was discovered two men took the next train to Needles. They arrived only to learn that on selling his gold Amsden had boarded a passenger train home to Illinois.

THERE the situation rested for a year. Apparently Amsden remembered Colton as having done the most for him, and one day Colton received a letter and a map containing explicit directions on how to reach the nugget field. Amsden explained that he was not the least bit interested in risking his life in the desert again.

That fall when the terrific heat had abated, Colton led a party of three friends into the Turtles. They spent weeks searching the range from north to south and back again—especially on the west side where the arch was supposed to be. Neither the arch nor the gold nor the dead burros was found. Colton is not known to have hunted again.

From then on over several decades many men, especially from Barstow and Needles, searched for the Lost Arch nuggets, or the dry placer, or the treasure under various names. Eventually several of the shrewder ones consulted the Mojave Indians on the Colorado River.

Yes, the old people had known about the black encrusted nuggets in the Turtles. A few had seen them. They related the story of a party of Spaniards recovering gold in those mountains nearly a century before. It was this information that Emil had been so cagey about, convinced that he could go directly to the placer, which he did indeed do.

Further investigations disclosed a story of some Mexicans, recounted in Los Angeles papers of the 1860s. It was to the coast city that three of a Mexican party went to blow in their gold. Only the names of two of the Mexicans appear in the records—Don Jose M. Redondo and Don Juan Ferra. Both were well-to-do Spaniards from the state of Sonora. Redondo was at Yuma City on the Arizona side of the Colorado River when Captain Pauline Weaver arrived there in January, 1862, with a party of trappers off the upper stream. Weaver had with him a goose quill containing three dollars worth of flake gold. It had been found at a place called El Arollo de la Tenaja. When he showed it to Redondo, the Mexican immediately pronounced it to be gold.

Redondo possessed documentary evidence that such gold finds had been made as far back as Father Kino's explorations. Weaver's description of where the dust had been recovered immediately recalled to Redondo that most important discovery so long before. Collecting seven or eight of his countrymen he went north along the river, not halting at the site of Weaver's find, but turning west a couple of miles. After making camp the men of the party spread out southward over the waterless gulches and wastelands.

Redondo's purpose at the moment was to determine if this were really the site of placer gold described in old Spanish accounts. And it was Redondo himself, panning in a dry wash, who recovered a *chispa* (large nugget) weighing nearly two ounces. He found more and larger pieces of gold, as did his companions.

The party dropped back down the river to La Laguna, twenty miles north of Yuma City. There sojourned Don Juan Ferra, to whom Redondo reported and who at once assembled about forty of their countrymen. The two dons led the expedition to the site of the placer about the middle of February, 1862. Ferra, an elderly patriarch, was in charge. Subsequently the camp and the discovery gulch were named for him. Ferra Gulch proved to be the richest gold placer ever discovered in Arizona. Personally Ferra recovered *chispas* running from twenty to forty-seven ounces.

MEANWHILE American miners and Weaver's band followed them into the desert country. They spread out inland and along the river, bringing various mining camps into existence. Some of them eventually became prosperous towns briefly, such as La Paz and Ehrenberg.

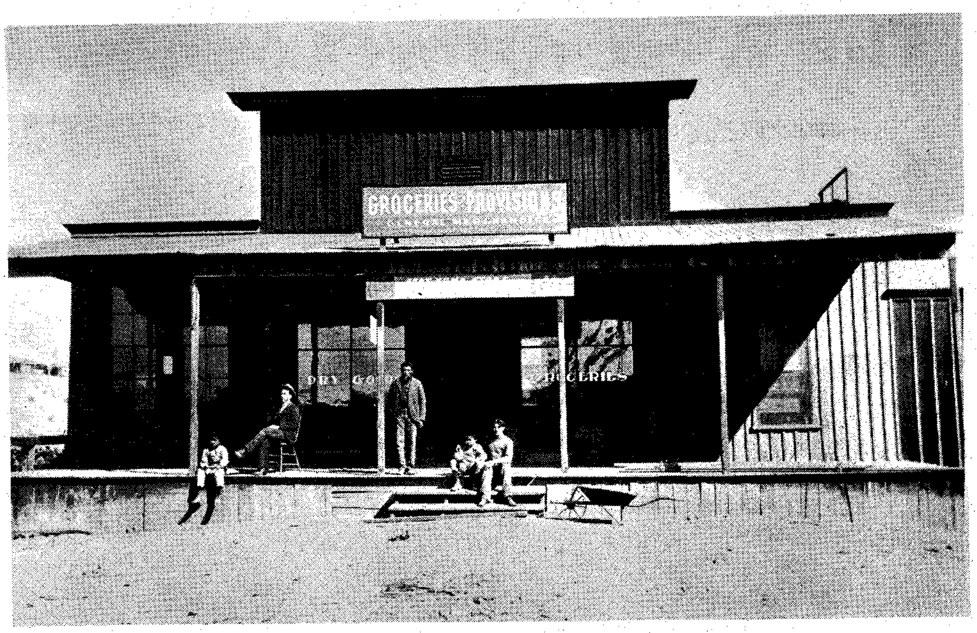
The California miners' rabid feeling against foreigners' possessing gold claims held sway here too. But the two dons managed to occupy their placers without violence erupting, until their rich ground was worked out. Camps named Ferra, Campo en Medio, Los Chollos and La Plomosa testify to the fact that they were in force and able to protect themselves.

Although their golden hoard increased, knowledge of the richness of their claims, in particular Ferra Gulch, was kept from the Americans almost to the end of 1863. Because of their crude mining methods, which amused the Americans, this was not hard to do. They could not see how the Mexicans made working wages.

The Mexican miner lived on little more than tortillas, jerky and salt. His mining tools were almost nonexistent. Scorning the metal pan, he carved a dish-shaped, shallow bowl called a *batea*, from whatever wood was handy. In conjunction with a small wooden scoop he used this only to test the gold content of gravel and sand. From that point on, he employed a dry washer of animal hide or a blanket, stretched on a frame constructed of whatever material was available. This rickety affair looked worse than useless. These were the mining tools of the Mexicans at Ferra Gulch and surrounding terrain, and concerns the later find in the Turtle Mountains.

As the gold began playing out, the dons discussed another very old discovery on west in the Turtles. They had a map from church archives of one which had been worked long before their time. It was agreed that Redondo would take eight of the workmen, cross the river, and try to find it.

Setting out in the spring of 1864, they were in the Colorado Desert when rain began falling. The gummy mud slowed down their mules and burros. This cut into the time they could search, for they



Gandolfo's general store in Yuma where prospectors were outfitted.

had brought along barely enough food for two weeks.

Despite these handicaps they did reach the Turtles and crossed through a pass to the west side. The storm had done them a good turn for pot holes filled with water were found along the route. Camping by several, where animal forage could be had in a flat on a shallow wash, they began to explore.

Almost at once they found black coated *chispas* running from ten to forty ounces in weight. The men were there about five days, collecting an estimated $150,000 in nuggets. But not only were they on short rations; they discovered Mojave and Piute Indians skulking around. One dark night it was decided to break camp.

Three of the party decided to go on to Los Angeles and then south to their homes in Sonora. Redondo paid them off at the rate of an ounce of gold per day. Contrary to popular belief, Mexican gold-hunting expeditions were not communistic affairs with each member sharing equally. *El patron* always kept the lion's share for himself.

The three traveling west reached their destination without mishap. It was their gold and stories which occasioned some excitement on the West Coast. They bragged of big nuggets gathered from the ground like pebbles. Posing as discoverers, they inferred that their *shares* amounted to fortunes. People with knowledge of how Mexican miners worked did not place any credence in their statements.

Redondo and the remaining Mexicans were almost out of the mountains before the Indians were able to hit them. It must have been a rather desultory skirmish. The assault was easily beaten off. Five or six days later the party rejoined Ferra, and shortly afterwards the entire group returned to Sonora. They had been away from home a long time and were anxious to see their families.

Although Ferra and Redondo did return to Arizona several times, it is not known whether or not they mined anywhere in California. However, before their first departure, Redondo told a man whom he knew well, Alexander McKey (Territorial legislator from La Paz), of their find in the Turtles. He related that they went through a pass almost in the center of the range, thence descended to a place on the west side where the masses of barren peaks and ranges *hollowed out*. On the west and south of where they placered stood a natural rainbow stone arch. It and a peculiar shaped butte to the southwest were markers to the nugget-laden ground.

BY 1895 Amsden's discovery had grown into a dozen wild and impossible tales—all different. It was related that Mexicans first mined near the arch in 1825. At that time they built two adobe one-room cabins connected by an arch. Prospectors actually reported finding the adobes, the mud melted down but the arch of stone still in place.

There is an account concerning two men known only as Jamison and Fields, and it antedates Amsden and Emil. Two such men were once in northwestern Arizona and Jamison was a squawman. Coming to the territory in 1880, he prospected both sides of the Colorado River. His supplies were bought at Mojave City, near Fort Mojave. There he occasionally saw both Piute and Mojave Indians trade the storekeepers gold nuggets for supplies. They also swapped them to soldiers at the fort for various articles.

Try as he might, Jamison could not induce any Indian to talk to him about the nuggets. Finally he married a Piute woman, living with a remnant of the tribe on the California side of the river and close to the Nevada line. In time he inveigled his Indian wife into revealing the source of the gold. She took him far south across the desert into the Turtle Mountains. (Some accounts claim it was to Old Woman Mountains.)

He brought back a swag of the yellow metal, and then sent east for his friend Fields. After the latter's arrival, Jamison one day announced that they were going to Los Angeles. They boarded the train at Needles. This was the year 1883 and at that time it would have had to be the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Leaving the train at a station called Homer, Jamison traded some of his gold for a light wagon, a team of mules, a barrel of water and some food supplies. Jamison and Fields then drove more than forty miles southward. The second day was breaking when the two sleepy men reached the area of three outstanding peaks. They were right on the nugget-covered ground.

Despite their weariness, the first large nuggets relieved them of any sense of exhaustion. They slept fitfully that night and the next day gathered more gold.

The men had a little water left when starting out with their load of sacked gold, but the heat sapped the thirsty mules' strength and they were given the balance of the water in the barrel. By afternoon Jamison and Fields were in a bad way. The mules could barely hobble along and the two men walked, tongues swollen and throats sore.

In this desperate condition they traveled all night, and at dawn began to fear their bones would whiten in the desert. They kept moving north at a painfully slow pace until around noon, when Jamison saw telegraph poles against the blinding light of the cloudless sky.

Instead of reaching Homer the two wound up at Blake, which was hardly more than a railroad section house. They stumbled within reach of help and collapsed senseless. It was another day when they awoke, surprised to find themselves still alive. Kindly track laborers had taken them in. When they remembered the gold, they rushed outside to the wagon and were amazed to see it remained intact in the canvas sacks.

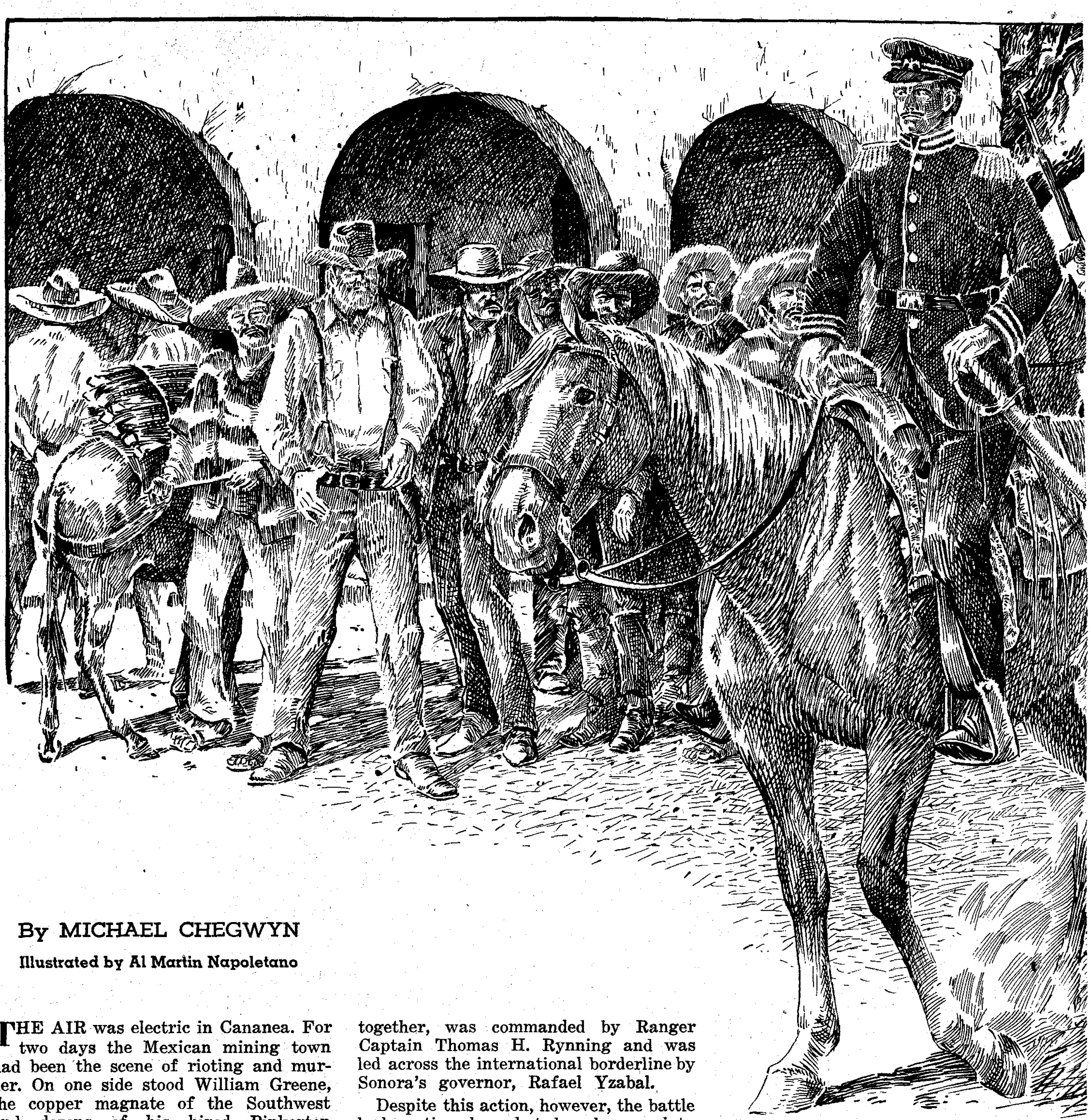
In a week they were able to drive on to Needles. The gold was divided and Fields returned East, planning to seek technical help to retrieve the millions they believed still in the ground.

Jamison went up the river to rejoin his Indian wife, where he fell ill and died two days later. Fields learned of Jamison's end on returning to Needles. He had failed to interest anyone in the placer mine and refused to venture into the Turtle Mountains alone. Drawing a map of the location, which desert prospectors believed to be in the Old Woman Mountains, or maybe Hat Mountain, he hired four to go after more gold. They failed, and so did two other parties Fields grubstaked and supplied with maps. The truth was that Fields, being totally inexperienced in the desert, was impossibly far off on both landmarks and estimated distances through the country he had traversed with Jamison.

H. C. PACKER was an inveterate desert wanderer. Towns and mining camps he abhorred. His long sojourns into the wastelands was a form of happy existence to him; he was an escapist. When

(Continued on page 52)

The West's Most Competent Mercenary— EMILIO



It took a strong man t
Mexico's Rurales. Th
neatly; in fact

By MICHAEL CHEGWYN

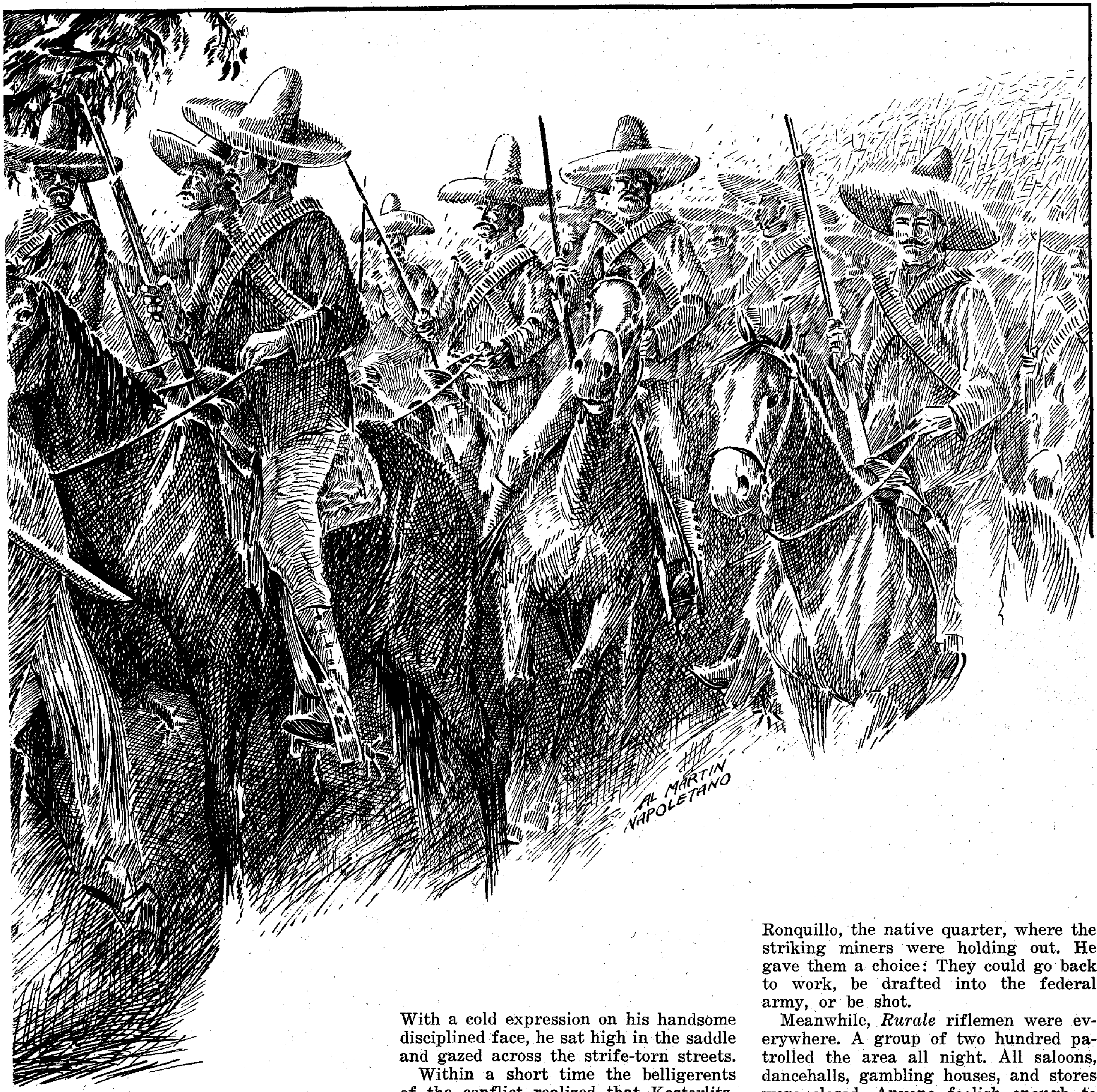
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

THE AIR was electric in Cananea. For two days the Mexican mining town had been the scene of rioting and murder. On one side stood William Greene, the copper magnate of the Southwest and dozens of his hired Pinkerton guards. On the other swarmed a horde of disgruntled Mexican laborers who had risen up against the unequal pay scale and low wages of the mines.

Greene hurried away to Arizona where he recruited an army of cowboys, miners, ex-Rough Riders and Arizona Rangers to protect his beleaguered interests. This formidable force, 300 altogether, was commanded by Ranger Captain Thomas H. Rynning and was led across the international borderline by Sonora's governor, Rafael Yzabal.

Despite this action, however, the battle had continued unabated and over sixty men lay dead in the smoke-filled streets. Then about five o'clock new troops began pouring into Cananea from the south. These mounted soldiers were the *Guardia Rurales,* the dreaded Mexican border police. At the head of these grey-uniformed cavalrymen rode the most feared and legendary figure in northern Mexico, Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzsky.

KOSTERLITZSKY



rect—and restrain—x-Cossack managed it ith a certain flair

With a cold expression on his handsome disciplined face, he sat high in the saddle and gazed across the strife-torn streets.

Within a short time the belligerents of the conflict realized that Kosterlitzsky's reputation, gained from dealing with dangerous situations for twenty years in that part of Sonora, was not just a myth. Immediately after his arrival the iron-handed officer sent out directives to all those involved. Charging the Americans with illegal entry, he ordered them out of the country (thus overruling the powerful Governor Yzabal). Then he went across town to Ronquillo, the native quarter, where the striking miners were holding out. He gave them a choice: They could go back to work, be drafted into the federal army, or be shot.

Meanwhile, *Rurale* riflemen were everywhere. A group of two hundred patrolled the area all night. All saloons, dancehalls, gambling houses, and stores were closed. Anyone foolish enough to be found out of doors after the curfew Kosterlitzsky had imposed was shot on sight. The next morning the *Rurales* began making arrests. A hundred miners were marched off to Hermosillo, the state capital, where they were impressed into the army. Others were sent to the penal colony on the islands of Tres Marias. The ringleaders were not so

(Continued on page 61)

If you've got to keep tabs on a man, what better way than to keep him at your side? Or so reasoned Jack Hart who was

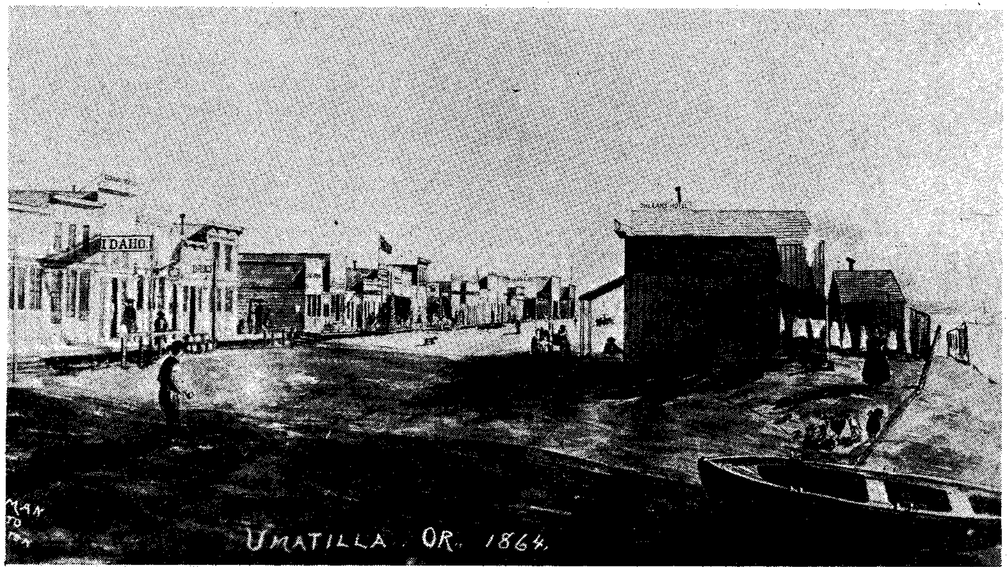
DODGING THE ROAD AGENTS

By J. W. REESE

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Heading for Portland, Hart and Ward came face-to-face with "road agents" at Meacham Station (above). Located near the summit of Blue Mountains, it was a station for the Oregon Railway.

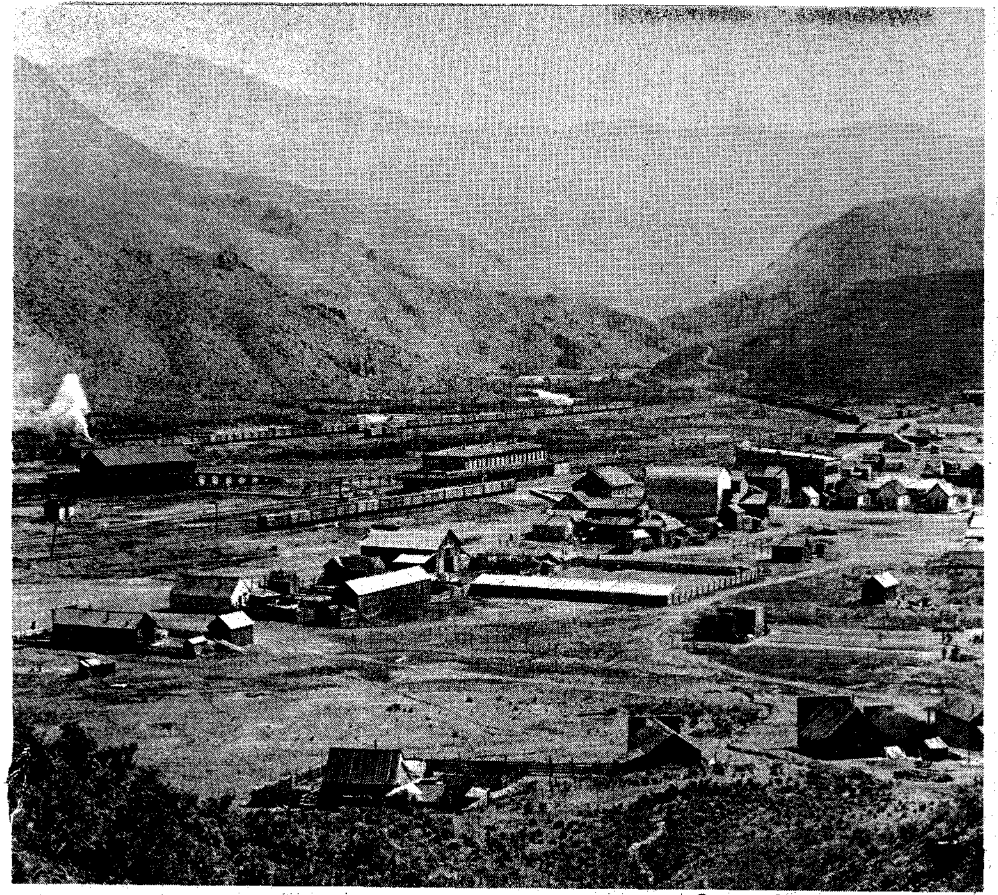
Courtesy Oregon State Archives



Explanatory Note: Jack Hart was a six-foot-two frontiersman and miner. One day he told his friend George A. Waggoner the following story of his encounter with the bandit Henry Plummer. Waggoner later published the story in his book, *Stories of Old Oregon,* 1905.

I HAD been up in the Boise mines for about six months, and after taking up a good pile of dust worth about four thousand dollars, decided to return to my home in Portland. This was in the spring of 1864.

When I crossed the Snake River into Oregon, at Old's Ferry, I came upon my old friend Mike Ward, who was also returning home, and we decided to make the trip together. This part of the trail from the Boise Basin to the Umatilla was infested with bandits, and since we were both well mounted and well armed, we felt we could take care of ourselves. It was not often that more than two of them



Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

Ward describes Huntington, Oregon as "infested with bandits." Twenty years after our story, Huntington was a bustling community where the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company line joined the Union Pacific's Oregon short line extension completing Oregon's second transcontinental railroad connection, 1884.

worked together, and as long as Mike and I stayed with each other and kept our eyes open, we would be safe.

When we arrived at Miller's Station (now Huntington, Oregon), there were two horses hitched in front of the old Adobe House, which attracted our attention at once. Horses were plentiful along the road, but these were unusual; a bay and a gray, both racers. We noted their glossy coats, light steel shoes and new and expensive saddles and bridles.

"Just the horses road agents would ride," I commented.

"Let's take a good look at the riders," said Mike, as we entered the building.

We found two men already seated at supper. One was a low, heavy-set man with an enormous square jaw and short red whiskers. He peered at us under his bushy red eyebrows. The other was a tall, dark man, rather thin.

The two ate in silence and watched our movements covertly. Before their meal was finished, I saw the hostler leading their horses past the window to the stable. It was evening, and we had intended to stay overnight, but now I changed my mind. I said to Mike:

"Let's have supper and ride on to the next station."

I glanced at the two men and saw the short one start and look at his companion.

The station keeper tried to talk us out of going on. "The next station is fifteen miles away, and it is going to be a cloudy night."

"Oh, we don't mind," said Mike. We seated ourselves at the table and had our supper. We watched the two men carefully and could see that they were taking note of every move we made.

We finished and started on the road once more. As soon as we were out of earshot of the station, Mike said:

"Well, Jack, we are in for it sooner than we expected. Do you know who those chaps are?'

"No," I answered. "I never saw either of them before, and I would feel much better if I never saw them again."

"Did you notice the heavy-set man was minus one finger?" asked Mike.

"No," I answered.

"Well," he stated, "that one is Charley Plummer. I've never seen him but I am certain it is him. The other one is his pal, Sesesh Jimmy. Plummer lost that finger when he and Ridgly shot Pat Ford at Oro Fino."

"Yes, I remember," I replied. "Pat died game and before they got him, he killed both their horses, put a bullet in Ridgly's leg and amputated Plummer's finger."

"You know," said Mike, "since that fight Plummer has been on the road, first with one pal and then another. He has held up a number of returning miners, and robbed the Silver City stage twice in the past six months. They are probably on their way to San Francisco to enjoy their gains. I think they followed you from the Boise Basin and by taking a shortcut reached the station a little ahead of us. But by taking this night ride, we will steal a march on them. If we can keep ahead we are all right. They will never dare to attack unless they can get the drop. We had best ride hard until we cross the Blue Mountains."

WE reached Moody's about ten o'clock and found several freighters sitting around the fire. We said nothing of the men behind us, for we didn't want to let it be known we had money.

We were about ready to go to bed at eleven o'clock, and I went out to the stable for a last check on our horses. Just as I had reached the stable, I saw two horsemen approaching in the dim light. I stepped inside and watched them. Soon I could recognize their horses—Plummer and Jimmy without a doubt. They came near the stable. Plummer dismounted and peered into the stable until he could see our horses. Then they rode on and were soon out of sight.

I ran for Mike and whispered to him what I had seen. If we were doubtful before, we had no doubts now. The two men had made the night ride and passed the station in order to get ahead of us and find a spot in which to bushwhack us.

In five minutes our horses were again saddled and we were on the road, determined to overtake them and keep them in sight, so they would have no opportunity to hide and jump us. When we came in sight of the two, they appeared quite unconcerned and did not slacken nor increase their speed. We kept about two hundred yards behind, only shortening that distance when turning a point in the hills or passing through a strip of brush which might give them an opportunity to conceal themselves. We rode all night in this manner. We were both fair shots and knew we could take care of ourselves if we were not ambushed.

A little after daylight we came to a ranch and saw our men dismount at the door. We passed on to the next place, only a couple of miles farther, where we fed our tired horses and had breakfast. Before we could start we noticed the bay and the gray pass, and so the robbers were ahead again.

After a day and a night of riding without rest, our horses were in no condition to go on, but after giving them a couple of hours rest, we set out again. During our rest we had talked the matter over and decided that Plummer and Jimmy intended to ambush us in the Blue Mountains, where the heavy timber would give them a good opportunity to take us by surprise. It was plain they had better horses than we, so we had no chance of outriding them. We agreed to follow them to LaGrande, and then if they took the Meacham road over the mountains, we would cross the valley to the Summerville road and go that way.

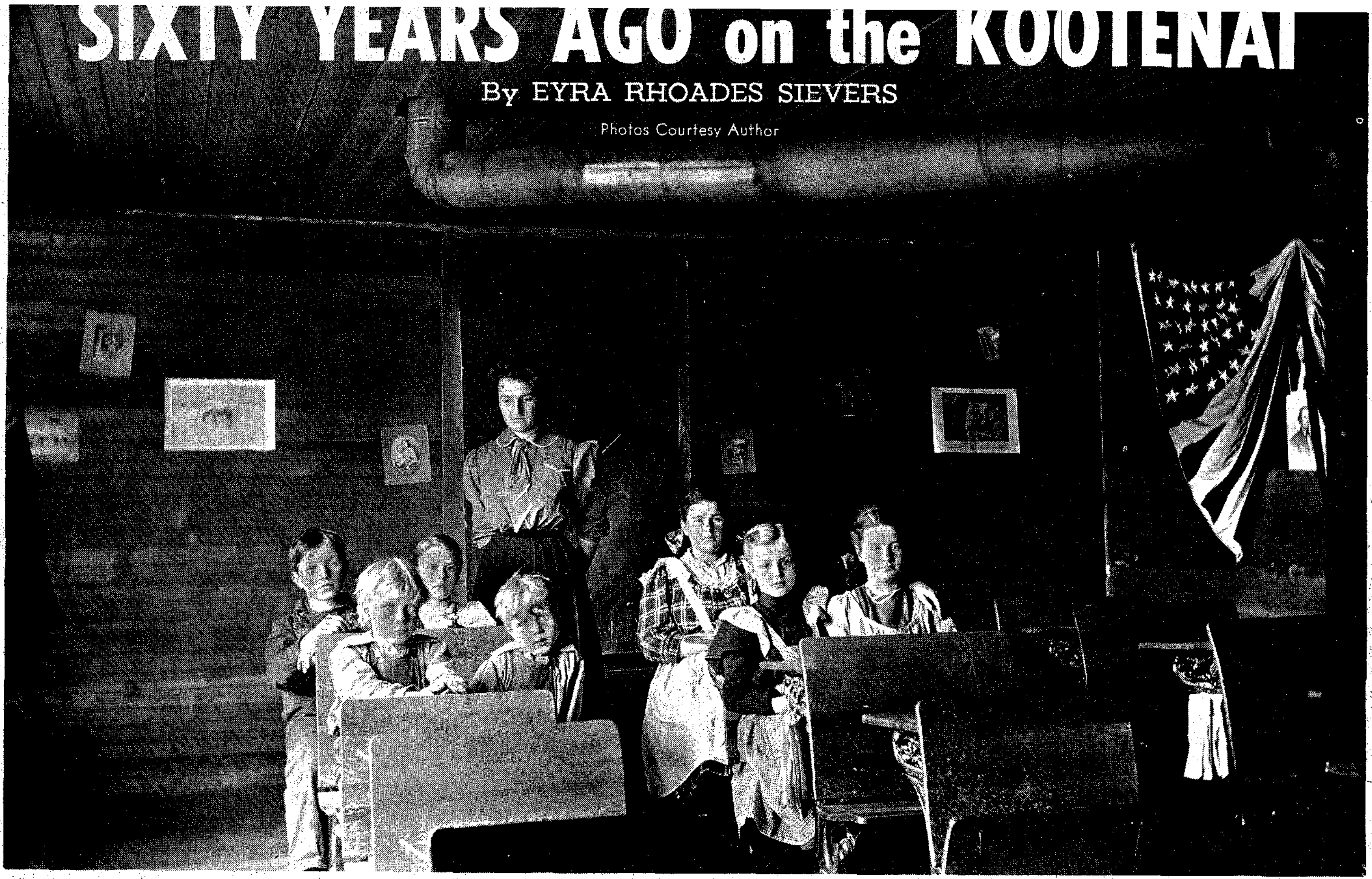
We made a short ride that day and the next evening we came to LaGrande about nine o'clock. We took a wide course around the town and then left our horses at a farmhouse while we went up to reconnoiter. We found the bay and the gray at the livery stable. The stable owner told us the two robbers were at the hotel, and had stated they would start across the mountains the next morning at daylight. The Summerville road would add twenty-five miles to our journey, so Mike and I concluded that we would ride on to Meacham Station, about twenty-five miles from LaGrande,

(Continued on page 42)

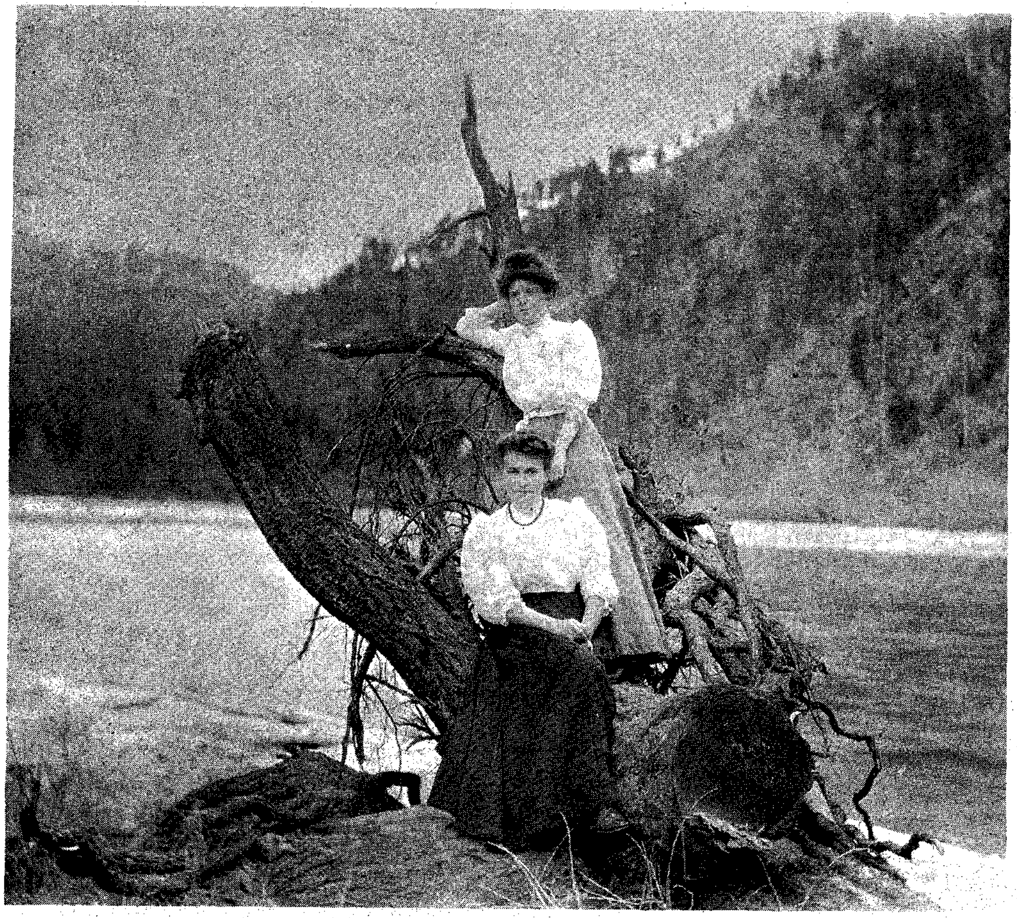
SIXTY YEARS AGO on the KOOTENAI

By EYRA RHOADES SIEVERS

Photos Courtesy Author



Above, schoolmarm Lena Stahl with students in the Jennings classroom. Below, Lena and Mrs. Good pose beside the Kootenai.



THE waters of Libby Dam will soon be swirling around the ghost town of Jennings, Montana. The last of its buildings is being demolished—except for the cupola which will be preserved. This building—a plain little schoolhouse—was an important place in 1908, the seat of learning for nine children whose teen-aged teacher, Lena Stahl, presided over a three-months term on permit.

The year before she had taught a school term from January to May at Swamp Creek. It was perhaps providential for the young girl that neither school had a large enrollment for at each one the handful of students *was* a handful. At Swamp Creek one of the boys learned how to make gunpowder through information he found in the dictionary, and almost succeeded in blowing up the place. At Jennings a little girl managed to get a rifle from an antler rack and shoot herself. The bullet lodged in the back of her head. She was rushed to Kalispell, the bullet was removed, and she was none the worse except for losing out on her classes.

The chairman of the Jennings school board was Jim O'Brien, a saloonkeeper. On payday Lena would go to the saloon to be paid. The place had the usual long bar with back mirror, stools, a couple of gambling tables, bottles, glasses, etc. but no sawdust. Jim O'Brien was a large man, typical of the pioneer western saloonkeeper, portly, with black hair, handlebar moustache, heavy eyebrows and swarthy skin. He had a very nice

A lot of good old simple pleasures had an element of risk to life and limb. And what today we might class as playing "Russian roulette" on the railroad tracks was just a jaunt on the speeder in Jennings...

personality and was always courteous to to the ladies.

One Saturday when Lena called for her paycheck Mr. O'Brien invited her to go for a ride on his "speeder." At that time Jennings' only means of transportation was by rail or horseback as the boats on the Kootenai River had stopped running. O'Brien and the station master owned the speeder together. The Great Northern railroad did not approve of this unauthorized use of its tracks but nevertheless the men used them often.

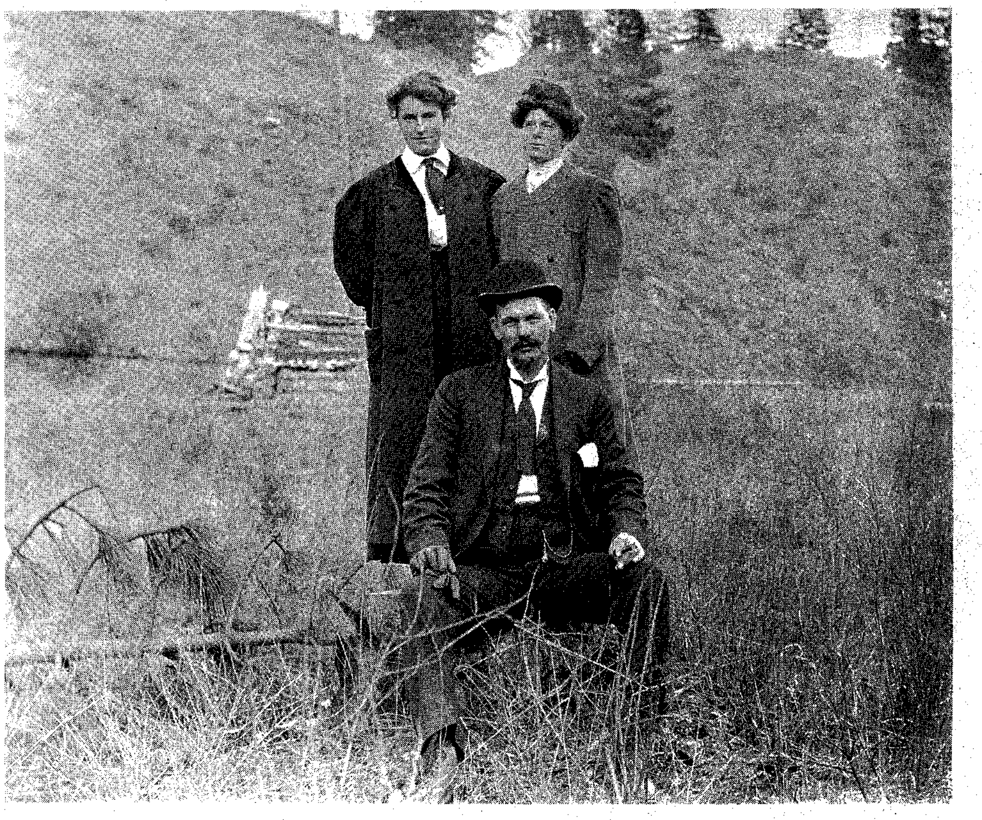
Being young and inexperienced, Lena asked the advice of Mrs. Good who ran the boarding house as to whether she should take a trip to Libby and back with Jim O'Brien on the speeder. Mrs. Good's answer was, "Jim has been sober for several days and no one respects a decent woman more than he does, so go ahead if you want to."

Part of the time Lena rode on the rear of the speeder and the rest of the time she was up front pumping. Before they left, the station master made a check of the train schedules and found the couple would have to side-track just once. There was a special platform built for such emergencies. Lena and Mr. O'Brien had to set the speeder off the track for a half-hour's wait and spent the time picking pine lilies and chatting. The tracks ran through heavy timber and very close to the beautiful Kootenai. Being spring, the river was a roaring torrent but there was blue sky above and great fleecy clouds floating along when you could catch a glimpse of them. All in all it was quite an experience for a young girl—an unchaperoned excursion with a man of the world.

Mrs. Good had an abundance of curly red hair which some thought might be a wig. She set a very good table and no one enjoyed the food more than Mrs. Good herself. For breakfast there was always a large platter of delicious sourdough hotcakes, sugar syrup flavored with mapeline, butter and coffee. The landlady had her own system of eating. First she ate all the hotcakes she could with just butter, then with butter and sugar, and the rest with butter and syrup. She insisted she could eat more that way.

Mrs. Good had a daughter about Lena's age who was the young schoolteacher's bosom companion. One Saturday they decided to use the hand-made sled to slide down the switchback. The sled was big and heavy as it was used regularly to haul split wood and kindling from the woodpile to the kitchen. Besides, it was a clumsy home-made affair. The girls trudged up past the first switchback

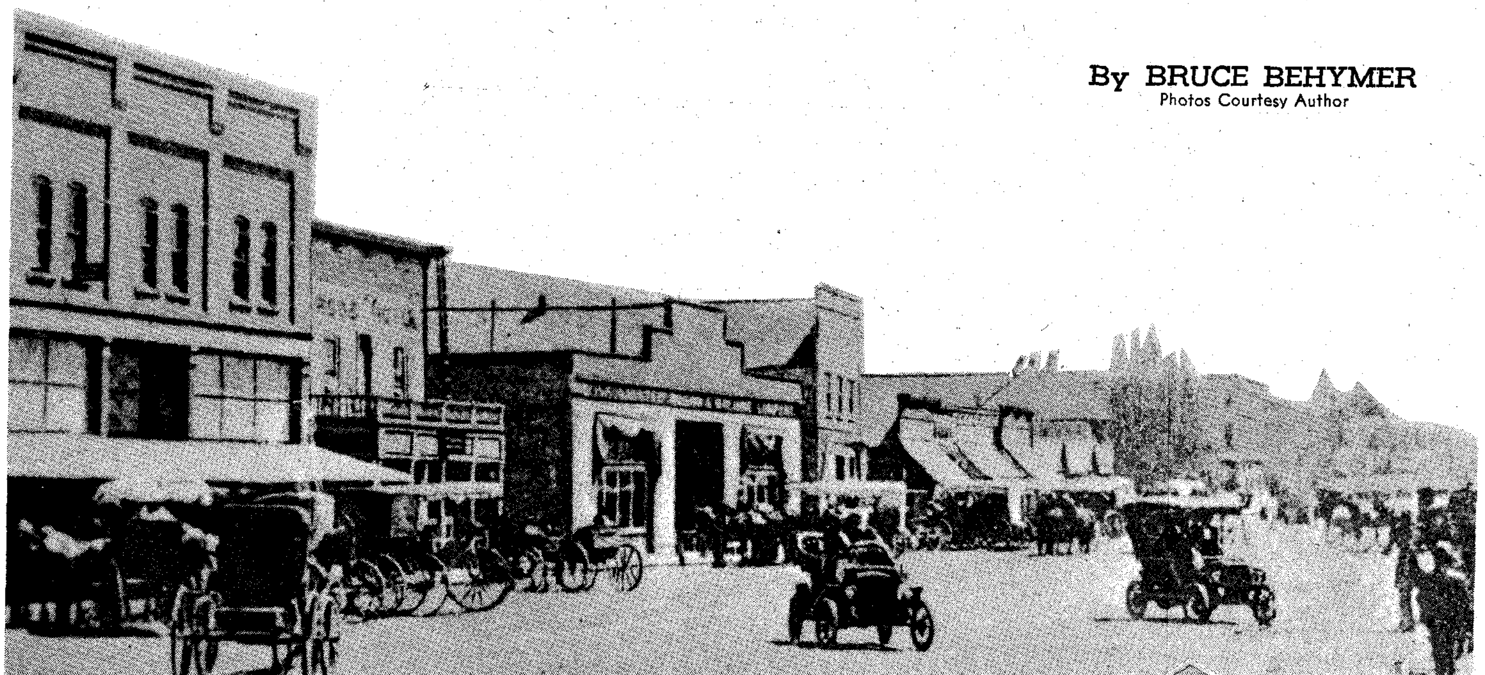
(Continued on page 72)



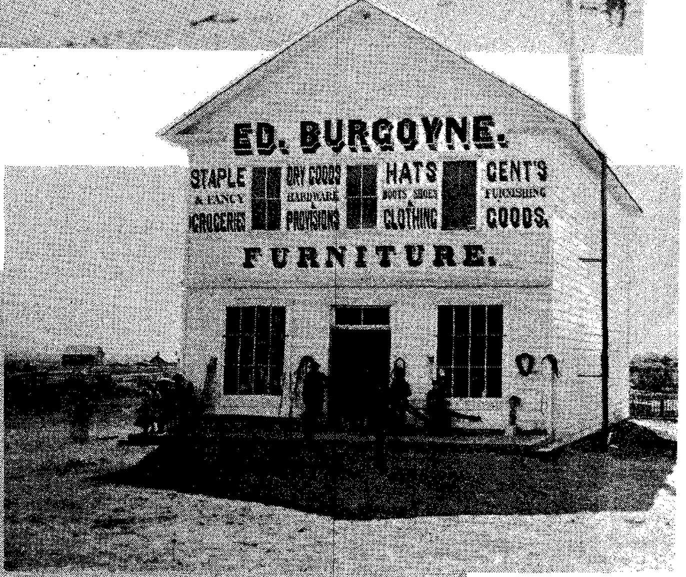
Above, Lena Stahl, Mrs. Good and photographer Gene. Below, the Swamp Creek schoolhouse. Left to right: Samuel Schneider, Bill Schneider, Lizzie Ayotl, Miss Stahl and Mary Schneider. Rose Ayotl and Lena Ayotl stand in the background next to the door.

YOU DON'T CHASE the WILD

By BRUCE BEHYMER
Photos Courtesy Author



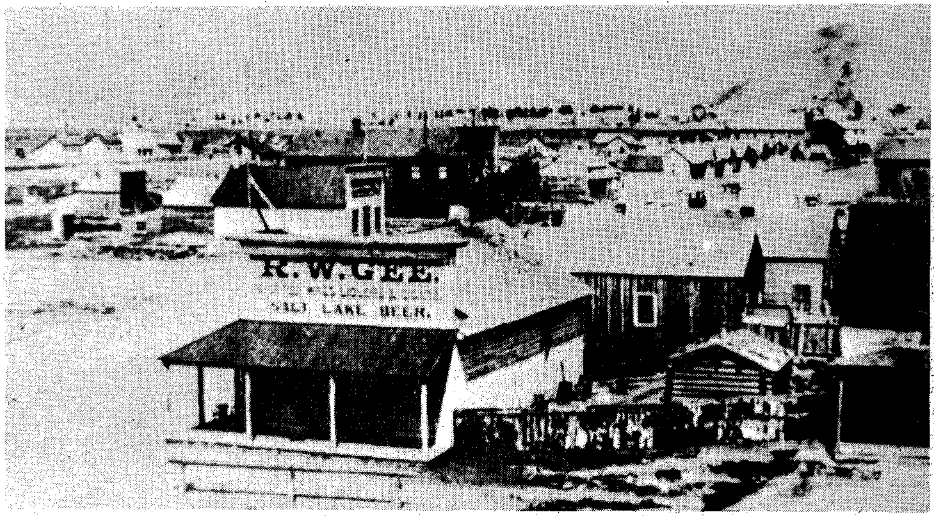
Above, the two-story building on the left is Brennan & Davis Merchandise where F. L. Cruikshank was working at the time of the robbery. Below, early photo of Main Street, Montpelier. At right, Ed Burgoyne's *first* store on Main Street. The building was destroyed by fire and later rebuilt.


ED. BURGOYNE.
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES
DRY GOODS HARDWARE PROVISIONS
HATS BOOTS SHOES & CLOTHING
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.
FURNITURE.

DRUGS & MEDICINES
BEAR LAKE DRUG STORE
LAND OFFICE

BUNCH on a BICYCLE!

–if you hope to catch them, that is!



Montpelier, Idaho

IN 1892 a bank robbery occurred in Montpelier, Idaho, pulled off by a gang that later was called the "Last of the Wild Bunch." I talked with a former deputy sheriff of Bear Lake County, Frederick Locke Cruikshank, shortly before he died in Montpelier on February 28, 1961. At the time of the robbery he was also working for Brennan & Davis Mercantile Company to supplement his income as a lawman.

Part of the gang—four members—with their leader Butch Cassidy rode into Montpelier near the noon hour. It was in the late fall. Someone ran into the Mercantile store and told Cruikshank that the bank (at that time the only one in town) was being robbed. The only means of transportation Fred had was his bicycle which was out in front of the store building. He ran out, jumped on his bike and headed east up Washington Street toward the bank, approximately two and one-half blocks on the opposite side of the street. All Fred could see was spiraling dust and horses also heading east on Washington Street, being ridden very hard out toward open country. Fred pumped valiantly but did not overtake them. And that is how the last of the Wild Bunch was "chased" out of Montpelier by a deputy sheriff on a bike.

The outlaws had taken a little more than $8,000. They rode east almost three-quarters of a mile, changed directions temporarily, then headed east again to the mouth of Montpelier Canyon.

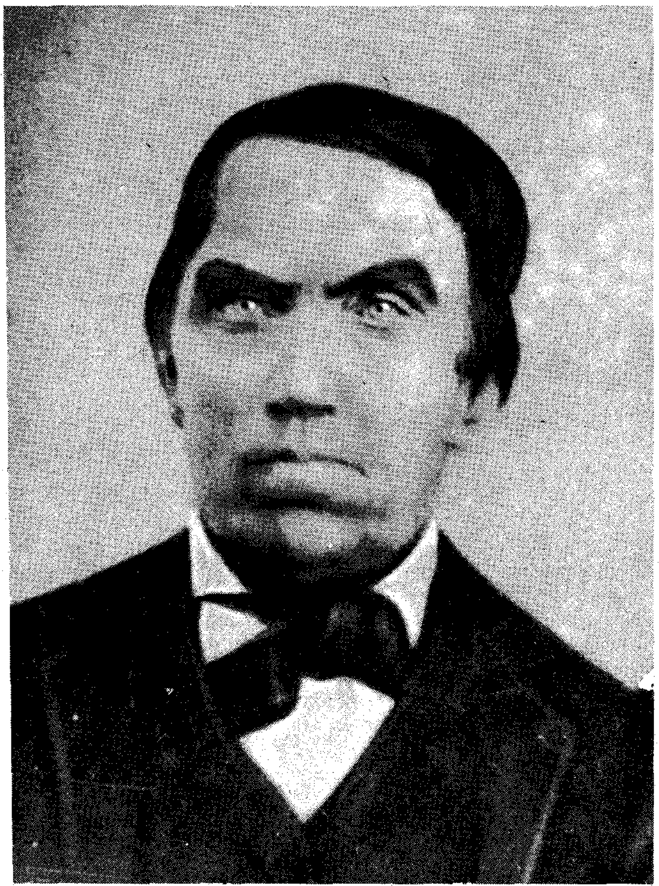
John S. Jewett owned a ranch about three miles from town on this canyon road, and on this particular day was harvesting oats. Jewett had part of the oats harvested. They were in sacks and in a wagon standing in the yard near the house just off of the road on the north side. Jewett had returned to the field south of the road to bring up another load of oats in another wagon when he noticed dust rising from the canyon toward the southwest. Such dust was usually raised by horses ridden hard.

(Continued on page 54)

The buggy stands almost directly in front of the bank that was robbed by Butch Cassidy.

OLD-TIME STOREKEEPER -

By CLARA V. O'BRIEN
Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Patrick McGuill

Thomas McGuill

Without those little supply centers the country could not have progressed past the wilderness stage; and the men who ran them constituted the only human link between the edge of settlement and a life left far behind . . .

Author's Note: One of the most neglected aspects of early life in the West was the development of little crossroads stores and their impact on the settlers, farmers, and ranchers living a great distance from frontier towns and cities. Because of these little stores and their multiplicity of services, life in the far reaches of the Western plains was bearable.

The small community stores became the focal point of the area's social and business life. Their owners were often loved and honored as much as the circuit riding minister or the country doctor. Often these store owners mediated in neighborhood disputes, advanced credit in hard times, offered advice, and helped out in many other ways when trouble arose. Thomas McGuill was one of these.

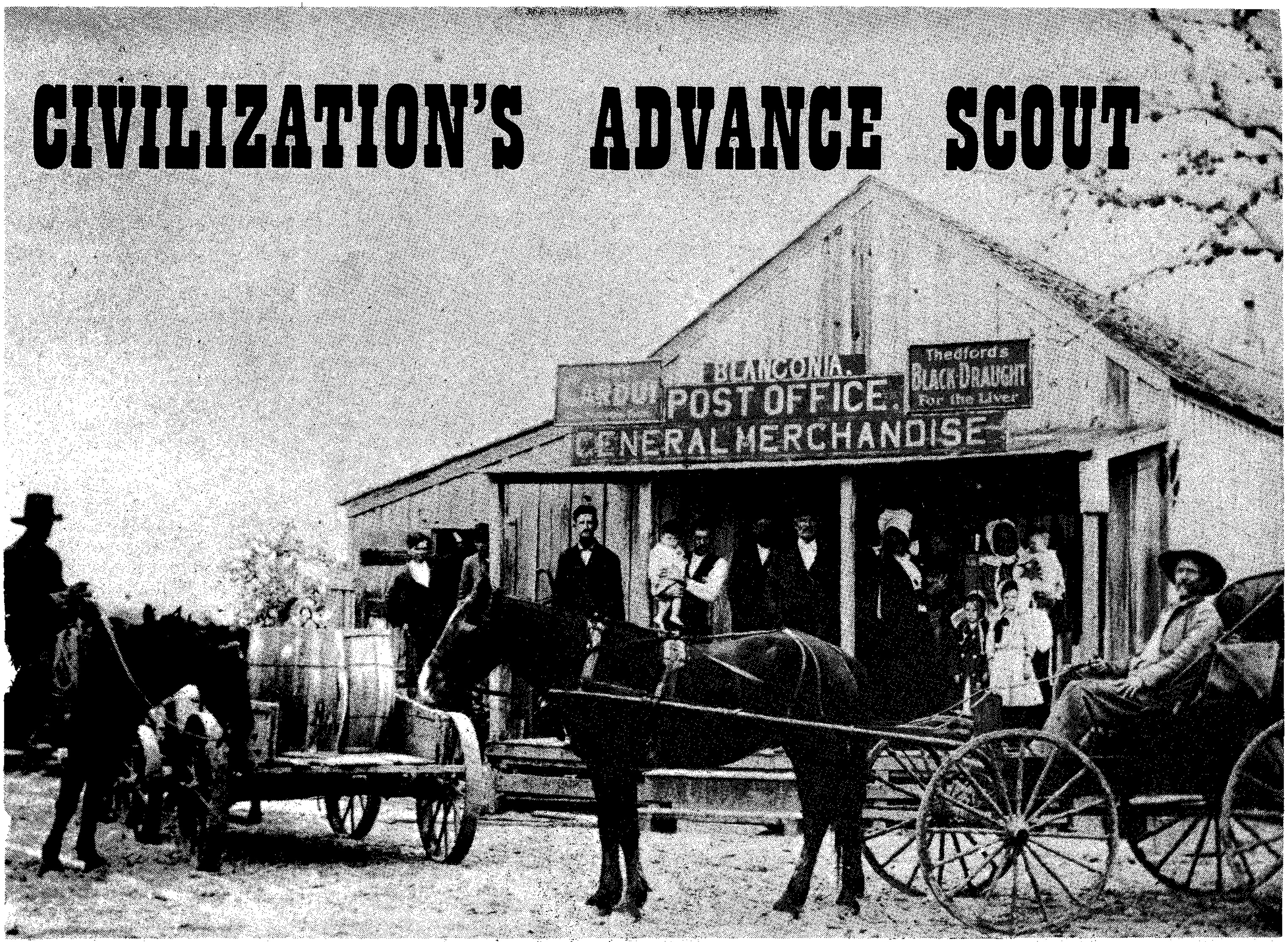
UNTANGLING his weary legs from the saddle, Thomas McGuill slid to the hot sandy ground. Then he winced as he lifted the three bulky, heavy packs from his brush pony and placed them carefully near the roots of a gnarled post oak. Relieved of the load, the pony trotted down to the Blanco Creek bottom where a pool of fresh water beckoned. McGuill followed.

Thomas dipped a red neckerchief into the pool and wiped his sweaty, sunburned face and neck. Then he led his lathered pony back to the shade of the live oak and unsaddled him before stretching out on the dry grass. With his head in a crook of the oak's trunk, the man's gaze strayed down the cow path which seemed to wind endlessly through the sweltering Texas prairie, and to the fleecy puffs of drifting white gulf clouds dappling the sky.

"Must be nigh onto three o'clock," McGuill mused as he looked toward the sun, too weary to pull his heavy watch from his pocket. The soft call of a Mexican dove heightened his loneliness for his wife Mary. He had left her and the two children in Ireland two years before when he'd decided to come to Texas.

"Sure's Ireland's my homeland, Mary's not going to like this land of nothing but dry grass, live oaks, post oaks,

CIVILIZATION'S ADVANCE SCOUT



Martin McGuill with a child in his arms stands on the porch of the second McGuill store, about 1904. To the right of Martin stands his brother Joe and his father-in-law W. H. Weir. Martin's son Bernard hangs onto the door frame next to the wagon and Mike Dorsey sits in the buggy.

black jacks, wild horses, howling coyotes, and Indians," he mused. His faith in his project was wavering.

McGuill's mind wandered as he rested and brooded about the future. He watched a roadrunner skittering down the trail—ugly little devil. Roadrunner—that's what he'd become! Running the roads, wading the creeks—all of them which happened to criss-cross this Dark Corner. To Old St. Marys for his merchandise, then to every log cabin and small farm house to sell pots, pans, sugar, tea, coffee, ribbons, laces, dress material-to-order, shoes-to-order, thread, needles, pins, whatever he could sell. He had to find a better way.

The tangled destiny which had led him to this point had started when his uncle, William McGuill, and William Redmond had come to Texas with empresarios Powers and Hewitson. They were granted a half league and a labor of land by the Mexican government which had welcomed the Irish immigrants. When Uncle William had died here in Texas, he had left his share of the Mexican grant to Thomas and other heirs in Ireland. Thomas McGuill had bought out the others, come to Texas and also bought the Redmond part of the grant from a Mr. Daley, who had previously acquired it from Redmond. McGuill then bought another fifty-acre tract from Tom Fox on Dog Branch because on it was a log cabin where he could bring Mary until he could build a proper home for her right here in the bend of the Blanco.

Stretching his legs, Tom got up to explore the building site. It was a good spot for a home, the store he wanted, and even for the church he hoped to build. Mary must have a church close by. When he went back to Refugio next week, he planned to see the mission priests about holding services in his and Mary's cabin at least once a month after Mary arrived. He'd think about a school later. He needed a lot more money.

There was plenty of land for him to run cattle. Many settlers made a living from cattle even during the droughts which plagued Texas. If the cows died, their hides were saleable.

Heartened by his survey and his plans, Tom resaddled his pony and trudged on in the heat. He would go by Henderson Williams' place tonight. Mrs. Williams might be ready for some calico and cambric for her pretty girls. They always wanted pretty sunbonnets in the summertime. Also, he had a pair of shoes for Sam, the oldest Williams boy. He might buy that extra wagon Williams had. Thomas needed a wagon and another horse. His load was too much for this brush pony.

SO it was that Thomas McGuill, born in Wexford, Ireland in 1824, married to pretty Mary O'Reilly in the late forties, had come to Texas in 1853 to claim his uncle's property. Now it was 1855, and he could send for his family.

In a little over a year, Mary and the children joined Thomas. At first they lived in the log cabin on Dog Branch (now called Alligator Creek). After Mary was settled, she insisted that Tom take the cabin lean-to for his merchandise. She was eager for him to stop traveling around.

In this log cabin, October 17, 1858, the McGuills' third child, Martin, was born. The Refugio Mission began sending a priest once each month to conduct services in Thomas' home, and the McGuills established a custom of inviting their Catholic neighbors to participate in the services.

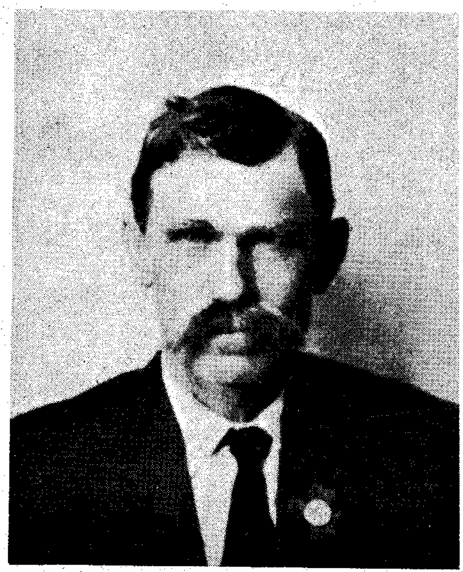
Thomas McGuill's dreams for a proper house for his wife, a store, and a church were partially realized about 1863 when the family moved from Dog Branch into a new home on the bend in the Blanco. Adjoining the living quarters, Thomas built a log store. Later, he donated an acre of land to the Catholic Diocese and with his own hands and money built a log church and its furnishings. It was called "Our Lady of the Rosary."

Soon after the Civil War struck, all Texas ports were blockaded. Freight wagons from San Antonio to Beeville were few and far between, and even then they brought little merchandise. Old St. Marys on Copano Bay was completely cut off from the sea. These were hard times for everyone, but especially for Thomas' little store and for the settlers in Dark Corner.

A colorful character named Sally Scull came along with some help. She and her brother, William Rabb Newman, ran their wagontrains of freight in and out of Mexico, carrying cotton and other products south and bringing back ammunition for the Confederacy and a few supplies for her neighbors. Sally Scull was a rather notorious woman, but the early settlers were saved many privations by the ingenuity and courage of this woman who owned a ranch in Dark Corner close to Thomas McGuill land. At the intersections of the Beeville-Goliad-Refugio roads, there now stands an historical marker for Sally Scull—a courageous, if profane, woman. In many respects she was at least a hundred years ahead of her time.

THOMAS McGUILL turned the running of his store over to his family and became a tailor for the Confederacy, serving in that capacity for the duration of the war. Mary and the children tended to the business as best they could while Thomas was away.

Nights were the loneliest times on the prairie. The coyotes' mournful howl and the damage they did to the fowls and sheep caused Mary many hours of distress. She also feared the Indians even though the frequency of their raids had lessened. One day a customer came to the store from across the Blanco with the news that young Sam Williams had had a run-in with the Indians the day before.

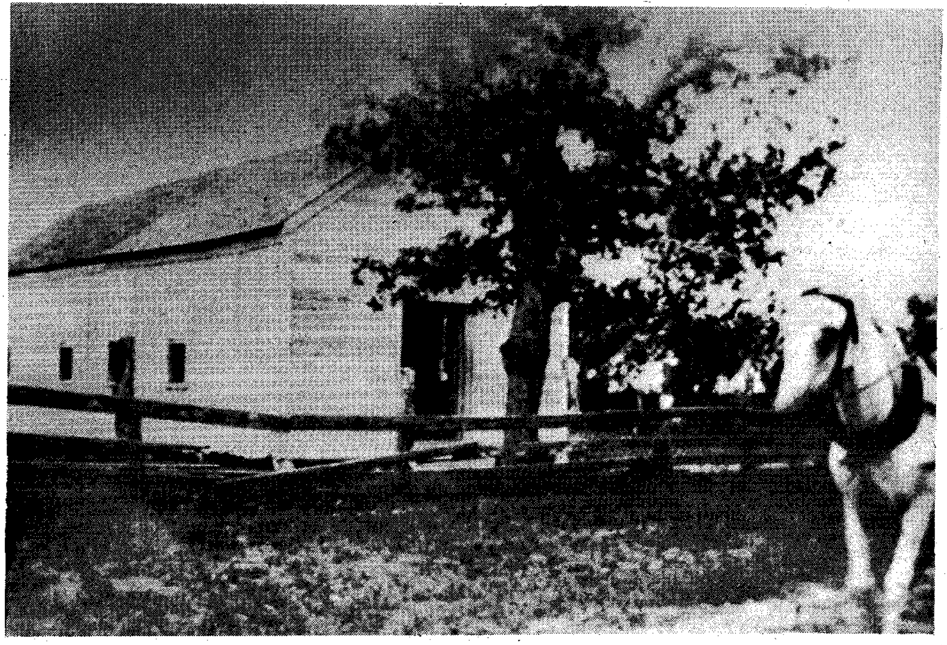

Courtesy Patrick McGuill

Martin McGuill

"He had his corn bags on his saddle on his way to the grist mill, when he saw some Injuns coming," the man reported. "Well, young Sam's a smart one. He lit out to the nearest mott where there's a thicket of tall grass, and trees. Jumping off his horse, Sam rapped him with his reins. The horse lit out for home on the run. Sam ran into that thicket, then out on 'tother side and lit out for Needy Creek fast as he could crawl through the grass. Them Injuns beat a path round and round that thicket tryin' to flush Sam out. They never found him, and the horse got clean away. Then when the Injuns left, Sam started down the creek bed toward home. The horse got home way ahead o' him. The horse had run so fast every seed o' that corn was shelled clean off the cobs in the saddle bags. Sam's old man (Henderson Williams) was sure the Injuns had caught his son. But Sam showed up sometime after dark." Tales like this frightened Mary, but she stayed on at the store.

Our Lady of the Rosary Catholic Church built in 1890 by Thomas McGuill on the site of his first log church.

Courtesy Patrick McGuill



After the war was over, Tom resumed his duties as storekeeper. He also concentrated on farming and raising cattle. Martin was growing up and taking an active interest in the store; he was good with the customers and handled money well. In the early seventies when goods were more plentiful, Thomas made Martin a partner.

They still hauled some merchandise from Old St. Marys, but Beeville, twenty miles away, offered better service after the train came from San Antonio. Tom had several horses and a good wagon. For many years, Albert Williams, youngest son of Henderson, hauled freight from Beeville for the McGuills.

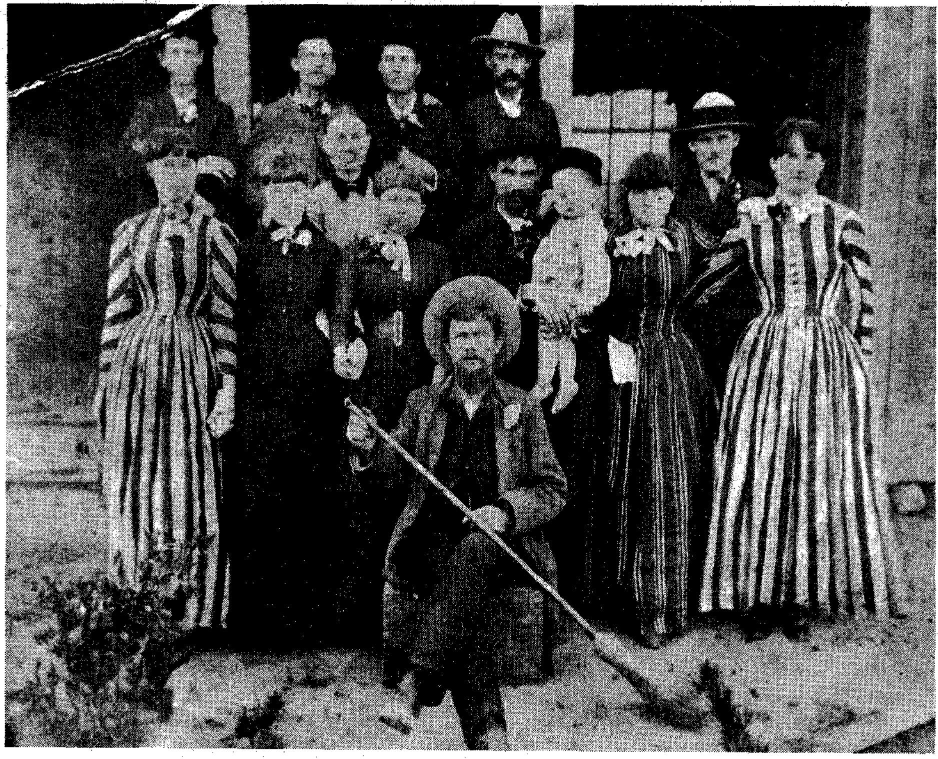
Since there were no banks in the area, men with money had to keep it hidden wherever they could. Late one hot June day in 1874, Thomas McGuill and his sons were resting on the store's front porch. Across the trail in Tom's pasture, a group of men rode rapidly toward them. When Thomas walked out in greeting, the posse told the McGuills this story of horror:

"There's been a murder on the Thad Swift ranch, and the Mexican ranch hands are missing, even his most trusted one who's worked for him for years. Thad and his missus are killed. Yesterday Thad took his crop of wool to market. His brother Frank says the wool was worth $700, but he knows Thad left the money in Refugio for safekeeping. Yet last night Mexicans dragged Thad and his wife out into the yard and slaughtered them. Mrs. Swift was pregnant, and those scoundrels disembowled her and cut the child from her body.

"Searching for the money, the thieves had cut the mattress into shreds and had ransacked the place except for the lean-to off the kitchen where the three Swift children were sleeping. The children had heard nothing, but found their parents' bodies when they woke this morning. Those younguns—only about ten, eight, and four—walked six miles to their uncle Frank Swift's place with the news. The littlest one was holding onto her doll, crying her little blonde head off.

"Frank rode fast to his brother's place and found the horrible sight with buzzards already circling about. He got hold of the law. Then Captains Scott and Fennessey rounded us up. There's going to be the biggest manhunt this country's ever had."

Groups of men were sent to all ranches and farm houses to question any Mexican suspects. Ranchers and neighbors scoured the countryside for the Thad Swift employes, or any other suspicious characters. They surrounded the home of one Mexican family who had



Courtesy Betty Adkins

A typical Sunday gathering at Thomas and Mary McGuill's home, built in 1860. Holding the broom is Dr. J. J. Adkins who had just swept the ground for the ladies' pretty dresses.

barricaded themselves in their house. At least two members of the posse were killed. Further inflamed, the searchers began to hang suspected Mexican laborers. Thad's trusted Mexican ranch hand had fled to Mexico. A posse went in search of him, found him, and brought him back. He confessed and was hanged. Before his capture, three other Mexican suspects had been hanged, and it is said at least two others were hanged in the Goliad County courthouse yard. No doubt more than one person committed the crime, but the sad sequel to the Swift tragedy is that no one knows how many innocent Mexicans lost their lives.

After this catastrophe local citizens were more careful that their hired help knew any money was safely stored off the premises. The tragedy influenced Thomas McGuill to buy a safe and to assume something of the role of banker in the community. Settlers knew and trusted Tom; he knew and trusted them.

THEN came the day that competition reared its head across the Blanco in Bee County. As early as the 1850s, Hugh May had established a grist mill there. The Coffin brothers of Refugio maintained a store there in the '70s and '80s. In addition, the Coleman-Pasture Company had a commissary on the present site of Blanconia in the early '80s. As business grew on the Bee County side of the Blanco, Thomas and Martin decided they'd better move their store across the creek and went looking about for a likely place. Shade trees and plenty of space for buggies, wagons, and horsebackers were essential. None of these conveyances would stand crowding. The McGuills ended up buying Coleman-Pasture Company with three acres of surrounding ground. They added a front porch which had become the McGuill Store symbol.

In the early '80s Martin fell in love with Margaret Weir from the nearby Quincy settlement. On part of the three acres of the newly purchased ground, he built a home for Margaret and they were married. This house, although in a state of decay, is standing today, a landmark in the ghost settlement of Old Blanconia.

After the disastrous 1886 storm, Thomas and Martin went to Refugio and bought the George P. Rogers' cotton gin, moving it to their new Blanconia location. It was a one-stand outfit, operated by *mule* power. The McGuills also acquired a grist mill and a blacksmith shop. The store carried ample lines of leather goods and harness, boots and shoes, shelves of yard goods, laces, ribbons, and sewing supplies, barrels of sugar, flour, and molasses. They bought cotton from the farmers, ginned and resold it. The "worthless" cotton seeds were carried away and burned, since at that time no use for them had been found.

After thirty years or more of operation, the store had become known throughout South Texas. It was a popular trading center with quality merchandise. When Thomas McGuill died on August 14, 1897, he had more than $2,000 on loan. The Goliad County Probate records show that 109 people (some names were repeated) owed Thomas money. The smallest debt on record was for $1.25, while the largest was for $165.00. A comment of the probate judge was, "These debts cannot be counted as assets since there's no way to collect them."

After his father's death, Martin continued to lend money and to give credit. Occasionally, a thief entered into the picture also. One incident which caused amusement and some consternation among the settlers after Martin took over the store is told by an old-timer.

"Someone went to the store early one morning to buy sugar. Martin opened the barrel only to find it empty with a hole bored clear through the bottom of the barrel and the floor. Outside, sugar was strewn all round. Then the trail ended where a buggy had taken off. No doubt Martin had a good idea who'd taken his sugar but he never brought charges."

A more astute businessman than his father, Martin McGuill had his fingers in all the proverbial pies. When the first telephone line was put through from Beeville to Blanconia between 1888 and 1889, it ended at the McGuill store, and Martin was made manager of the company.

Martin also served as postmaster for several years with the post office in his store. While he was postmaster, he began a search for a suitable name for this community which had been called alternately Pull-tight, Kymo, and Dark Corner. The first post office was called

(Continued on page 72)

A recent photo of the home Martin McGuill built for his wife Margaret in 1885.

She mastered them as easily as she had won the freighter's heart

STORIES of pioneer men of the West who took Indian wives and "went native" have been told many times. Not so often, however, do we hear of a full-blooded Indian girl marrying a white man and adopting his ways as did Amache Ochinee, a Cheyenne princess.

In 1856 eighteen-year-old John Wesley Prowers, a native of Westport, Missouri, crossed the plains with Indian Agent Robert Miller. With a wagontrain of annuities they were bound for Bent's new fort in the Upper Arkansas country. Colonel William W. Bent had built this second fort in 1853 in the Big Timbers area after abandoning the one he had established about twenty years before some miles upstream.

For two months after their arrival at the outpost, young Prowers helped Agent Miller distribute beans, bacon, flour, coffee, clothing and other things to Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches, Iowas and Apaches whenever they made an appearance.

With the distribution completed, John Prowers went to work for Colonel Bent who then had a vast trading business. During the next seven years young Prowers freighted supplies from Missouri to western trading and military posts, going as far as Fort Union, New Mexico and once, to Fort Laramie. Of the twenty-two trips he made across the plains, twelve were "on his own." He had excellent business ability and could readily recognize opportunities for making money. His great desire was to accumulate enough money to go into the ranching business.

During these freighting trips Prowers became friendly with Sub-chief Ochinee (One Eye) of the Southern Cheyennes, and fell in love with his young daughter, Princess Amache.

With the chief's consent, the two were married in 1861 near Camp Supply, Oklahoma Territory. Amache was just fifteen years old; John was twenty-three. They set up housekeeping in the old commissary building at Bent's new fort. Amache quickly acquired the skill of an experienced white housekeeper.

When Prowers headed for Missouri the next year on a regular freighting trip, he took his wife, whom he called "Amy," to Westport and temporarily left her with his aunt, Mrs. John Hough, while he returned to the West. Amache, "a quiet, sweet young woman," was highly intelligent and was quick to adopt the customs and dress of her new relatives.

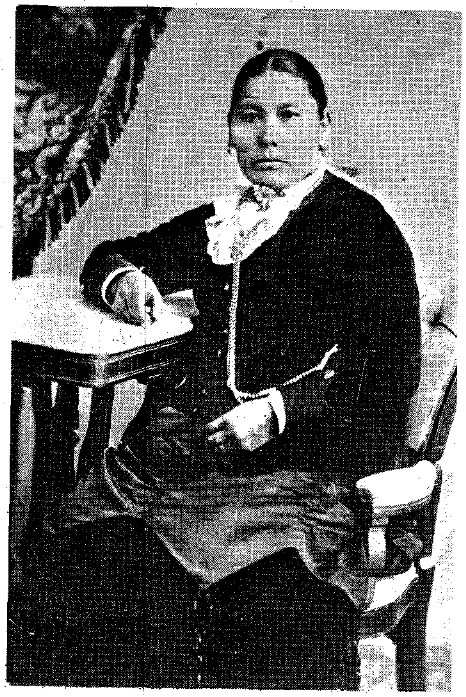
On July 18, 1863, Amache gave birth to a daughter, who was named Mary. The young mother was very much in love with her husband and in the three months following Mary's arrival, she hourly watched the trail for his return. With great joy she accompanied him on the two-months' return trip.

She was happy in the little, new ranch home which Prowers had established in the Big Timbers at the mouth of Caddoa Creek in the Arkansas Valley, not far from the military post of Fort Lyon, two miles below the mouth of the Purgatoire. Prowers had brought one hundred head of good cows and a purebred bull from Missouri. It was his resolve to develop some good stock. Gradually he weeded out the Shorthorn strain and began to build up a Hereford herd. He is credited with having brought in the first Herefords to Colorado Territory.

In the early 1860s there was plenty of room for ranching expansion, with only a few white establishments in the entire Arkansas Valley. In addition to the Prowers ranch at Caddoa, Boone's ranch was eighty miles west of Fort Lyon. There was a stage station at Bent's old fort up the river; and Moore and Bent had started a ranch at the mouth of the Purgatoire.

Amache Prowers' nearest neighbor was Mary Bent Moore, the twenty-two-year-old half-breed daughter of Colonel Bent and his wife, Owl Woman, a Cheyenne. Mary Bent Moore was said to have "many admirable traits of character." She was an accomplished pianist and had attended school for several years in Missouri. She had married Rubison M. Moore at Westport, Missouri, in 1860. Her husband, known locally as "Judge" Moore, later was land agent for David H. Moffat, Jr., eminent Colorado financier and railway builder.

AMACHE and Mary Moore not only were neighbors but were very close friends and visited each other often, despite the fact that they were separated by a deep, bridgeless river. In later years Amache often told how she would strip, tie her clothing and baby Mary on her shoulders, and swim across the river to visit with Mary Bent Moore.



Amache Prowers, 1870

Hunting parties of young Cheyennes often came through the valley and always stopped to visit with the Prowers and Moore families. They would permit

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

Photos Courtesy Author

Amache and Mary Moore to rope their choice of ponies from the Indian herd. Then the girls would break and tame the ponies to ride. They enjoyed racing over the prairies on the Indian ponies.

Within a few weeks, however, the hunters would come through on their return home and would take back the now gentled animals. It seemed to Amache that she and Mary were always breaking new ponies.

John Prowers, always kind to his wife, was friendly and generous with her people. Many times he sent one of his cowhands out on the range to bring in a good riding horse for one of Ochinee's tribesmen, or dispatched wagons to bring in the Cheyennes' hunting kills.

Amache enjoyed hearing Mary Bent Moore tell of her trips to Missouri when she was in school. She said she would accompany the great freighting ox-teams in one of her father's ambulances, drawn by mules. When she saw Indians on hills nearby, she would signal with a looking glass to determine if they were friendly. If they were Cheyenne or Arapahoe they understood her signals and knowing she was Colonel Bent's daughter would vanish over the horizon. If they did not disappear, she would warn the men of the train.

The year 1864 was a sad and bitter one for Amache and John Prowers. In late November soldiers of Company E, First Colorado Volunteers, under orders from Colonel John Chivington, disarmed Prowers and his cowhands and held them prisoners at the Caddoa ranch for two days, without explanation. They were released by Captain Cook. It was surmised later that they had been held incommunicado in order to keep them from warning the Indians camped at Sand Creek of the approach of the military.

There is not space here, nor is this the place to discuss the so-called Sand Creek affair; it is probably the most discussed and unsettled phase of Colorado's history. But it is interesting to note what Amache's daughter, Mary Prowers Hudnall, wrote in later years to *The Colorado Magazine* of the State Historical Society of Colorado. She said:

Amache Ochinee Prowers, 15 years old, 1861.

"Grandfather Ochinee (One-Eye) escaped from the camp (on Sand Creek), but seeing that all his people were to be slaughtered, he deliberately chose to go back into the one-sided battle and die with them rather than survive them alone.

"Mother, Father and I were out at Big Timbers (Caddoa) when we heard of the massacre. We immediately hurried to Fort Lyon to be with Grandmother. Mother was always very bitter about Sand Creek."

During 1864 and 1865, John Prowers had charge of the sutler's store at Fort Lyon and acted as interpreter for the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians. Both the Prowers and Bent families maintained close social relations with the army officers and their families at the fort.

By the Treaty of 1865, each person who lost a parent or was made a widow by the Sand Creek fight received 160 acres of land. Amache and her mother acquired some choice hay land acreage thereby, and Prowers bought up similar rights of others to obtain more. Steadily his cattle and ranching business and his freighting and forwarding work prospered.

In 1868, he established a headquarters place at Boggsville, about two miles from present Las Animas. Almost at once Amache and John promoted the building of a local school, the first one in Bent County. Then Prowers built a fourteen-room adobe house to take care of his family, which ultimately numbered nine children: Mary, Susan, Kathrine, Inez, John Jr., Frank, Leonard, Ida and Amy.

Amache was an excellent mother and always a gracious hostess. She never spoke Cheyenne in her home. Occasionally she conversed in her native tongue when among just her own people. She

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TEMPLE HOUSTON WANTED TO BE HIS OWN MAN. TIME AFTER TIME HE DECLINED TO MOVE FORWARD

UNDER THE WINGS OF THE RAVEN

By BONNIE SPEER

Photos Courtesy Author

Temple Houston, youngest of General Sam Houston's eight children, gained fame as a great criminal lawyer and Texas senator.

EDNA FERBER patterned her main character in *Cimarron*—Yancey Cravat—after Temple Houston, a tall, refined gentleman who wore dark auburn hair to the shoulders. He dressed conspicuously in very expensive, stylish clothing—hand-crafted shoe-boots, heavy silk shirts, or shirts with frilly fronts. Sometimes he wore bell-bottomed Spanish trousers. His favorite outfit, however, was the long-tailed Prince Albert.

Once, during a term of district court in Woodward, Oklahoma, Houston approached the presiding judge, John H. Burford. The judge stared quizzically at Houston's necktie.

"What is that?" asked His Honor. "It looks like a snake skin."

"Indeed it is, sir," Temple replied. "It's a rattlesnake skin."

The judge shivered slightly and asked Houston to discard it while the hearing was underway. Temple cheerfully obliged and apologized for offending the court.

On other occasions the brilliant young attorney was not quite so tractable. He once gave a pony to his son Sam and told him to rent some pasture from a man named Jenkins. Sam couldn't locate Jenkins but a neighbor assured him it would be all right to go ahead and stable the horse.

A week later Sam saw Jenkins in the Woodward meat market and approached him about the rental. Jenkins had been drinking and in his stupor took an adverse view of the matter, emphasizing his feelings by spitting in the boy's face.

Sam marched across the street to his

Courtesy Oklahoma State Historical Societly

A hunting party of the Republican River. Temple Houston, third from left, was an excellent shot. It was reported that his sighting ability was as natural as pointing a finger. The others in the group are unidentified.

father's law office. Moments later, an enraged Temple Houston flew out the door. Jenkins, having realized what he had done, hurried to his horse but Temple caught up with him opposite the hotel. Frightened, Jenkins went for his gun but Houston beat him to the draw and sent a bullet through his right shoulder. The wounded man attempted to draw with his other hand. Again Houston fired, the slug striking Jenkins in the left shoulder. Temple then turned his back and strode away.

Oklahoma Territory's "N" County, of which Woodward was the county seat, touched Kansas on the north and Texas on the west. Several law firms besides Houston & Ray practiced there. Among them was Jennings & Jennings.

John and Ed Jennings had come to Woodward from El Reno, Oklahoma. Their father, J. D. F. Jennings, was probate Judge of "N" County and a third brother, Al Jennings, was a lawyer also. But the latter became so bored with the slow-moving halls of justice that he turned to the faster pace of living outside the law.

On Tuesday, October 8, 1895, Temple Houston, as attorney for the AT&SF railroad, was prosecuting a case for that company. Ed and John Jennings were representing the defendants. A violent quarrel arose among the lawyers.

"Houston doesn't know anything about the law," taunted Ed.

"If I don't, I sure don't have to go to a Jennings to find it out!" Temple flared.

Heated language passed between them and weapons were drawn in the courtroom but the interference of bystanders prevented gunplay.

That evening about nine o'clock Houston and Captain J. E. Love, ex-sheriff of the county, went into Jack Garvey's Cabinet Saloon. They were seated at a table in the rear room when the two Jennings brothers, accompanied by a nephew called "Grasshopper Sam," came into the same part of the building. The harsh words between Houston and Ed Jennings were renewed.

"Why don't we forget it?" suggested Temple.

"No, let's settle it now," Jennings insisted, reaching for his gun.

Jack Love joined Houston against the three Jennings. Between fifteen and twenty shots were fired, eleven striking within the room, one hitting the Gerlach Bank across the street, and the others finding their mark in flesh. Ed Jennings, shot in the head, died instantly. John Jennings was wounded. A lead ball had entered his left side near his shoulder and caromed into the arm, breaking the bone between the elbow and shoulder. The other combatants emerged from the fight unscathed.

Houston and Love immediately surrendered and were placed under $2,000 bonds. During a hearing in district court, they were acquitted on pleas of self-defense.

SOME OF HIS friends—as well as many critics of his tactics—said Temple Houston should have been an actor. On one occasion, defending a client charged with murder, Temple sensed that the jury was heavily for conviction. He thundered, he roared, he switched his Prince Albert coattails, he tossed his long hair as he acted out the events leading up to the killing. The jurors clung to the edge of the railing.

"My client was afraid of the man he killed!" Temple shouted. "He did what any of you would have done in the same situation! This!" Suddenly he whipped two six-shooters from their holsters. The jury fled for the exits.

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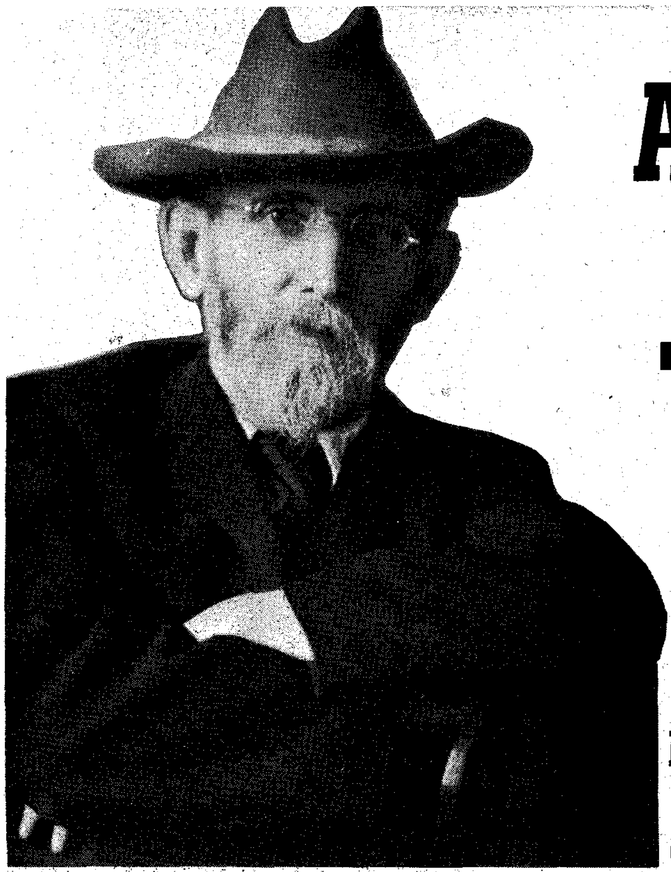


ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO LAUGH AT!

By WAYNE McCRORY

Photos Courtesy Author

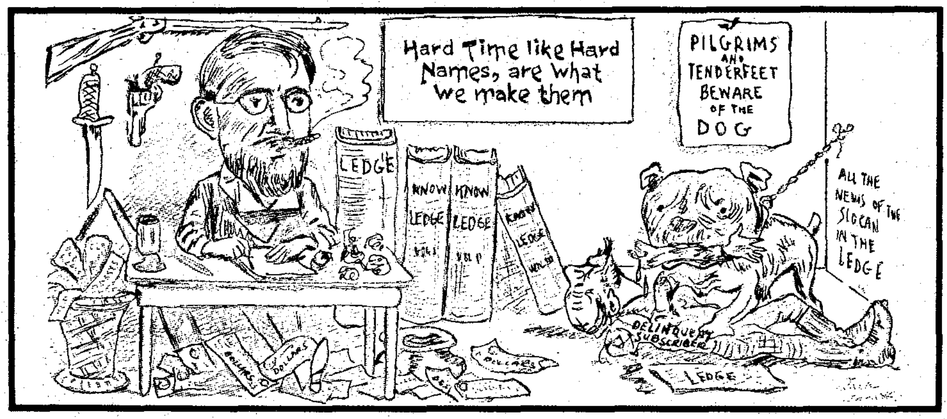
Editor Lowry filled his pen with the booze and soot of the mining camps. It made good ink for recording a way of life so bone-breaking hard a man couldn't afford to take it seriously...

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.
Colonel Robert Lowery, famous newspaper editor of the Kootenays during mining days.

OLD-TIMERS in the Kootenay country of British Columbia still talk about Colonel Lowery—they will tell you good things and they will tell you bad things about him. They will tell you that he stood about sixty inches from head to toe but that his strength of character made up for his small size. They will tell you that he was as wiry as a weasel and that he walked with a strut down the main street of New Denver. They will tell you that he had a passion for booze and that he played a good hand of poker and blackjack. They will tell you that "Colonel" was an honorary title because he dressed well, cultivated a goatee, and smoked two-bit cigars. Local history books will add that he was a queer genius with a caustic wit, that he was rather mild with a kindly smile, and that he had the bearings of a country parson.

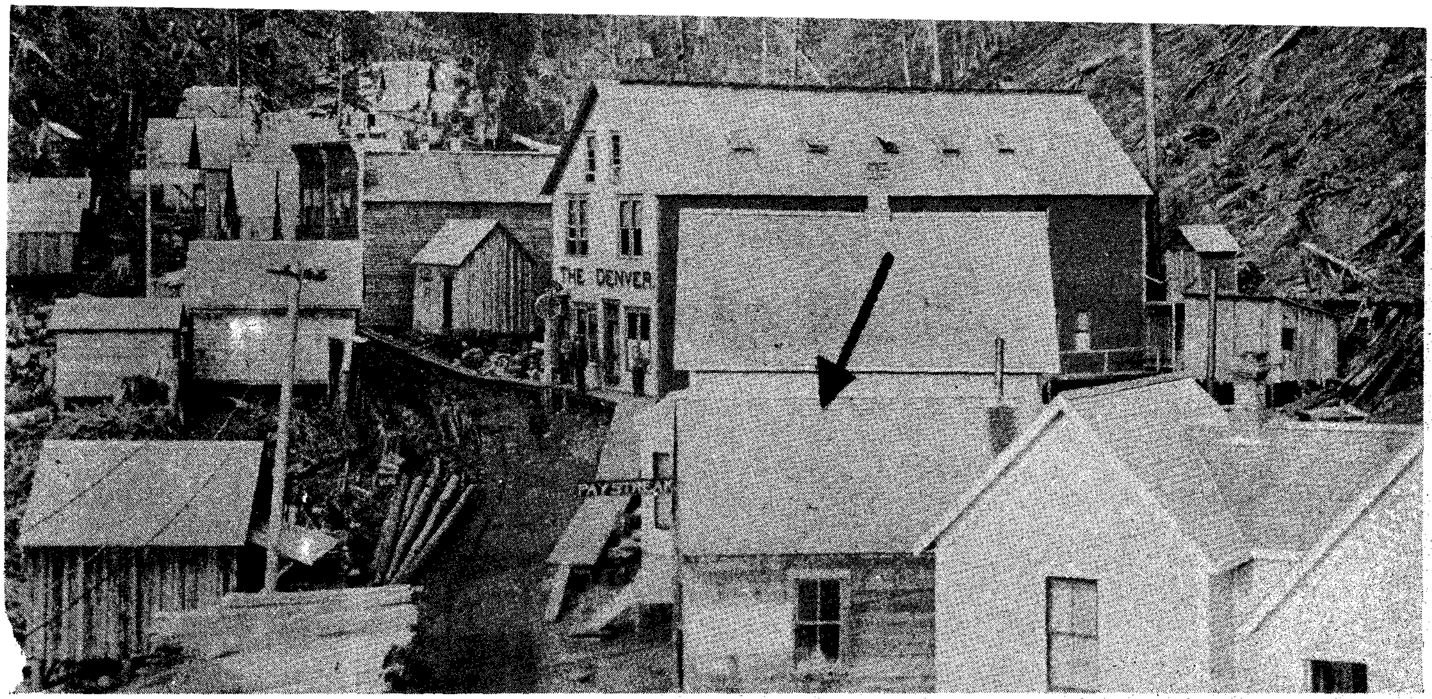
If you look at an early picture of him and study it closely you will be caught by the Irish eyes that shine behind his steel-rimmed spectacles, eyes that seem to bore right through you. However, it really doesn't matter too much about his looks and mannerisms. What is important is that he was the founder of eight Kootenay newspapers, plus a small monthly periodical, and a small yearly magazine. What is important is that he wrote humorous and witty accounts of miners and mining camps and that they're like reading from Mark Twain. Some of the Colonel's best writings are his humorous stories about such characters as Wild William, Cultus Bill, Porcupine Billy, Johnny-Up-A-Tree, Pete Bunchgrass, Kettle Belly Brown, Charlie-One-Lung and a host of other mining-town characters.

Cartoon from an editorial page of the "Ledge." Colonel Lowery sits at his desk while his bulldog devours a delinquent subscriber.


Hard Time like Hard Names, are what we make them
PILGRIMS AND TENDERFEET BEWARE OF THE DOG
LEDGE
KNOW LEDGE VOL I
KNOW LEDGE VOL II
KNOW LEDGE VOL III
ALL THE NEWS OF THE SLOCAN IN THE LEDGE
DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER
DOLLARS
DOLLARS
DOLLARS
LEDGE

Here's a story taken from his New Denver *Ledge*, 1896: "Popcorn Jim, accompanied by a band of box-car tourists, alighted in New Denver last Saturday and immediately commenced to paint the town a crimson shade. Popcorn attempted to run the bar at the Windsor but Dad Black ran him out with a poker. He then proceeded to the Newmarket and had one of his pals tell Stege that he was the worst son of a female canine in the mountains. The bluff did not go with the Newmarket landlord, and Popcorn, after insulting several people, was chased out of the hotel by a baseball club. . . . Stege got in a home run on Popcorn which put him out on the first base. This howling tough from Toughville next raided the Central Hotel along with his pal, and ordered Dan Cronin to put up the drinks or fight. As Dan once went through a torpedo boat explosion, a small event like this did not bother him. He merely reached over the bar and staked a claret location on the nose of Popcorn's pal which made that individual's face look like a summer sunset during the forest fire season. Satisfied that Dan was shift boss they wandered elsewhere. . . . If another batch like this should drop into New Denver in the future it is almost dead certain that they will be the chief but silent actors in a hurried and unceremonious funeral."

Lowery occasionally would go on a trip and write about it in his newspaper



Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Mining community of Sandon showing the office of Lowery's "Paystreak."

under the heading, "The Downs and Ups of a Travelling Editor's Life." The following are samples of his articles:

Kaslo *Claim*, June 16, 1893: "A mass meeting of the citizens of Kaslo was held in the Theatre Comique on Tuesday afternoon. . . . Although the hour set for the meeting was 3 p.m. it was fully half an hour later before the proceedings opened. The few punctual ones who were on hand, however, were pleasantly diverted while waiting by watching the somewhat novel spectacle of a real live, amateur pig on the stage. The youthful porker strolled calmly onto the boards on which thespians are wont to strut and, with many contented bows to the audience, went through a performance that would have put to blush many of his professional contemporaries. These unadvertised preliminaries concluded, and the hall being by this time fairly well filled, the piglet was summarily ejected and the business of the day commenced. . . ."

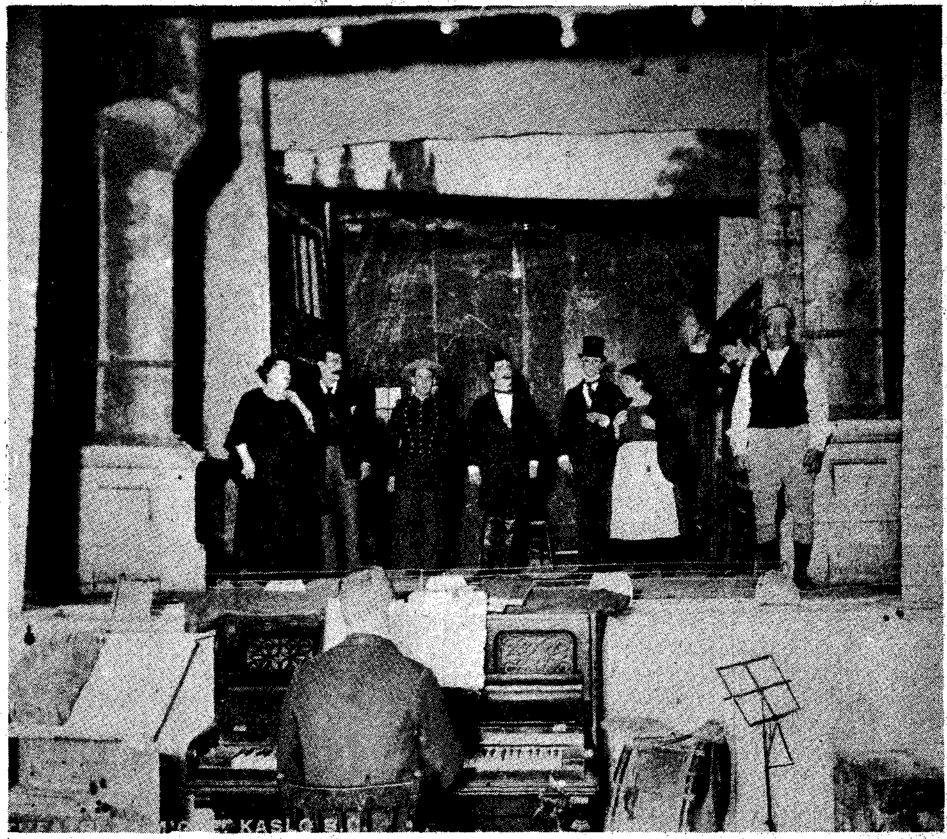
New Denver *Ledge*, January 6, 1896: "Canada has no quarrel with the United States. We do not envy the Yankees in any way. They have a great country, so have we. They speak English, so do we. They drink water, so do we. They wear pants, so do we. They go to church, so do we. Their blood is red, so is ours. Their ancestors came from Europe, so did ours. Why should Canucks disagree with the Yanks? A family might as well fight among themselves, especially in this part of the Dominion where the two countries are linked hand in hand in the development of the greatest mining region on earth. We are all after the gold, lead, and silver, and have no time to quarrel. We admire the Yanks . . . and trust that everyone of them in the Kootenay will dig up two dollars for a year's interest in this great moral and religious weekly."

In one of his columns he wrote the following description of one of his former poker-playing companions, a printer known as Hair Spaces: "The editor had just stepped into the bar . . . when he was tapped on the shoulder by a man who looked as if he had made his toilet upon a brake-beam. He had dust in his hair, and his mouth looked like Death Valley on a hot day. He had on a décolleté vest, and his face looked like a Manitoba

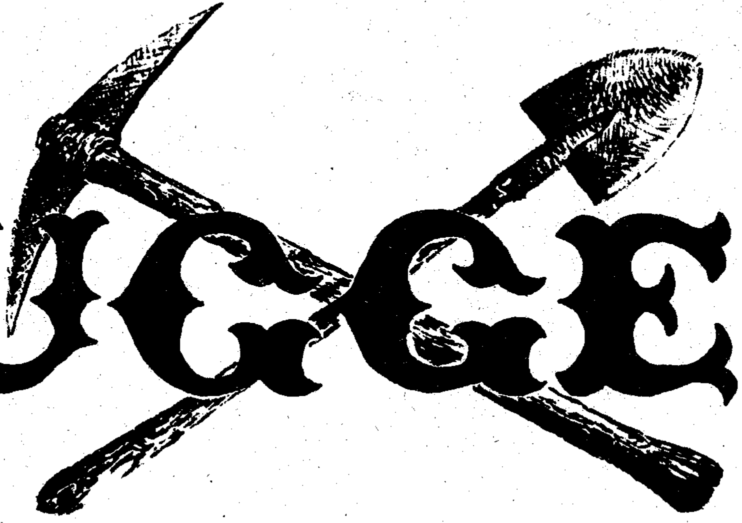
(Continued on page 66)

Theatre "Comique" at Kaslo in 1893 when Colonel Lowery was editing "The Kaslo Claim."

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.



NUGGETS



LONE GROVE, TEXAS

By C. W. Wimberley

THEY ARE GONE. Gone or dying in the dust: Art, Tyke, and the Chapel, Oxford Click, Honey Creek, and Baby Head—whose name should live as a grim reminder of the stark horror the Comanche raids dealt our pioneers—Purgatory Springs, Hays City, Cypress Mills, Naruna. A host of small villages that were scattered across my Texas hills are gone.

Lands where children played, where families gathered to worship and men performed their life's labor are now turned into cow pastures and empty fields where needle grass waves in the sun. Buildings that once were homes, schools, churches and post office-general stores have been reduced to scrap lumber or filled with hay and cottonseed cake to winter cattle on, or stand listlessly wasted in the winds of time. Most of the old folks have died and the young have moved on; and with them a way of life is gone.

No longer can I go to Templeton's General Store where for thirty years I received my mail, bought canned goods and cut tobacco, kerosene for my lamp, an ax handle and file, or just sat and talked with old friends. They have closed this post office and another village is dead.

So, with my epitaph for Lone Grove, Texas, by Little Llano River, let us toll the bell for all lost villages of a bygone era.

THE STAGECOACH line from Austin went to Burnet, across the Colorado River to Llano and on to the far West. This line brought Lone Grove its first prominence as a community. Bug Tussle (the original and real McCoy, although people in Fannin County won't agree with me), located across the Little Llano on a hill beyond Dreary Hollow, was a close contender, but by being blessed with better facilities, Lone Grove was selected for a stage stop. Beside the stagecoach inn, a grist mill and cotton gin were erected to serve the needs of the farmers. Old Man Lockhart ran the blacksmith shop, and they named a granite hill "Lockhart Mountain" in his honor.

It was through the old ones that I knew this land. Hodge Nobles showed me the place in Berhn's pasture where, beneath a post oak, a nameless cowboy was buried "on the trail" with only a piece of white quartz to mark his grave. Aunt Dollie Rogers directed me to the location where the foundation stones are all that remain of the log cabin in which pioneer women were massacred by Indians while their men were away. Scalped and left for dead, the sole survivor made her way to a neighbor's home where she was greeted with more horror. As the occupants fled, the woman of the house shouted, "You can stay in the house but don't lay on the bed."

Pat Mayes told me of the mining boom, when Eastern investors in search of gold spent a fortune at the Heath Mine to sink a shaft 300 feet in near solid granite, only to be flooded from the lower chambers. This herculean effort produced but one finger-sized bar of gold bullion which no one could account for when operations ceased. During the Depression years, this shaft was filled with carcasses of cattle slaughtered by the government in a senseless effort to raise prices by reducing food surpluses in a nation of hungry people.

Granite dust finally claimed Punch Templeton, but not before he had told me much about the quarrying business. He once showed me a fist-size lump of pure molydenum which he had found in a huge piece of red granite which was being cut into jetty stones for Galveston Bay.

I was present when the wild hogs were driven from the range. The last old razor-tusked boar was killed in Fox Smith's field, and I am not proud of this feat. To whom do these hills most belong—this old self-sufficient boar or today's corn-fed deer, cows that won't defend their calves, and senseless goats that stand to freeze in the rain?

Cedar post sold to bootleg truckers who peddled their wares across the west and north to the Canadian border—this was the last business to give my village a new lease on life. Every dog has his day. With the war boom six-foot by four-inch posts sold for 18 cents apiece and eight-foot by four-inch at 25 cents, paid at the yard. The cedar-whacker ate high on the hog. He moved into the sore-necked farmer's vacant houses, ate the biggest steaks, drank the most beer, and made more down payments on second-hand cars than anyone else from that neck of the woods.

Too soon, the timber was gone. Paved roads invited trade to towns now only minutes away, and R. E. A. was not enough incentive to keep the young on the land. It is gone—the Lone Grove I knew.

—Excerpt from "The Wimberley Hills: A Pioneer Heritage" by C. W. Wimberley, Published by Von Boeckmann-Jones, Austin, Texas.

GORGEOUS LOTTA CRABTREE

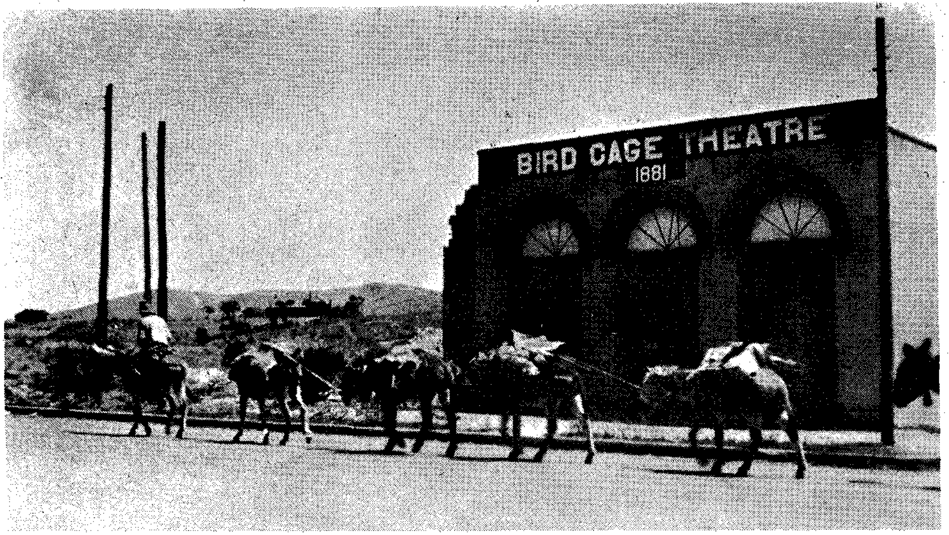
By Zoltan Malocsay

THE PRETTY little girl curtsied gracefully on the creaking planks as the California miners hollered and clapped. Gold nuggets plunked heavily at her feet and, laughing, she gathered them up in the fold of her skirt.

Many singers and actresses were received with golden tributes in the mining camps of California and the vaudeville theaters that spotted the West. But one of the most colorful and talented—not to mention beautiful—girls to grace the stages on the frontier West was little five-foot Lotta Crabtree.

Many of the female performers who toured that country were lacking in any real beauty or talent—indeed, many were simply ugly—but Lotta was different. She was pretty and she was talented. Her long career took her all over the United States and Europe. She played the best theaters and later, as her business investments started to pay off, she even bought some of them. Indeed, when the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia met her in the United States, he was so charmed that he gave her a dazzling bracelet of diamonds, opals and pearls.

Charlotte (Lotta) Mignon Crabtree was born in New York City in 1847. The pretty singer-actress made her debut in the gold rush mining towns of California when she was only eight years old.



A prospector and his outfit pass the famous Bird Cage theatre where Lotta Crabtree, shown below, sang.

With her protective mother, Mary Ann Livesy Crabtree, she toured the country, playing in such dramas as "The Seven Daughters of Satan" in Chicago's McVicker's Theater.

In the 1880s she played wild and woolly Tombstone at the Birdcage Theater, where Eddie Foy played for four weeks. She sang at the Birdcage during the era of the Crystal Palace, when Bat Masterson delt faro at the Oriental. While she was in Tombstone the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday murdered Billy Clanton and Tom and Frank McLaurey in the much-glorified gunfight at the O K Corral.

For some reason, the *Tombstone Epitaph* ignored her, as it did most of the performers who played the Birdcage. But it's doubtful that Lotta was hurt much. She had already become famous and was well on her way to being a rich woman.

Photos Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

In 1876 she had bought a $50,000 interest in a cotton brokerage firm. And, after her return from Tombstone, she bought the Park Theater in Boston from Henry E. Abbey. The price was $100,000.

Lotta never married. She died on September 25, 1924, in the Hotel Brewster which she had purchased in 1909. Nearly seventy-seven then, she had no heirs and left several million dollars to charity.

UNCLE JIM'S PEACEMAKER

By Peter Odens

"THE dead robber was right on the school steps," Martha Mae Loggan of San Diego said. "Of course, I don't know how much of this I've been told and how much I remember, but I can still see the picture before me—the dead man in the car, and Uncle Jim, his gun in his hand, running after the other one."

Mrs. Loggan was speaking of a beautiful June morning in 1928. She was one of the schoolchildren of the Clarkdale, Arizona grammar school who were out in the yard for recess, unaware of the drama which was about to unfold in the bank around the corner. This bank, located on the street which led up the slope of the Mingus Mountain Range toward Jerome, was about half-way up the block. To the south of it were the Jones Furniture Store, the motion picture theater and Galloway's Drug Store. To the north of it, down the hilly street, were a soda fountain and pool hall, and the Verde Copper Department Store. The latter was on the corner and opposite the high school. On the other side of the street was the grammar school.

The bank had been carefully chosen by William J. Forrester and Earl Nelson of Oklahoma for a holdup. They had investigated many banks and finally selected Clarkdale because there was no law enforcement officer of note in the little copper company town—none except Jim Roberts, known affectionately as "Uncle Jim," and he did not count for he was too old.

True enough, Jim Roberts had been a well-known officer of the law, but that had been years ago. Born in Beaver, Missouri in 1858 he had come west at a very young age. Moving to Pleasant Valley, Arizona he had joined the Tewksbury clan in its feud with the Grahams. This local war ended in 1888 after more than a score of men—the exact number was never agreed upon—had been killed.

Roberts turned to ranching and later served as a deputy sheriff in Cochise County, as town marshal of Jerome, and finally as a deputy sheriff in Clarkdale.

By that time, however, Jim Roberts had gone into semi-retirement and patrolled the little town without much thought of having to use force to maintain law and order. He was seventy years old, and although he still carried his old "Peacemaker" .45 Colt, never expected to use it.

"Bet the old gun doesn't shoot any longer," one of the citizens of Clarkdale chided him one day, but Jim Roberts merely shook his head.

"Don't be too sure, now," he said. "I've always kept it well oiled and cleaned. Never know what may happen."

FORRESTER and Nelson spent some time making sure that there was no other lawman in Clarkdale except Jim Roberts and he, they thought, would not be able to prevent them from making a big haul in the bank. They had at their disposal a powerful automobile which could make a fast getaway.

They waited until the bank was about to open its doors for the day, then drove up the street behind the bank, made a right-hand turn, turned right again to come down the hilly street on the east side. The robbers parked, got out, and walked in.

R. G. Southard, the teller, was taking care of several transactions including one involving the Chinese cook of a nearby restaurant. Bank manager D. O. Saunders was sitting at his desk and did not even look up when the two men from Oklahoma entered.

A moment later, they had pulled their guns and were pointing them at Southard, Saunders and the customers, barking a sharp command at Southard to hand over the cash he had in the cage and to unlock the vault. While Nelson kept the men covered, Forrester scooped up the change in the teller's cage and then made his way to the vault where he picked up some $50,000 which he stuffed into a sack. Nelson then herded the frightened men toward the vault.

"They told me later that the Chinese cook took off his shoes in preparation for his death," Mrs. Loggan said. "I thought only cowboys did not want to die with their boots on."

Saunders begged the robbers not to lock them in the vault. "We'll all suffocate," he said, "and if we do, this might make it real bad for you if you do get caught—not that I think you will, you understand, because we won't do anything to stop you from getting away. Just let us live."

Nelson considered this for a moment, then nodded his head. "Okay, but get into the cage here." Bank officials and customers were quickly locked into the teller's cage and the robbers got out of the bank and into their automobile.

It took Saunders only a moment to find a way to open the cage from the inside. He ran to his desk where he kept a loaded shotgun and raced after the robbers. Their car had just pulled away from the curb as Saunders sent two blasts after them without hitting his target. Forrester was driving and Nelson apparently took a shot at Saunders with his six-gun. While it did not hit the bank manager, it almost killed L. G. Snyder, a telegrapher for the Santa Fe Railroad who was in the street.

"He had an old pocket watch," Mrs. Loggan said, "and this may have saved his life. It stopped the bullet. I can't imagine that it could have stopped a shotgun shell, so it must have been a bullet from the gun of one of the robbers. Nelson probably, because Forrester was driving the car.

"It seems that this same watch had saved a man's life during the First World War," Mrs. Loggan continued, "and much in the same way—stopped a bullet. Now I don't know if this is fiction or fantasy or truth; anyway, a relative handed the watch down to Snyder—we called him 'Uncle,' too. Anyway, I saw the dents in his watch case. Of course, the bullet must have been quite spent, otherwise it would probably have penetrated the watch case—and killed or wounded Snyder and his relative before him, during the war."

Meanwhile, Jim Roberts had come walking uptown. He knew the bank had just opened and thought he would take a look and see that everything was all right. Just as he was crossing the street between the two schools and was passing by the department store, the robbers came dashing out of the bank, tossed the sack with the money into the car and jumped in, Nelson firing at Saunders while Forrester threw the machine in gear and roared off.

Perhaps Uncle Jim's reflexes were not as fast as those of the gunmen in today's movies or television shows but very few gunslingers of the Old West could fire as fast as our movie heroes. Most of them took their time and shot carefully. So it was with Uncle Jim. Calmly, deliberately, the old lawman pulled his Colt out of its holster, took aim and pulled the trigger.

The bullet hit Forrester in the head and he slumped over the wheel, dead. The car careened crazily across the intersection and crashed into the high school building in full view of the schoolchildren enjoying their recess. Leaving the sack with the money and his dead companion in the car, Nelson jumped out of the wreckage and tried to run off.

"Uncle Jim might have been seventy years old," Mrs. Loggan observed, "but he could still run fast. He took off after Nelson, his gun pulled, ordering him to stop. The robber, knowing that Uncle Jim had the drop on him and remembering the fate which had befallen Forrester, complied meekly and was handcuffed and taken away.

The money had been saved, but for a long time Clarkdale buzzed with the excitement of the holdup which had been foiled by the old lawman who was duly praised for the level-headedness with which he had stopped the robbery. But why, he was asked one day, did he not fire a second shot to warn Nelson to stop? Why did he have to run after and shout at the fleeing man?

Uncle Jim cut himself a plug of chewing tobacco and stuffed it into his mouth. "You see," he said, "this is the way it was. Me, I'm getting a little old. And my Colt, too, is gettin' old. And the firing pin of the danged old thing broke when I took the first shot at Forrester. So I just couldn't have fired a second time, not to save my soul, I couldn't."

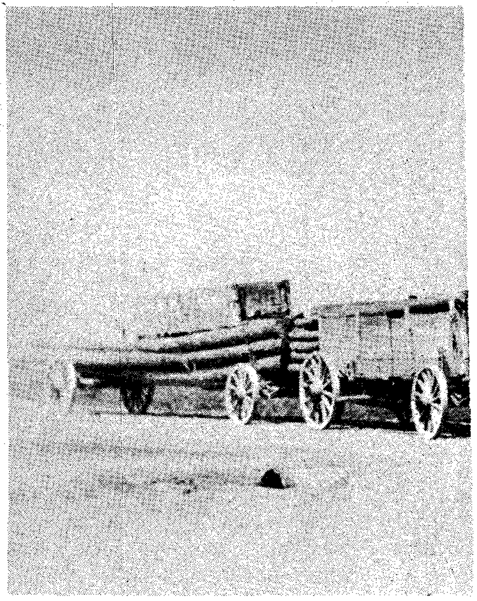
"I'M A-GONNA BRIDLE OLD PETE"

By Ike Osteen

MANY OF YOU old wagon freighters who were on the road from Colorado to Elkhart, Kansas will remember the big red barn of O. K. Osteen where you could put up your teams and obtain feed and water for them. You drivers were also welcome to bed down in the barn and if the weather was too bad you could spread your bedroll in the house if you could find room. The next day you would travel the thirty miles into Elkhart, sell your load, get your supplies loaded and bed down in the wagon yards in Elkhart. The following day found you back at our barn for another night stop and then on home the next day.

Do any of you remember the monkey at the yards in Elkhart that caused so much trouble to anyone with a green team? About daylight one morning as everybody was harnessing up, one of the freighters hollered at me and said, "Ike, tell your dad I'm a-gonna bridle old Pete when I come back from Elkhart." That freighter sure is staying in Elkhart a long time! He made the statement to me many years ago. It is now 1970 and I haven't seen him yet. He could have been one of the few unfortunate ones who didn't survive the wagon yards in Elkhart, or maybe the monkey got him. This offer to bridle old Pete was made by more than one freighter who had heard of my dad's proposition to any man who would walk into our barn with a blacksnake whip in one hand and a bridle in the other. If he could put the bridle on Pete and lead him from the barn the mule was his to keep.

Old Pete, as we called him, was not the Pete mule for which a monument was erected in Muleshoe, Texas in 1965. He was the smallest, most cantankerous, ornery, and just downright mean mule of the eight we always had around. Pete was yellow in color, but the stripe down his back was black and he never ran from a fight. I could read a lot of his intended actions by the way he held or moved those long buckskin ears. Generally they signaled trouble. I don't know where my dad got Pete and his mate Jerry but I know I was a happy and proud boy the day I tied them one on each side of another span of bigger and better mules and delivered them to the buyer in the new railhead town of Walsh, Colorado.



OLD PETE was like a cowboy turned outlaw. You couldn't remember jus when it happened, but suddenly he was over the line of no return. Maybe we four brothers had something to do with Pete's decision to go bad. I can recall that the kick boards behind his stall were full of holes where we tried taking some of the vinegar out of him by hanging a sack of straw on a wire through a pulley in the top of the barn and lowering it for him to practice his kicking on.

Pete just delighted in finding a new-born, wobbly-legged calf and playing with it until all of a sudden it was dead. Now old Pete didn't think he was killing calves, he was just playing with them. If he picked one up by its neck and shook it like a dog shakes a rat he was only playing with it. We kept the old Long Tom 36-inch barrel 12-gauge shotgun in the barn with some shells loaded with stock salt instead of the regular buckshot. We tried salting old Pete's hide time and again, but he still loved the new-born calves.

Just how or when Pete found out the barn was his if he used his two hind feet, I don't know. Like all mules Pete was smart and when he turned mean you had quite a critter to contend with. The first time Pete took over the barn from a man was when one of my brothers entered the barn with the whip in one hand and a halter in the other to straighten out another mule. Suddenly here came Pete backing out of his stall with both hind feet aimed at my brother's head and going like a trip hammer. Pete had his head down looking back between his front legs and was backing as he kicked. My brother was cut off from the barn door and had to back up and fall over into the manger to keep Pete from getting him.

There stood Pete with his head down and both hind feet splintering the 2" x 6" top of the manger above my brother who was flattened out in the bottom. I lost no time in getting the barn door open. Old Pete stopped kicking and headed out the door like a cat hit in the

Courtesy Author

The photo, top left, shows driver Lee Rosengrants with a record load for the roads of Baca County—total length 66 feet. Top right: the Osteen family used mules for both work and play. Above, three wagonloads of broomcorn, typical of the wagons that stopped at O. K. Osteen's barn.

tail by a boot-jack. After that whenever anyone entered the barn with a whip in his hand, if Pete wasn't tied in his stall he had better be prepared to get out of the way. If you did not have a whip in your hand you could go into Pete's stall, and bridle or halter him. Thus my dad made the standing offer to any teamster who thought he was a whizz of a muleskinner, to enter the barn with a whip in one hand and a bridle in the other. If he brought Pete out with the bridle on, he could have him.

Lest some of you modern readers think we were rough on our mules let me say that Pete received the same treatment as the other seven. Shucks, we were so sentimental about them we had all eight of them named. I will always remember those eight names but I can't tell you how or where they originated. Jess and Jum were two mare mules who pulled more wagons out of the quicksand of the Cimarron River than any other two mules or horses on the road. When they tightened their tugs and you rattled a trace chain behind them they didn't stop until something broke, or the wagon was out of the hole and rolling free and easy. Kit and Jack made up the span we boys had broke to saddle, as well as bareback under harness. Dick and Mike were the biggest cottonfield-type mules we ever owned. One of them we could ride, but the other one bucked like the little white mule Chris Dunivan "bucked" in his rodeo string.

Each span had a separate stall in the barn, and each mule his own side of the stall (the same side as he worked on under harness). If he entered the stall on the wrong side, the other mule generally straightened him out with a kick or two. If that didn't do it, the whip we kept by the barn door did. Each mule had his own grain box and a small salt box built into the manger. On pegs behind the mules hung their collars and harness. We were very particular about the fit of the collar and seldom if ever had to use collar pads. Yessir, we used those eight long-eared sons of Satan but we didn't abuse them.

All the mules and horses are long since gone, and most of the freighters. If two who are still around—Lee Rosengrants and Elmer Terry of Springfield, Colorado—read this, I hope they get a chuckle out of the antics of anyone who tried to bridle old Pete.

THE IRATE HORSE WRANGLER

By Walter Gann

WE CAUGHT the cattle at break of day. They had hardly moved since we left them the night before. An early count established that none was missing. That eased John Trent's pain. He had been afraid that we'd lose the entire herd and it would take days to gather them again. Uncle Arthur wouldn't like that and neither would the local range men whose cattle we would have to work to get ours—and then maybe we wouldn't get them all. As it turned out nobody got hurt except Hugh Bryan who had a few bruises.

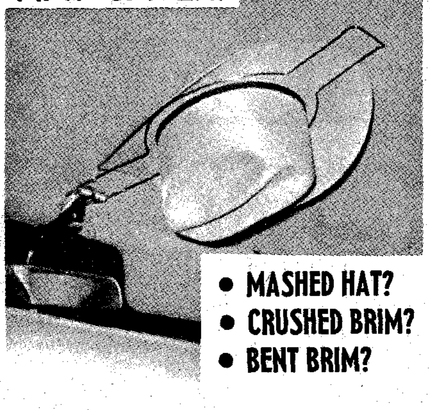
We all had a good night's sleep—if you discount John's worrying, but now he was in high good humor. It had all come about because of a dark night, a bunch of spooky cowhands and a wise old night horse that knew his way around.

In 1907 I was working for the Hat A, an outfit owned by A. G. Anderson who everybody called Uncle Arthur. The ranch lay about half-way between Fort Stockton, Texas and the Rio Grande. The entire country was suffering from a severe drouth. During the summer we trailed two herds of mixed steers and dry cows of about 1,800 head in each herd to grass on the plains along the New Mexico border.

Coming out of the rough breaks in the Big Canyon country, those cattle were almost as wild as the deer that inhabited the region. The first herd gave us a lot of trouble. They were thin in flesh, ill at ease, and stampeded at night at the least excuse. Sometimes it looked like they ran without cause—just for the hell of it to keep in practice. A cowboy would call them "ringy."

There were nine of us common, ordinary, run-of-the-mill cowhands in addition to John Trent the boss, Hugh

(Continued on page 60)



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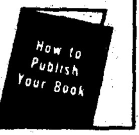

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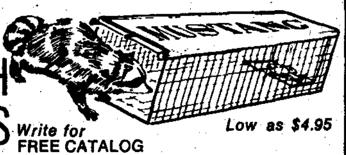

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Dodging the Road Agents

(Continued from page 23)

and this would give us the head start we needed. From here we could, even on our worn horses, reach the open country of the Umatilla before they could overtake us. Once out of the timber, we would feel secure, for there was little chance of an attack on open ground. So after our horses were fed and we had our supper at a little restaurant near the stable, we quietly started up the mountain, secure that now we would be beyond the danger zone.

The night was a moonlit one and the road was good, so we made good progress and talked in a lighter vein. We had no fear of an ambush for there were no telegraph wires and no one ahead of us could know we were coming.

For some time I felt secure, but at last an impression grew upon me. It seemed to come slowly and gather strength each time it forced itself upon my attention, until at last I got the distinct impression I was being pursued. This seemed absurd at first, yet I could not get rid of the thought.

At last, to dispel such foolish fancies, I made an excuse of filling my pipe and dropped behind. Dismounting, I laid my ear to the ground and listened. I could hear nothing but the plodding thud of the hoofs of Mike's horse.

This should have satisfied me, but it did not. I became more watchful and jumpy than ever. After we had gone a couple of more miles, I found myself making another excuse to drop behind again, laid my ear to the ground and listened. This time I plainly heard the beat of horses' hoofs on the hard road behind us. Whoever it was was coming at a gallop. I hurried on and told Mike what I had heard. We both listened again and agreed that someone was coming at a furious gait.

"Who can it be, riding that way at this time of night?" asked Mike.

"Our two bandits, sure as you're born," I answered. "They found that we passed through LaGrande and are determined we shall not escape."

"It looks that way," agreed Mike. "Well, our horses are too tired for us to run. We may as well get ready to fight, whether we want to or not."

WE recapped our pistols and rode on. The clatter of horses' hoofs was now quite distinct, and as we entered a grove of timber we halted. We were in the shade but could plainly see the road several hundred yards behind us. The moon was shining brightly; every bush or stone stood out almost as clearly as in the daylight.

"Yonder they come," said Mike. "The bay and the grey as sure as fate. Plummer's on the grey; I want him. You take Jimmy; aim low and don't miss the first shot. Let 'em come up close. Now good luck." We did not dismount, for our horses were not afraid of firearms.

They galloped closer, across the belt of moonlight. We could distinctly see that each held a pistol in his right hand. They soon were within twenty feet.

"Halt!" I ordered, loudly. We were in the shadow and they had not seen us. With a jerk of the reins, the horses were brought to a sudden stop. I saw Mike slowly and deliberately raise his pistol. Indeed, all four pistols were halfway to a level point when a sudden thought flashed across my mind.

I cried, "Hold, don't shoot!" to Mike, who was already aiming his pistol.

"What now?" he hissed through his teeth, still keeping his aim upon Plummer.

A moment of dreadful suspense ensued. I was trying to put my thoughts into words. At last, feeling I was doing a foolish thing, I said:

"Don't shoot until I have spoken. It is possible there may be some mistake." I raised my voice to the two men: "What do you want?"

Plummer answered, "Why did you stop us?"

"Because you are following us. You have followed us from Burnt River," I replied. "Aren't you Charley Plummer and Seseh Jimmy?"

"My God, no; we are Mose Splawn and Joe Reed. We only want to pass you and go on. Our horses are better than yours."

"You can't fool us," yelled Mike. "I know you both, you cutthroats. Now take the trail back to LaGrande if you want to save your necks, and be in a hurry about it, too."

"Wait a moment, Mike," I said. Then I asked Plummer, "Why did you leave LaGrande after you had stopped for the night?"

"Because the town was full of toughs and we wanted to overtake you so you couldn't bushwhack us."

For an instant I thought the man might be telling the truth. Then I thought better of it. But what could we do now? We did not dare let them pass, and it was equally dangerous to ride on with these men so close behind us. I was never in such a close place in my life. Mike wanted to fight and it was with difficulty that I kept him from firing, for all of us had our pistols ready and it would have been a shambles. For a time there was silence, not a word was spoken until it seemed that nothing but the crack of pistols could break the suspense. I have thought since what a picture we would have made. The mountain top, the open glade, the dark grove of fir, the four horses, two of them in the moonlight and two in the shadow standing, breathing hard, with heads bent low and unconscious of the predicament of their riders.

I was thinking hard, and at last called out: "I believe you are bandits who should be shot down like dogs, but it is possible there may be a mistake, so I will make you a proposition. I am willing to take a chance and ride by the side of one of you to Meacham Station. What do you say?"

Sesesh Jimmy spoke first. "That's fair. I'm your man."

Plummer agreed, and Mike consented, but kept his pistol half raised. I whispered to him to take the left side of the road and told Sesesh to ride forward and I would meet him. He came up and side by side we took the road. Mike and Plummer fell into line and each man's right forefinger pressing a trigger, we rode into the dark grove. When we came out into the moonlight again, I could see I had no slouch to deal with. He kept his horse well in hand and the firm poise of his body and half-bent pistol arm showed plainly he was not to be caught napping. As for myself, I kept every nerve aroused.

WE talked but little as we rode. Sometimes there were mud holes and our horses swerved apart or jostled together. In these cases, we each kept a close watch that the other could get no advantage. Being on the left side I could have raised my arm to fire quicker than Jimmy, who would have to turn partly around before he could bring his gun to bear upon me.

Thus we rode for five miles, when we came into sight of the station. I had decided that when we reached it the robbers would expect us to be off our guard and would run for it. So I was especially alert as we neared the huge lamp in front of the station, determined they would not escape.

To my surprise both came boldly up to the light and dismounted. The proprietor, Meacham, came out and in his cordial manner greeted all four of us, "Hello, Ward. How are you, Hart? Well, I declare, Splawn and Reed; all old friends; how are you? Go right in to the fire and I will take care of your horses."

I was surprised and yet for several moments I had been half expecting such a thing. So there were no bandits after all. For a moment each man looked his pardner full in the face, a broad grin overspread my robber's features, and I heard a little laugh which Meacham did not notice.

As we entered the well-lighted room, Splawn, for he was our Plummer, caught Mike and me each by the shoulder and whispered, "This is too good. Let's not tell Meacham."

"Agreed," we answered in a breath.

After a good warm supper we went upstairs where we found two commodious beds in the same room. Here, when alone, we had a talk and compared notes. Each party had been suspicious of the other from first sight and all were afraid of being robbed and had maneuvered to be safe. Splawn, a jolly, good-natured, honest-looking fellow now that our fear was gone, roared out with laughter:

"Whatever made you fellows afraid of us? We are as timid a pair as ever came over this road with a sack of gold dust, I can tell you. I was shaking in my boots when you called me alongside of you, and was actually afraid I would fall off my horse and that you would take that for a hostile movement and shoot me."

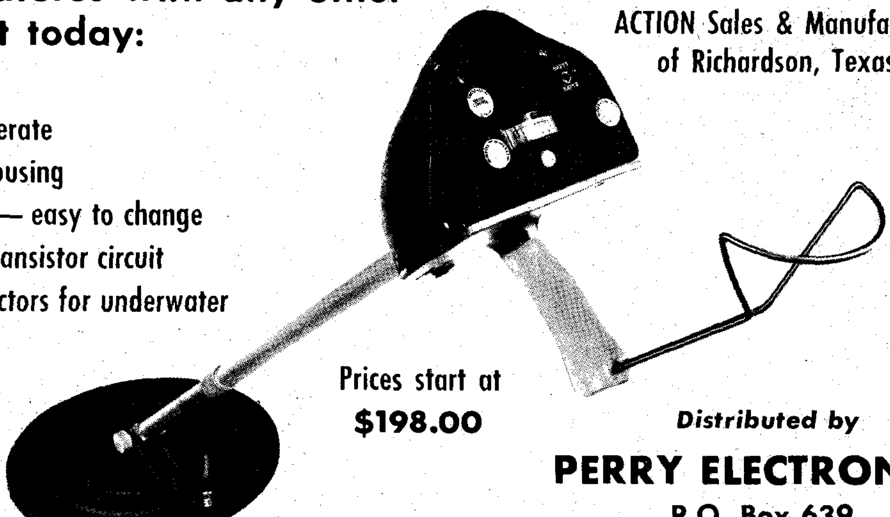
"You had your pistol ready and cocked," I answered.

"Cocked! I should say it was cocked. I had it cocked ever since I saw you on Burnt River," he answered, roaring again. "Now tell me why you took us for those cutthroats. Do we look like such people?"

"Not now," I said, laughing with the rest, "but to make a clean breast of it, Mike and I got scared first at your horses; they were as rakish looking steeds as I ever saw; then your saddles and bridles were too new to look honest. We were prejudiced against them when we went into Adobe House to find the bandits and I thought you two were the most villainous looking rascals I had ever seen."

"That's just what we thought of you," Splawn laughed again. "I would have bet my last dollar you were planning to murder us while you were eating your supper. Moreover, we both had a kind of feeling you were after us and I fully expected you to run for your lives when we reached this station. We thought you were Wild Bill and that Mr. Ward was Six-toed Pete. In fact, we mentioned our suspicions to several men along the route who had seen you pass, and they all agreed with us. I believe we could have had you both hanged on suspicion and circumstantial evidence when you sneaked around LaGrande and took to the mountains in the night with your jaded horses. The whole thing is good enough for a story, but we had better keep it to ourselves unless we want to be laughed out of the country. There will never be another such ride, I reckon."

With our money in our canteens on the floor by our bedsides and our pistols with hammers down, we all slept so soundly that Meacham had to come to



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the head of the stairs and call us the second time to breakfast.

Under the Wing of the Raven

(Continued from page 35)

Temple looked around, acting surprised and innocent. The jury had disbanded. According to the law, a new jury had to be impaneled. The case was retried and Temple won it.

Houston loved jokes—clean ones—and was always pulling pranks on those about him. While his seven children loved him for it, others took exception.

Once when Temple was appointed to represent the defendant in a murder case, the presiding judge asked him to take his client into the next room and give him the best advice he could. After hearing the man out, Temple emerged from the room alone.

"Where is your client?" asked the judge.

"Well," the lawyer told him, "you said for me to give him the best advice I could. So after listening to his story, I told him to crawl out the window. And he did!"

Later, Houston was trying a case at Lipscomb, Texas before a Judge Duke. He and the judge had been roommates at Baylor University. One of the most damaging witnesses for the defense made several conflicting statements. To impress the jury that the man on the stand had contradicted himself, Houston told them, "Gentlemen, I'm sure you realize that this man has told a damnable lie!"

Judge Duke rapped on his desk. "You cannot use that language in my court."

"I got beside myself, forgive me," said Temple.

"All right," agreed the judge.

In a moment, however, Temple repeated the offensive word.

"Temple, I told you once, don't use that language in my court!"

"I'm so ashamed. I beseech your most tender mercies," Houston begged the court. But moments later, the word crossed his lips again. This time Duke thundered, "I fine you twenty dollars for contempt!"

Temple reached into his pocket. "Your Honor, you embarrass me. I don't have twenty dollars. May I borrow it from you?"

"Clerk, remit that fine," ordered the judge. "Lipscomb County can afford to lose that twenty dollars more than I can!"

HOUSTON was a master at convincing juries. In the case of Alfred Son, a young Texan who allegedly had robbed and killed an Oklahoma storekeeper after escorting a girl home from a dance, Temple hit his most extravagant—and convincing—eloquence.

Circumstantial evidence was overwhelmingly against Son. Three times the trial went before the jury. At the close of the third trial, November 16, 1897, Houston stood before a packed courtroom and told the jury:

"Gentlemen, as I told you in the beginning, the Territory has shown no motive for the commission of such a crime, and we have given you a reasonable—a true—explanation of every act and utterance of the defendant which took him in that fatal direction that night. He went only to woo (and win) one of the daughters of the land, tender-eyed, fair to look upon; and isn't it just like a boy to take the shortest route? The life of this boy up to the instant of his accusation has been faultless; and do you believe that he took this sudden and awful plunge from innocence into fathomless depths of crime, from child-like purity into hideous murder?

"When asked to believe such a supposition, refer to your duties, as given you in His Honor's charge; apply the law as there laid down to the proof, and then follow the dictates of your conscience, and I do not fear the result. This brave boy asks me to say to you that, to him, honor is dearer than life, and . . . says in this, his hour of trial, 'give me liberty or give me death.' He demands that you free him or inflict the death penalty. Rather that that you should fix upon his boyish brow the brand of felon, he would prefer to walk from your presence with his body polluted with the scales of whitest leprosy. He appeals to no sentiment of pity; only to the justice of his country's laws, which you are so solemnly charged to administer.

"You came into that box with light hearts and consciences clear. Oh, may you leave there thus! Untortured with the curse of having wrecked the life of him whose life you hold in the hollow of your hands. And his is so young, too. Boyhood's down still softens upon his child-like face. You will not be here long now. Your homes where loved ones are even now watching, waiting, to greet you, and when you clasp them to your manly breasts may the rapture at that moment be not embittered by the memory of having wrecked the life of yonder boy, whom all law and righteousness plead with you to save.

"Gentlemen, be just; heed not the perjured fiends who thirst for this boy's blood, and the years yet to come, when the pale messenger summons you before the court where you shall be tried alongside of the kings of the earth, each memoried hour of life shall come back to you with awful distinction, and then happily can you recall that when you judged here, you judged with justice, and in the very spirit of Him who said: 'Even as you did it unto the least of these, so you did it unto me.' So that in the perfection of righteousness you tried the stranger within your gate (for he never saw one of you until he fearlessly placed his fate in your hands) even as you would be tried yourselves.

"He has a Texas home far across the southern prairies, where the skies are a deeper purple, where the dawn has a brighter glow and the sunset wears a softer gold; where the midnight stars look down upon us in a more unspeakable splendor. His loved ones, like yours, are waiting—no! no! not like yours—for his life is darkened even now by the awful shadow of death; and who shall tell what he feels? Gentlemen, break that suspense; dry those tears; bind up these almost broken hearts, for no power but you can do so. This noble duty done, each hour of life thereafter will grow proud with this recollection!"

This eloquent plea won Alfred Son's acquittal. Years afterwards an event which expressed Temple's unrelenting persistence in securing Son's release was made known.

Before the first trial had begun, Houston had received a mysterious message. Shortly thereafter, he had driven to a secret meeting with a man known as Red Buck, a member of Bill Doolin's gang. Buck admitted he had killed the storekeeper and—in an unusual display of fairness—wanted Temple to save the innocent boy.

Houston accepted the charge and offered himself as attorney for Son. His responsibility in the case was only to defend his client, not to point a finger of accusation at someone else, so he kept the outlaw's confidence. He didn't tell anyone about it until long after Red Buck had been shot down in a gun battle with officers in western Oklahoma.

But no matter how hard and unyielding he might have been in the courtroom, Houston was a different man around home. Laura Cross Houston was a gentle wisp of a Louisiana belle and Temple adored her. He was very attentive to her needs and, returning from the longer trips his work demanded, he would bring her unusual gifts—flowers, perfume, whatever he thought might make her happy.

TEMPLE HOUSTON—son of "The Raven," General Sam Houston—was born under the roof of the Texas state capitol in 1861. His father died when he was three, his mother four years later. He lived with his eldest sister in Georgetown, Texas, and worked at minor tasks to help put himself through school. Then, quite suddenly, a bit of Old Sam arose within him and he hired on with a cattle outfit and trailed with them to Bismarck, North Dakota. There he engaged as a clerk on a steamer and went down the Mississippi.

From there he went to Washington, D. C., where his father had once served in the Senate. Temple boy was offered a position as a page boy and accepted it. During his three years there he developed an insatiable hunger for law, ancient history, astronomy and languages. He could speak three foreign and seven Indian tongues. He studied the Scriptures and believed a man could get a complete education from this source alone if all else were denied him.

At nineteen he graduated from Baylor University and was admitted to the Texas bar. His winsome speeches, witty tactics, and suave manners brought him a large practice. He was elected county attorney of Brazoria County, then appointed district attorney for thirty-six counties in the Texas Panhandle. His fame spread as people sought his help. At twenty-four he was elected to the Texas State Senate. There he served for eight years, creating an image that did honor to his father.

The next step up the political ladder was the governorship of the state. It is reported that both parties were lean-

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ing in his favor. One night delegates from each came to call on him, supposedly to discuss a platform.

"You've already got your platform," they informed him. "Just stand on your father's name and you'll win."

Temple was furious. "I care not to shine in the light of reflected glory," he told them. "Every tub must stand on its own bottom. And if my own education and record isn't sufficient for Texas, then I'll go somewhere else!"

It was not an idle threat. For some time he had held the position of private attorney for the AT&SF railroad. Neighboring Oklahoma Territory had been platted and opened to settlement. The last major holding of the Indians, the Cherokee Outlet—more commonly known as "The Strip"—had been crossed by the Santa Fe. Small, lawless towns were mushrooming at the ends of the railheads. Here Temple Houston saw an opportunity to rise in stature beside his father, not because of him. The circumstances were parallel. This young country was fighting for law and order and for admission to statehood just as Texas had done.

WOODWARD, nine miles downstream from Fort Supply, was a welter of hot wind, sun and red gumbo, railroaders, settlers, and gun-toting badmen. Temple set up an office at the corner of Eleventh and Main and six months later, with some misgivings, sent for his family.

Houston continued to draw the attention of political leaders. His advice was sought on promoting Oklahoma's statehood before the Congress of the United States. Committeemen from several factions visited him and sounded out his policies on governmental issues. It was reported that he was to be supported as the first governor of the State of Oklahoma.

But fate intervened. Temple Houston's star exploded in a blaze of excruciating pain. A blood vessel burst in his brain. The small-town doctor who was hastily summoned could only shake his head and administer a sedative.

Temple was transferred to the Santa Fe-maintained hospital at Topeka, Kansas, but the verdict there was the same. They could do nothing for him.

His torture lasted for over a year. Most of this time Temple was confined to the hospital at Topeka, but during the last weeks his family took him back to Woodward, paralyzed, partially blind, but still the master of his great intellect. On August 15, 1905, two years before Oklahoma was admitted to the Union, Temple Houston died.

Cheyenne Girl

(Continued from page 33)

and her husband were determined that their children should be educated. When Mary was six years old they sent her to live with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. John Hough, in Trinidad, Colorado where she could attend school. After three years in Trinidad, Mary attended public school in the new town of Las Animas. Later she enrolled at Wolfe Hall, a girls school in Denver, where she said she was supposed "to learn some manners." And then, in order to "improve manners and to cultivate the graces of refined society," she went to Central (now Bethany) College in Lexington, Missouri.

While in Missouri, Mary met and fell in love with A. D. Hudnall, a Kansas City businessman. Amache and John Prowers gave them what Mary described as a "really fine wedding!" After a time the Hudnalls moved to the Arkansas Valley, where he assisted John Prowers in his business. Later, Hudnall became an extensive cattle owner. The Hudnall's son, Leonard Jr., was for many years an outstanding employee of the Colorado Fish and Game Commission in Denver. "Chief," as he was called, always was proud of the fact that he had played football at Carlisle with the famous Jim Thorpe.

WHEN West Las Animas was founded in 1873, John Prowers moved his home, commission business and general merchandise store to that place. He was twice elected to the Colorado Legislature, was a county commissioner, and was active in many community affairs.

According to her family, Amache brought a number of Indian customs into her home when the children were young. At Christmas she always made a confection from dried buffalo meat, cut very thin, sprinkled generously with sugar and cinnamon and rolled up like a jelly roll. On Christmas Day the roll would be sliced and eaten. The sweet pickles which she made each year from prickly pears were delicious. After burning off the stickers, Amache cooked the pears in vinegar and sugar. She knew all the prairie herbs and how to use them. She gathered mint to make medicine; dried sage leaves for sage-tea, a cure-all remedy. She always made preserves with wild plums, chokecherries, grapes and the like. Her spring delicacies were greens—lambs-quarters and wild lettuce.

Amache's children loved to visit an Indian camp with her. Patiently she taught them how the Cheyennes caught the dry land turtles and roasted them for food. Often she explained that the Cheyenne people killed for food and used the skins for clothing. She said her people liked almost every kind of game, but would never touch fish.

Following the Sand Creek trouble, from 1868 to 1873, Indians in the Arkansas Valley region were restless. They became quite alarmed over the coming of the railroad and in 1873 threatened to wipe out the new terminal town of West Las Animas. Boggsville, with the big Prowers adobe house, became a place of refuge during the various Indian scares. One day when a war party of Cheyennes was approaching the town, John Prowers rode out to meet the hostiles. He reminded them that they were Amache's people whom she loved, and asked if they did not remember the presents he had given them. He said he would give them more presents if they would go to Fort Lyon and wait for him. They did as he advised and the planned attack was averted.

John Prowers himself was not a church member, but he opened his house when Father Clark, a missionary, rode into the ranch one day on a white mule. Prowers sent out riders around the country to bring in a crowd for services.

Amache saw to it that the Prowers' home life was happy. There were always big parties on the Fourth of July, at Christmas, at Thanksgiving and on other occasions. Amache wanted the biggest Christmas tree that the boys could bring from the mountains. Presents were not just trinkets but such things as diamond rings, gold watches, or a sterling silver tea set. Prowers never stinted his family.

At one time his brands of Box B and Bar X were on 70,000 cattle. With 80,000 acres of land in one body, and owning 40 miles of river frontage, John Prowers controlled 400,000 acres of range. In 1882 he refused an offer of $775,000 for his holdings.

Amache enthusiastically took part in community work, in church work, and was especially attached to the Eastern Star in which she held membership. Upon one occasion when Amache was attending a meeting of the Eastern Star in Denver, a friend brought Colonel John Chivington over to her and asked: "Mrs. Prowers, do you know Colonel Chivington?"

Amache stood very erect, ignored the colonel's outstretched hand and replied, "Know Colonel Chivington? I should. He was my father's murderer!"

When roller skating became a fad in Las Animas, Amache learned to skate and was exceedingly proficient at it. Her bicycling, however, caused her family some concern. Amache never did seem to be able to learn how to stop.

Said her granddaughter, Inez (Mrs. Frank Nelson), of Las Animas: "The phone would ring and my mother, Mary Prowers Hudnall, would say, 'Grandma is coming on her bicycle. Be sure to meet her.' Someone would have to hurry out of our house and watch for her coming up the street and help her to stop and alight from the bicycle. One day when a phone call came we were cooking something which could not be left unattended. Grandma Amache rode around and around the block about five times before one of us could go out to help her off."

John Prowers died on February 14, 1884. In 1889, a new county in Colorado was carved from Bent County and was named in his honor. Amache Ochinee Prowers died in Boston in 1936 at ninety. Because of her dedicated community service throughout the Arkansas Valley area for so many years the Granada Relocation Center, formed at the beginning of World War II, was called "Amache" in her honor.

John W. Prowers and his wife are buried in the Las Animas cemetery. A large, ornate, red granite monument, carved in Scotland, marks the burial site of two of Colorado's most beloved pioneers.

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

be old friends. Nelson told us that he was working for the Chicago post office. He appeared to be in his seventies and seemed very alert for a man of his age. There was little evidence of the wear and tear of the prize ring. A few weeks later I met one of his acquaintances who was with him in training camps on the West Coast during those early fight years. His friend stated that Nelson was a clean living athlete and was never known to dissipate or squander his money. However, he was also known to have a big heart and became quite well-to-do and prominent in the real estate business prior to the 1929 Depression. It is said that he lost his holdings and money attempting to help those he considered his friends.

Evidently those he had helped at one time or another had very poor memories in later years. The post office had to let him go because of his advanced age, according to the local papers, and an effort was made to get him a Spanish-American War pension, but this also failed because his records could not be found.

Shortly before he died in the 1950s, the boxing people in Chicago held a benefit for him, but according to the newspapers it did not do very well. He apparently was born too soon for the present-day fan and his fame as a top ring performer in his time was unknown to most of them. —Jack W. Bradley, 2033 North Harlem Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60635

Arizona Pioneer

Amigo Joe:

You've done it again with "Apache Vengeance"—another one I *know* about. However, it was old stuff to me as I'd learned of it by voice (my mother's) many years ago. My sister was born in Globe in 1885 and the folks remained there until '87. The Reynolds, Middleton and Van Wagenen families were all good friends of theirs.

Enroute to Globe, my mother stopped overnight at the Riverside Stage Station on the Dripping Springs Ranch. Another ranch a few miles distant had been "cleaned out" that morning!

Thanks for those damn good magazines, Joe. Keep it up!—F. E. Blacklidge Sr., 4200 East Glenn, Tucson, Arizona 85716

Alaska Mining is Hard Work!

Dear Editor:

My son-in-law likes to read TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, so I am subscribing for them again. Then, when winter comes, I'll have more time to read. He'll save them for me. Right now I'm working eleven hours a day, and I need all the sleep I can get which is not much!

My son-in-law works for K.R.A.F. and he brought me the FRONTIER TIMES which was sent there. In it is a story of the little narrow-gauge railroad to Chatanika. Yes, that was some railroad! I have heard so much about it from old-timers that I almost know it as my own. The man who wrote the story, Jack McPhee, sure knew what he was writing about. He did not add anything nor leave anything out.

I am operating five mines now. I've found the Mammoth Channel and I am running a new cut in after that. That is the big channel that goes from here into South America, the richest underground river in the world. I had a cave-in the 15th day of July. My man got scared and left me so I had to clean it out alone.

This is a hard country to mine, but if you have the stuff it takes to stick it out, the rewards are great. It takes me four years to do as much as I can do in one year in California. The worst drawback is not the cold weather at all; it is the short season. You no sooner get started before it's time to close down. When anyone asks me how long I have been working at the mine, I never tell them how many years. I tell them how many months. The rain has held me back a lot this summer, but I am still making good.

There is a lot to be written about mining in this country. It is a long story that a lot of people should know before laying plans to come to Alaska to make a fortune. You can make it if you have the right stuff in you, but it is either a case of you whip the north or the north whips you.—Lynn S. Langfield, 6 Mile Richardson, Fairbanks, Alaska 99701

Grandfather in Arizona

Dear Sir:

We all enjoy your magazines. I was surprised to see a picture of my grandfather, Sam Thompson, on page 28 of the May 1968 issue of FRONTIER TIMES. We have that picture also (the one at the top of the page). Grandpa is standing on the far right on the stagecoach. He was the Wells Fargo agent at Roosevelt during the building of the dam. He also was a correspondent for the *Arizona Republican,* a Phoenix paper, I think. He also took care of the water works for the town.

On our picture, someone has written "Mail trains leaving Roosevelt, Arizona, 6:00 A. M. Globe, (far left); Payson, (middle); Mesa, (right)."

My father Sherman was a boy then and can recall a lot of things that happened, even to most of the names of the people in the picture and what they did in Roosevelt. One stage driver is Joe Phelps; one, Frank Nash; the other he doesn't recall. They all drove for Wells Fargo. Along with Grandpa is a passenger; Joe Phelps, driver; Juan Portia; Geo. Evans and the barber.

The top picture (page 27) shows the construction camp across the canyon called O'Ruric's Camp, named for the contractor.

My father tells of the flood and the new lake full of drowned quail and rattlesnakes; the murder of a white woman, and the posse bringing the captured murderer by the schoolhouse where her children were attending school; the Indians who came to town and their camps near the trail he took while out hunting; about U. S. Marshal Halems, who had to run a dry town along with everything else.

My father's family settled in the

Santa Maria Valley, California in the early days but Grandpa was born in San Francisco. I wonder if there are any people around who were kids at Roosevelt, Arizona at the time it was being built. If so, they can get in touch with my dad, Sherman K. Thompson, at Box 33, Goodyear Bar, California 95965.—Ruth C. Hart, 6030 Lower Wyandotte Road, Oroville, California 95965

Death of Frank James' Son

Attached is a clipping from a copy of "Daily Racing Form" that I came across while going through some old racing records and notes, regarding a son of Frank James.

"TORONTO, Ontario, April 23, 1959.—Elmer Anglin James, former jockey and trainer and in late years an employe of The Jockey Club Ltd., died suddenly in this city Wednesday night. He suffered a heart seizure at the Union Station on his return from the races at Fort Erie and passed away while en route to his home. He was believed to be over 80 years of age.

"Mr. James was a native of Waco, xas. He went to England as a youth nd earned recognition as a rider when he rode the winner of the Duke of York Stakes for George Edwards, well-known in theatrical circles. He later rode in France and was in the employ of Baron de Rothschild. He also rode in the U. S. and Canada. He had lived in Toronto for 50 years.

"Mr. James was a son of the legendary Frank James, who with his brother Jesse ruled the lawless Wild West many years ago.

"Mr. James is survived by his widow, the former Margaret Lawrence Taber of this city, one son, Dr. Earl James, also of Toronto. A daughter, Alma, predeceased him.

"Funeral services will be held at 11 a.m. Saturday morning from the Trull Funeral Home, 1111 Danforth Ave. Interment will be in St. John's Cemetery."
—A. H. Waterman, Box 1172, Arcadia, California 91006

Ostrich Punching Poet!

Dear Mr. Joe:

I was reading "Frontier Post" in the September 1969 FRONTIER TIMES when I came across a letter by C. G. Curtis of Santa Maria, California. He mentioned a poem, "Ostrich Punching of Arroya Al" which was printed in 1917. I was born in the Fiji Islands, South Pacific, in 1919. About 1926, while trying to learn to read and write English in the Marist Brothers' School there, I came across a large chest in the basement. It was full of cowboy, detective, adventure and *Argosy* magazines. I found a picture of a cowboy trying to get out from beneath the legs of a bunch of ostriches. The poem fascinated me, and barring a few lines, I seem to have total recall. As to those few blanks, I am sorry, but I could barely read at that time:

I was broke in Arizony and was gloomy as a tomb
When I got a chance at punching for an outfit called Star Plume.
I asked for no wherefores, just lit out with my tarp,
Happy as an angel with the newest make of harp.

I struck out from the bunkhouse, my first day on the range,
The tracks that we followed was peculiar like and strange.
When I asked about it, the roundup foreman says,
"You ain't punching cattle, but herding ostriches."

We chased those bunch of critturs on a hot and sandy plain.
It was like a pup a-racing with the U. S. A. mail train.
At last we got them herded in a wire fence corral,
The foreman said, "Go rope one in, Al."

Well, the first one that I tackled was a feathery, downy bird,
Ere the noose settled on his thorax, he began to buck
[Forgotten lines]

They pulled me from under that bunch of milling legs,
They fed me on hot whiskey and the yolks of ostrich eggs,
And when I was able, I pulled freight from cattle land.
The ostrich punching business never gets my O. K. brand!

—Michael D. Singh, 111 Clubhouse Avenue, Venice, California 90291

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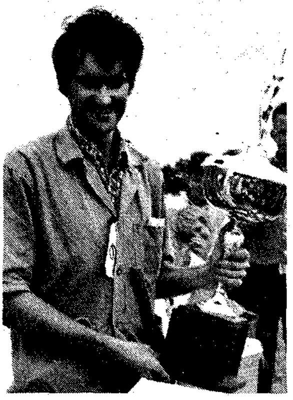
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Our congratulations go to Doyle Williams, Rt. 1, Box 67, Okemah, Okla., who was last year's champion at the Prospectors Club Meet. This year, he EARNED FIRST PLACE AT BOTH THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROSPECTORS CLUB MEET. To see Doyle work with his detector is a joy. Previously, Doyle had used other brands of detectors. His choice of instruments this year was one of our NEW BREED OF HUNTER DETECTORS.

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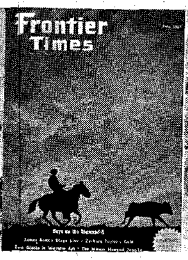
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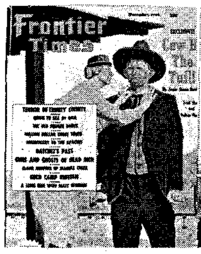
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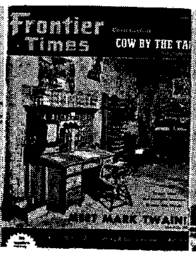
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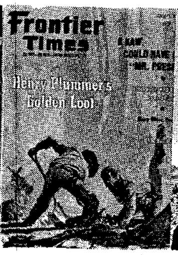
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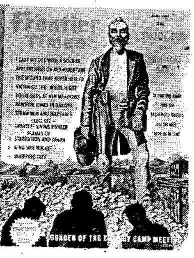
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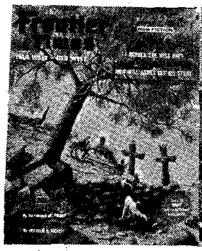
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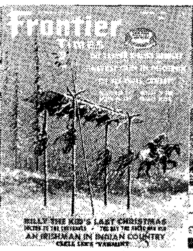
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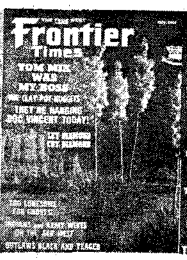
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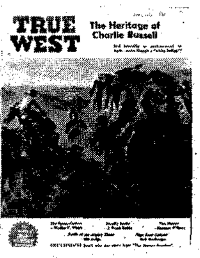
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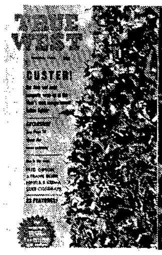
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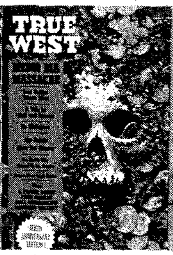
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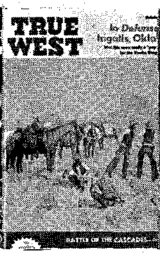
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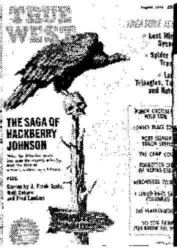
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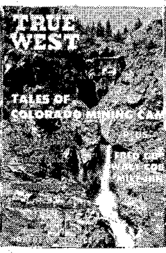
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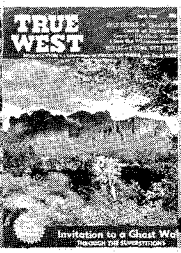
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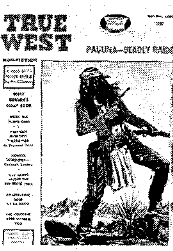
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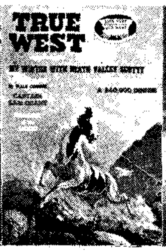
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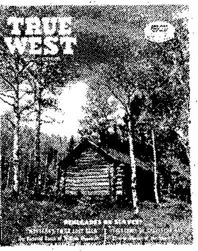
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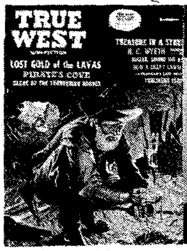
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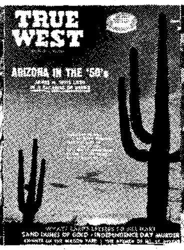
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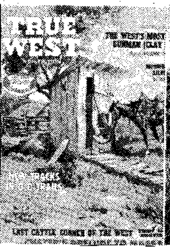
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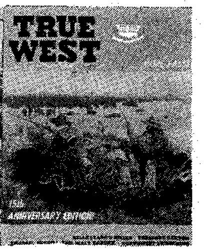
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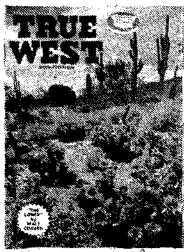
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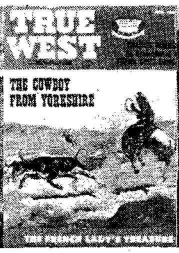
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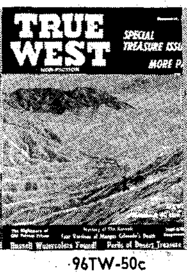
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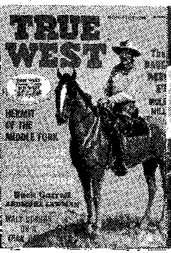
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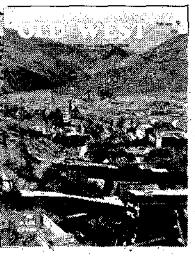
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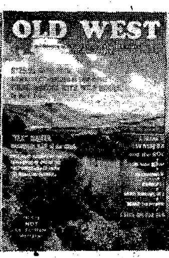
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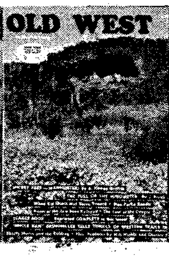
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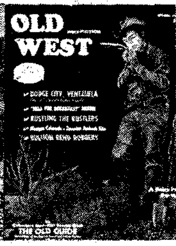
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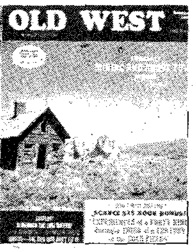
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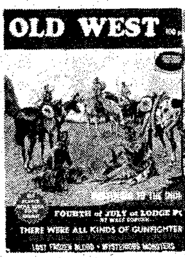
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The Lost Arch Nuggets

(Continued from page 19)

prospecting he moved anywhere th urge directed, whether mineralized country or not. Like the Apaches and th Colorado Desert Indian tribes he coul exist on the country when forced to d so.

In the spring of 1897 Packer pause long enough in Amboy, California to bu a few supplies. Then heading straigh south with his three flop-eared burros h moved slowly down the eastern base o the Bullion Mountains. Avoiding a recent strike where small mines were coming into being, he shifted east into Old Woman Mountains.

As summer wore on he drifted into the Turtles to a small spring known only to himself and a few Indians who still sometimes came south to them. He said later that he wasn't hunting anything, just moseying around in the great silent spaces.

One day he hiked past an arch of andesite—a very dark gray, almost black. It meant nothing to him for he had seen it several times before. Even the vanishing trails of the aborigines were r secret to him. That night, sitting by th small blaze of a fire, the burros nudgin him for soda biscuits, he began thinking about the lost nuggets. He had heard o the Mexican miners, the discovery b Jamison, and Amsden, as well as a doze other strange tales of the black-coated gold.

While never doubting that the Mexicans had been in the mountains, he did not believe any of the accounts of a Mexican-built adobe. In his estimation they would not have wasted time creating a permanent camp. Those claiming to have found the adobes had been out in the sun too long.

Men who knew Packer best insist that he was not too interested in gold. In truth he knew where to go and recover more than enough to meet his meager needs.

About what happened next, Packer himself was never adequately able to explain. Near his camp he found a Christian Cross cut into the dark gray surface of a high standing rock. Curious, he looked around, discovering that just around the shoulder of the peak there existed a sort of "mesa-like bench" (whatever he meant by that).

Walking there he found small pebbles encrusted with a thin black substance as though, perhaps, they had once been covered by a lake of mineralized water. Picking up one he was instantly struck by its weight. A single scratch with a pocket knife disclosed the truth.

He got a water bucket from camp, filling it with only the largest nuggets. By sundown he had filled it twice. The next morning he collected another bucketfull, and then more, emptying them into the panniers of the pack saddles. After that he worked only an hour or so each day. Before the end of the week he had four hide panniers filled with nuggets and decided to move on. He divided the weight equally on all three burros.

Packer then lapsed into his usual enjoyment of nature in the desert mountains. By slow degrees, maybe no more than three miles in one day, he wandered north to Coffin Spring where his water containers were refilled. It was only a short distance from there into the Sacramento Mountains below Needles, yet fall was approaching before he arrived.

The weather was still hot but it was not the blistering days that drove him out. It was a five-foot rattlesnake. The unseen reptile, coiled in the shade of a rock, did not buzz a warning. As Packer's right leg came within reach it struck deep with its fangs above the top of the laced boot. Cutting through the denim cloth of his trousers, the snakes fangs rammed deep.

Reaching down, Packer grabbed the rattler behind the head while the reptile's fangs were being withdrawn in order to strike again. After cutting off the head Packer slit the trousers leg, examining the holes where dark blood oozed out. Not the least panicked, although realizing he was in for real trouble, the prospector tied a red bandana tight around the leg, then methodically sliced the fang wounds together. He had some potash but knew it was unreliable, especially for counteracting as much poison as the big rattler had injected into him. He also knew better than to walk or stir around much.

One burro load was split onto the other two and riding at an ambling pace, Packer set forth for Needles where medical aid could be obtained.

As smart and experienced a desert man he was, Packer failed to release the pressure of the tight tourniquet at regular intervals. He reached Needles in feverish delirium, the lower right leg swollen badly. A dark red discoloration reaching above the knee had started turning purple.

Riding into a feed barn where his burros had been kept on grain once before, he fell to the straw-covered ground only semi-conscious. Unable to speak, Packer pointed at his leg when a man bent low over him asking questions. It was well that the barnman knew him and was an honest individual besides. After Packer was removed he discovered the gold and summoned a county officer on duty there from the county seat at San Bernardino, who took it for safekeeping.

When taken to the Santa Fe Railroad hospital, Packer was in critical condition. The leg swelled enormously to the hip and his body otherwise showed effects of the poison. The right leg remained partially paralyzed. It took four weeks for him to recover enough to sit in a chair.

The large amount of gold nuggets he brought in excited the small town. Hardly before Packer reached the hospital several parties tried backtracking him. They succeeded in doing so only to his last camp before the rattlesnake struck.

When Packer began sitting up, a dozen men came around wheedling for information as to the source of his nuggets. He told them only, "It's where the Mexicans found gold in the Turtles," and let it go at that. Finally the doctor refused to allow them to bother him on any excuse.

Using medical terms, the doctor tried to explain to Packer why his leg would always be stiff. That the prospector refused to accept it, for it would put an end to his desert life, but despite his optimism he walked out of the hospital on crutches.

His gold was dispatched to the San Francisco mint, Packer receiving more than $75,000. Then disposing of the burros he entrained for Phoenix. A specialist there confirmed the earlier diagnosis that he probably would never be able to freely use the injured leg again.

Going to Buckhorn Springs east of Mesa, Packer took the mineral baths the balance of that winter. Some improvement did occur, but not much. Packer reluctantly admitted he could no longer continue wandering the desert wastelands he so loved. Doing the next best thing, he claimed a desert homestead north of Phoenix and the Salt River. In the influenza epidemic of 1918, Packer died. He was buried in the Phoenix Pioneers Cemetery.

This prospector's return to Needles revived a search for the lost arch nuggets which has increased steadily over the years. The most important searches are carried on with four-wheel drive vehicles, although a few die-hard jackass prospectors occasionally venture optimistically into the Colorado Desert.

Very early rockhounds discovered beds of valuable gemstones in the Turtle Mountains. Every year hundreds more invade them. These journeys have also revived yarns about the nuggets. Some people have a theory that because of the black covering they must be the source of the lost Pegleg Smith coarse gold.

Today's hunters usually follow U. S. Highway 95 which passes south from Needles between the Turtles and the Colorado River. U. S. Highway 66 west of Needles forms the junction with Highway 95. Most gem stone hunters however, enter via Vidal Junction on Highway 95.

As for the "Lost Arch," there never was a lost one. In fact at least half a dozen have been discovered, some from the air, and all are about the same size. But none of those found so far has led to the field of nuggets.

Brakeman on the Great Northern

(Continued from page 15)

to Everett. The same sort of service was necessary into Seattle while they were finishing stations, section houses, completing telegraphic equipment and breaking in the new track and roadbed, especially considering the hazards of the track between Scenic and Wellington during the winter months. They were also printing tickets, preparing advertising, completing freight rate schedules and doing the thousand and one things necessary to change the happy-go-lucky adventurous construction period, with its free rides for girls and without-ticket transportation in freight cars, into the deluxe reliable transcontinental service which began on that memorial June day.

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the luxurious equipment which Seattle newspaper reporters soared to almost poetic heights in describing. One reporter, in describing the new transcontinental train which unquestionably did leave Seattle in June 1893, wrote: "Handsomest of all is the buffet car, which is an addition to the equipment of this line. It is sixty feet long and is finished in old gold and polished oak. It has its large sitting room, with a dozen chairs of willow with easy cushions, and its graceful refreshment stands, whereon can be deposited refreshments to come from the buffet in the corner. At one end is a library containing anything from *Gibson's Decline of the Roman Empire* [sic] to a French novel that will curl the hair like a blast from a Great Northern locomotive on a Montana prairie. At the other end is a writing table fairly littered with all the late periodicals and daily papers. Then come the tete-a-tete rooms, separated by delicate screens of scroll work and velvet, where little parties can assemble by themselves in the company of royal personages, kings and queens. Next comes the barber shop, where a tonsorial artist will give the traveler a clean shave, shampoo, sea foam, and cut his hair every day on the trip, so that he will be ready to attend a church social or meeting of the city council when he arrives at his destination. To complete the equipment, a bathroom is ready for anyone who finds traveling is dusty."

All of this, indeed, fits in well with Will Dulmage's description of the buffet car of which he had charge in Montana where the Great Northern was catering to the mining and agricultural development of that state. Dulmage had come in to Seattle with the Great Northern, had been promoted to take charge of diner and most of the train from Havre through Great Falls. He saw James Hill cut the passenger fare from Seattle to Saint Paul on that first train of his to $35 with a round-trip fare all the way to Chicago for $86.20.

Within a few days, on June 22, 1893, the fare to Saint Paul was cut to $25 and a one-year ticket became available for $75 which would enable the passenger to travel anywhere on the Hill railroads up to 3,000 miles. The rate for lumber, which was ninety cents per hundred when the first trains reached Seattle, was cut to forty cents. The vast fir forests became alive with lumbermen because they could now compete more readily with timber from other parts of the country. Hill believed that it would be necessary to harvest the timber crop and clear the land so that it would be available for farmers. (The Northwestern timbermen have now given up that idea; they are systematically reforesting the land so that the timber crop may never end.)

The last time I saw Will Dulmage (1957) in Santa Rosa, he grinned at me from his bed and said, "I know I'm not going to be around much longer, but I'm not going to hurry things. I'm ninety-five and I don't have a pain or a hurt anywhere. I've got it made."

To me it was a gratifying end for the life of a very remarkable man.

The Wild Bunch on a Bicycle!

(Continued from page 27)

The five outlaws rode into Jewett's yard and stopped very quickly, pulled a sack of oats from the wagon, opened the sack and emptied the oats on the ground. Jewett, who was watching all of this, could not understand what the horsemen were up to. He then saw them taking something from the pockets of their coats and trousers and stuffing it in the sack. All of them quickly mounted and rode fast up the canyon headed toward Star Valley, Wyoming where two of them, Butch Cassidy and Elza Lay, holed up for the winter in an old deserted log house. It was located near the town of Afton, about fifty miles northeast of Montpelier. The stolen money was supposedly used to bail a fellow gang member out of jail in Rock Springs.

IN THE EARLY spring two railroad company special agents found where these two men were holed up. These agents decided to drive up boldly into the yard near the cabin pretending they were salesmen or representatives of some company. Cassidy and Lay, who were well acquainted with almost all of the valley residents, had been given their descriptions.

The outlaws made plans to pretend innocence and let the agents come as close as they wanted to. Lay would go into the yard and talk with the officers During his conversation he would notice that a tug of harness was twisted and would bend down out of line of fire. This was to be Cassidy's clue. He had his handgun ready and was an expert shot.

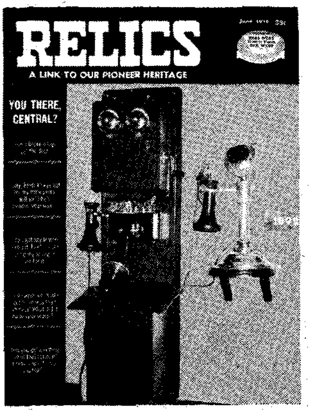
The agents acted just as the outlaws supposed they would. They leaned forward to look over the dashboard of the buggy. Cassidy opened fire, knocking the hats off both the agents. He then shot the whip in two just as one of the startled investigators was reaching for it to get out of there, but fast.

After Elza Lay and Butch Cassidy had run the railroad detectives away from their hideout, they knew that they had to leave soon. One of the railroad men was Joe Jones; the other I do not know.

When Lay and Cassidy left Star Valley in the early spring it is said they went as settlers in a covered wagon with Lay dressed as a woman. Their route was down the Tin Cup Basin into Soda Springs, and west to Dempsey. While they were near Dempsey (now Lava Hot Springs) they found a string of freight wagons, some of which were mired in the mud. The outlaws stopped to help—and Lay, forgeting he was a lady, pulled up his dress to get his pocket knife. Then they went on west through Pocatello to Butte, Montana, where they spent the summer raising hell and gambling.

I knew the Jewett family very personally as there were six boys whom I played with as a boy. During grade school and high school some of them were in my class each year. Mr. Jewett was laid up one winter with a broken leg and he told Ed, his son, and me about the incident in Montpelier.

All I ever asked Mr. Cruikshank was about riding the bicycle up the main street in the wake of the departing gang. He admitted, with a little smile, that it was true.



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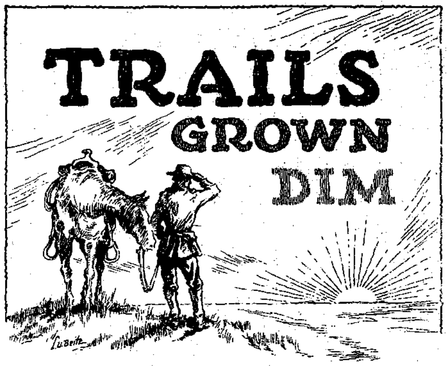
TRAILS GROWN DIM



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Laurence Henry Marshall

We would like to hear from any relatives of Laurence Henry Marshall, my father-in-law, born December 25, probably in 1898, the son of Henry and Annie Marshall. His birthplace is uncertain, probably Lincoln, Nebraska or perhaps in Pennsylvania. There were six boys in the family: Fred, Howard, Clyde, Floyd, Willie and Laurence. It is believed Floyd and Willie are deceased, possibly during World War II. Clyde at one time worked for Roberts Dairy in Lincoln, Nebraska. Perhaps he's now living somewhere in Missouri.

Little is known about Laurence's first marriage, except a girl was born (Ethel Mary) in 1918. The wife later passed away. He married Gladys Penn December 25, 1929, in Oberlin, Kansas. Four sons were born: Neil, Ronald, James and Jerry. Gladys passed away in 1944 while they were living in Lincoln, Nebraska. For approximately the last fifteen years, Laurence had made his home in Council Bluffs, Iowa.—Mr. and Mrs. James R. Marshall, North Star Route, Syracuse, Kansas 67878

Elton-Monroe

I am interested in contacting descendants of Salmon Elton and wife Damarious Monroe, who moved from Conesville, New York to Groton, Ohio prior to 1850. Two sons were James and Eugene L. who lived in Groton. I believe another son settled in the Southwest, possibly Texas. I would like to contact any relative of the sons and daughters of Salmon Elton.—Arthur Monroe Elton, 2205 Monticello Road, Napa, California 94558

Ruth Burkey

I was born Frenchie Dale Burkey, August 3, 1924 at Bethany, Oklahoma. I was given up for adoption at birth an have since lost both adopted parents. would like to find my real mother. He name was Ruth Burkey. She probabl has a different last name now. I hav very little family of my own and hav prayed that I could find my real mothe or any relative who knew my mother. I anyone can tell me anything, pleas write.—E. Doser, 432 Brimmer, Merced California 95340

Trotter-Schroyer

Allen Shelby Trotter married Mahialia (or Mahala) Schroyer in DeKal County, Missouri, probably near Unio Star, November 4, 1866. They both cam from Allen, Hendricks County, Indian Allen and Mahala had twelve childrer one dying in infancy. One of their son was my grandfather.

Grandad Alfred Jonathan married Joa Pistole at Union Star, Missouri Februar 2, 1898. Her parents were Robert K Pistole and Sarah Williams. Grandm had three brothers and five sisters: Joh R., Samuel J. and Jacob E.; and Lucy J. Elizabeth Belle, Ollie L., Mary Della o Dellie, and Sadie Florence.

Another ancestor, Bud Keller marrie a Lucy Ella Simmons prior to 188 probably in or near Jonesboro, Arkansa There were four sons: Clarence (Hap (my dad), Clyde, William Garland an John Keller. Clyde was killed in a gu battle in Tyronza, Arkansas about 1921 22. John died in 1915. I've been told tha Garland died in a clinic in Chicago. believe he had a son who would be abou thirty-five or thirty-six years old now Lucy (Simmons Keller) married a Bennett or Burnett after Grandad died. The had two children: James Orval in 1901 Ruby in 1909. I believe Orval is now dea but Ruby Coats may still be living. I 1960 she was in Gold Hill, Oregon.

My dad was a roving man, worked a a bronc-buster, in timber, and as a railroad section hand. He was called Hap o Happy Keller, 6′ 3″, very slim, blon and blue-eyed with a hawk-nose. I'd b grateful to hear from anyone with knowledge of any of these relatives.—Rosie M Keller Miller, 2 Kightlinger Road, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501

Daniel-Hicks-Cowan-Jones

I am seeking information about m ancestors who came from Tennessee an Mississippi. My grandfather, Peter Daniel, was from Tennessee and fought in th Civil War. My grandmother was Margarett Hicks. My other grandfather, Mario Cowan, and his uncles, Nathan, Johnton Sam, and Tom Cowan, were from Tennessee. My Grandmother Cowan, als from Tennessee, was one-quarter Cherokee Indian and was a Jones. Her brothers were Charlie, Elish and Hugh Jones —Claudine Bruce, 538 West Ralston, Ontario, California 91761

John Albright

My grandfather, John A. Albright was born about 1883 in Boone County Indiana, we think, and came to Louisian as a young man. He followed timber work married Mrs. Nancy Moses Brewer fron Mississippi, and they settled in Simpson Louisiana. He mentioned having a siste named Minnie and a brother named Fred. No other mention of family is known. —Charles B. Albright, 1804 Magnolia Drive, Alexandria, Louisiana 71301

Henry Family

Perhaps a reader can give me a lead on what became of John Oscar Henry, born about 1870 or '71 near Sarcoxie or Webb City, Missouri to Thomas Morris and Mary Jane (Duff) Henry, who left there in 1885 and settled on a homestead in Meade County, Kansas, making the move by covered wagon. John was my father's brother, but I never knew him for he disappeared several years before I was born. My father has been dead for twenty years.

My father never told much about my uncle, except that he went to Alaska during the gold rush and later reportedly was a member of a whaling crew on the Bering Sea between 1900-10. By about 1910 or '11 he had vanished. Since then, no one in the family has had news of him.

If Henrys of my lineage still reside in the Sarcoxie, Webb City, Joplin area, or elsewhere, I shall be pleased to hear from them. I have heard that a woman somewhere is compiling a history of this Henry family and is planning a reunion. There are a few of my grandfather's descendants left that I know of. They live in Meade, Hutchinson, Hays, and maybe Bunker Hill, Kansas. None of them bears the name. My brother, who has one son and a daughter, are the last to do so.

I do not know whether my grandfather was born at Sarcoxie, but it was about 1842. He was in the Civil War, the Union Army. Before moving to Kansas, he operated a lime kiln near Sarcoxie. I seem to recall hearing my father speak of a forebear named Eli Henry. The relationship I do not know. My father, Thomas Elliott Henry was born at or near Sarcoxie on December 18, 1880. He was graduated from Kansas State Agriculture College, Manhattan, in 1911. He was a veterinarian and practiced for a while at Meade, Kansas. In 1913, he came to Illinois where he lived until his death in 1949.

Another story I recall is that my grandmother owned land near Sarcoxie at the time of the Kansas move. Apparently she never disposed of it then. Several years later, someone in the family went there to inquire about it but learned that the courthouse had burned, destroying all records. There was talk of lead mines on the property. Maybe another reader will know something of this matter.—Donald E. Henry, Box Z, Oquawka, Illinois 61469

Slough-Schlaugh

Please help me contact members of the Slough families, originally from Baltimore, Maryland and in and around Defiance, Ohio. The original spelling was Schlaugh. Two brothers, Nicholaus and Heinrick, came from Germany before the Revolution. After the Civil War, the family scattered. I am trying to locate someone who knows the names and dates of my great-grandfather's parents. His name was Conrad Slough, and he married Nancy Lewis. Also the father and

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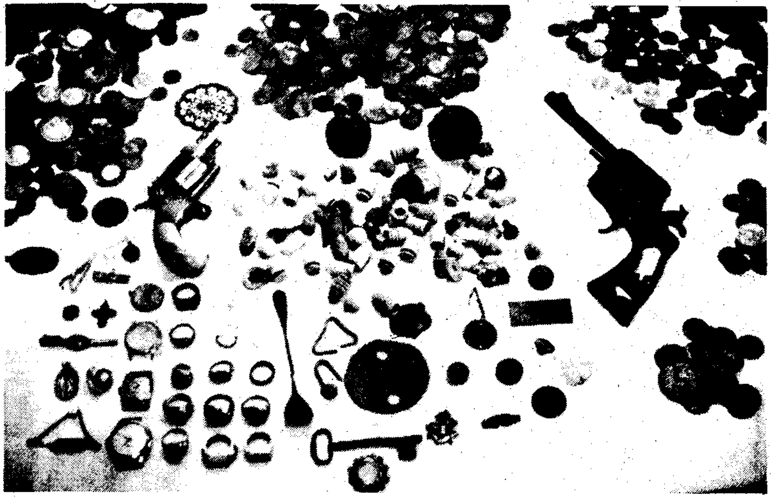

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mother of my grandfather, Peter Isaac Slough from Ohio. Peter was not Conrad's son, but either a cousin or nephew. Conrad and wife were born in Baltimore, Maryland.

Part of the family went to the Southwest after the Civil War and one became Territorial Governor of New Mexico and one was hung as a claim jumper during the opening of the Southwest, in Oklahoma, I think.—Hazel A. Engel, 505 West 13th Street, Willmar, Minnesota 56201

Greetan

I would like to hear from anyone who knows of or has the last name of Greetan. The name is supposed to have been revised or made up, but I have never met or heard of anyone with such a name. We have been led to believe the name is derived from German, Bulgarian, or Indian origin but no one knows definitely, or even if the spelling was revised.— Jo Ann Greetan, Box 304, Northport, Washington 99157

Finney-Rayl-Hardy-Paisley

My husband's great-grandfather, Jabez Rayl, was disowned by the Quakers for marrying out of the faith in North Carolina, March 25, 1857. He married Fanny Finney. They lived at Bloomington, Indiana. We would like to know who their parents were, and, if possible, where they came from before settling in North Carolina. Would appreciate hearing from descendants from either family. Some of the family in Pennsylvania spelled the name Rayle. Were there other changes in spelling?

I also would like any information on my father. We believe he was born Jack Hardy, August 15, 1890 in Golconda, Illinois. He was orphaned at seven in a flu epidemic. There was a younger brother, Lawrence and a sister Eva. Both were adopted. My father may have used the name George or Elmer Paisley. Was the family he lived with named Paisley? He served in the Army but we have been unable to trace his record under the name Jack Hardy. He lived in Joplin, Missouri from about 1916 until he died in 1937. Would like to hear from anyone who may have known him in Illinois or in the Army. He was 5′ 6″ and had gray hair from age seventeen, hazel eyes and a cleft chin.—Mrs. Harold E. Rayl, 810 East Meadowbrook, Sp. C-37, Phoenix, Arizona 85014

Hutcheson-Hutchison

I would welcome any information about my grandfather, Roy (Leroy or Elderoy) Hutcheson. My grandmother changed the spelling to the present-day Hutchison. He was born in Butler County, Pennsylvania between 1885 and 1910 and may have had an older brother in the same area. I believe they were Scotch-Irish descent. My grandfather married Cora or Kathern Altmire of Butler, Pennsylvania. They had five sons: Chuck, Scott, Walter (now dead), Hearold (now dead), and Ralph (the youngest), my father.

My grandfather was killed while working for a Pennsylvania railroad as a brakeman. He was crushed between two box cars in 1937, the year I was born. All family information seems to end at his death. Any information of or about him or his family, good and/or bad, would be deeply appreciated.—R. E. "Gene" Hutchison, 6242 Priscilla Drive, Huntington Beach, California 92647

Cady

I would like to correspond with descendants of this family, listed in the June 12, 1860 St. Paul, Minnesota census: George Cady, 46, born in England, blacksmith; Charles, 17, England; Ann, 15, England; George, 14, England; Daniel, 9, born in Illinois; Jane, 7, Illinois; Joseph, 6, born in Minnesota; Jammie, 4, Minnesota; Kate, 2, Minnesota; Roseanna, 9 months, Minnesota. Joseph was my grandfather.—Mrs. Charles Clemens, Route 3, Box 57, Stratford, Wisconsin 54484

Neff-Hunsaker

My maternal grandmother, Sarah Elizabeth Neff, was born in Arkansas in April 1864 to Marion Neff and M. J. Cresp (Crisp). Marion was a Confederate soldier in the Civil War and was presumed killed as he never returned. Sarah's mother died when Sarah was two. Her grandmother then took Sarah to raise but she died when Sarah was eight. I would like to know who raised Sarah Neff and how and when she arrived in Illinois. Did she have any brothers or sisters? She may have had an uncle in Montana in the 1880s.

Sarah married Perry Hunsaker in Brown County, Illinois on September 11, 1884. Witnesses were Laura J. Putman and Eva M. Putman. The minister was James Harper. Who were the Putman girls and whom did they marry? Perry Hunsaker and Sarah Neff had six children: Mary Myrtle (died at age three), William Elijah, Ralph, Elma, Louise Jane (Lula), and George. Two sisters named Bell or Belle used to visit Sarah after she married. They were from Missouri township, Brown County, Illinois, not too far from Pea Ridge township where Perry and Sarah lived and farmed. Whom did the Bell sisters marry and was it their parents who raised Sarah?

One of the sisters may have been named Nellie. Sarah may have worked for a Parker family before she married, or did the Parker family raise her? Did Marion Neff have any brothers or sisters? Where are the relatives of M. J. Cresp? All information will be greatly appreciated and I will answer all replies. —Verna Wunneburger, Box 134, Green River, Wyoming 82935

Staley-Woodward-Hatfield

Has anyone information on Jacob or Ornell Staley, the parents of my grandmother, Kate Ornell Staley Woodward, born September 13, 1879 and died February 25, 1955 at Jackson, Wyoming? Kate was married to John William Woodward, a blacksmith, at Elwood, Nebraska, March 27, 1893. Also, did anyone know John or Rebecca Sheppard Woodward, and who were John William's parents?

I also need information on Marshall John Hatfield, born at La Crosse, Wisconsin. He married Ella Liff, born July 4, 1862 at Albany, New York. I would like to know who his parents and grandparents were.—Mrs. Joan Hatfield, Box 1464, Jackson, Wyoming 83001

Byrom

I would like to get in touch with any Byroms around Tullahoma, Tennessee who have a history of the Byroms which includes the first wife of John Byrom, my grandfather. I want the name of his first wife. Their two children were George and Nancy Jane Byrom. Nancy Jane was born 1869. If anyone knows of the John Byroms of Tennessee who later moved to Missouri, please write.—Lloyd C. Crowell, 411 North Roosevelt, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Cheever Family

My great-grandfather was Russell Ward Cheever. My grandmother, Emma Rebecca Cheever, born March 3, 1887 in Missouri, married Collins Morris Shangle April 25, 1901 in Boise, Idaho. After she was married her parents went back East and she never heard from them again. She also had a brother, Ward. I would appreciate hearing from anyone with any information concerning these Cheevers or anyone related to them.—Milton M. Shangle, Box 98, Fernwood, Idaho 83830

Summerville Burns

I desire any information or contact with any descendants of Summerville Burns, my grandfather, who married Mary E. Jenkins in Warsaw, Missouri, October 20, 1867, and had sons William; Albert Trulner, born October 1, 1869; and Richard. He left this family and remarried and lived in Joplin, Missouri. He had another family: Henry, William, Anna and maybe more. Just found out Summerville was buried August 20, 1919 in Forrest Park Cemetery, Joplin, Missouri.—Mrs. Louis Orinovsky, Route 1, Box 403, Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437

Lawrence-Wyatt-Welch

My grandparents, George A. Lawrence and Nancy C. Graham Lawrence died about 1872-1875 with spotted fever. Their daughter Silna also died. They left three other children: John Franklin, George Henry and Amanda Frances. George Henry Lawrence was left blind from the fever and was later sent to a school for the blind in St. Louis, Missouri for eight years. He left there with a Mrs. Wyatt and her blind daughter and died a couple years later. Where did Mrs. Wyatt live?

Amanda Frances Lawrence Welch, my mother, was given to several families: Mrs. Wipple, Pleasant Gap, Missouri; her mother, Mrs. Powers; then a widow, Adongale Belles at Greenton; and the Joseph H. Lightners, a merchant and wife at Clay, Missouri from 1880 to about 1890. Then she went to live with a cousin, James Henry Welch, and his wife, Amanda Frances Welch. Mother married James' brother, Wiley Tobe Welch, September 10, 1894 at Garnett, Kansas. Does anyone know of Mrs. Wyatt or these other people?—Mrs. Georgia Welch Miller, 2025 North Birmingham Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74110

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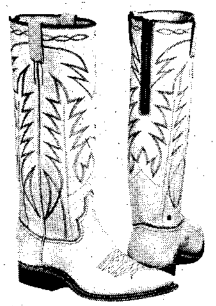

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Nuggets

(Continued from page 41)

Bryan the horse wrangler and a Mexican cook they called something that sounded like Coo Coo. The night guard was split into three shifts of three hours each with three men to the guard. The boss didn't stand any night guard but he always went out to the herd in case of trouble, which was quite often. Much to our discomfort, all of us were called out when things got too bad.

We didn't have a night horse wrangler. Hugh Bryan would look over the remuda before going to bed and the last guard would call him at three o'clock, along with the cook, so he could round up the horses and bring them in to camp for us to have a change. Hugh rode an old gotch-eared, frosty-faced night horse he called Brown Jug. In spite of his age the horse was clear footed with plenty of git-up-and-go. Coo Coo drove a four-horse team to the chuckwagon. When he made camp at night he always propped up the wagon tongue with the neckyoke to make a rack to hang his harness.

SHORTLY before suppertime one evening a heavy black cloud came up in the northwest. The closer it got the bigger and blacker it got, with streaks of lightning shooting through it. We didn't unload our beds from the wagon and we tied down the wagon sheet securely. The first guard was on the way out to relieve the bobtail watch when the storm hit. The wind was about as strong as it could get, short of a cyclone. It drove drops of rain that cut our faces and spattered against our slickers like gravel hitting rawhide. Then came rolls of heavy thunder with lightning flashing back and forth. John Trent got on his horse and ordered all of us to get out to the herd and stay until the storm was over.

The cattle didn't run. They just drifted along before that wind and rain in spite of everything we could do to hold them. In a short time it was all over. The thunder and lightning moved on to the southeast and that heavy black cloud came down on top of our heads. It was so dark that two men riding stirrup to stirrup couldn't see one another except during a distant lightning flash.

The dead calm and inky darkness, thick enough to cut, gave me a creepy feeling. It made a boy wonder what he would do in case that herd of 1,800 wild cattle should decide to go off on a wild run like they had done so many times already. There were ten of us, counting John Trent, scattered around the herd and knowing only where the cattle were standing when the last flash of lightning came. Now we didn't even have it to guide us. It had gone on with the wind and rain.

I found out that I was not the only one with a chilled backbone. Other fellers were talking to John also, trying to persuade him to turn the herd loose for the night. I certainly did my part. I didn't have any stomach to go ramming around in the dark trying to hold a bunch of cattle that we couldn't see. We were on the plains which took away some of the risk, but not all. There were prairie dog holes, spots where gophers had undermined the ground, and a few ant hills and mounds of bunch grass. Any of them might throw a horse if he hit one on the run.

Although he didn't like it a bit, John finally agreed with us. By relaying calls to each other we all got together in a group. About that time Hugh Bryan came riding up. The only way we could tell him was by his voice. We certainly couldn't see him.

"I got lost," he said. "My horses drifted along with the storm. After it was over and I got them settled down, I didn't know which one of my ends was up. I'd still be that way—if I hadn't heard you fellers hollering around at each other."

"You're still lost," John said in those short-cut words that he used when he wasn't happy. Then of us in general he inquired, "Which one of you birds knows the way to camp?"

Some said this and some said that, but none of us knew what we were talking about.

NOW, this was a horse of a different color. It looked like we had waded out of a pool into a puddle. The prospect of having to bed down all night on wet ground didn't seem very pleasant. None of us had thought about being lost unless it was John. The way he picked it up so quick, maybe he knew it all the time. John never laughed, but I'll bet he was grinning, showing those big white front teeth. Then after a few minutes—just like he had an ace up his sleeve—he said to Hugh, "Give old Brown Jug his head. He'll take us to camp."

Hugh started up, but his horse acted like he didn't want to leave ours. He just walked around and in among us.

"Ride out fifty or a hundred yards—and start from there," John ordered. "You can call back now and then to let us know which direction you're going."

"We're on our way," Hugh called back. After following the sound of his voice for about half a mile, we caught up with him.

"He's stopped—and won't go any farther," Hugh said.

"Make him go. Hit him. Spur him. Do anything—just so you make him move," John said with a ring of impatience in his voice.

I heard the lash of the quirt as it struck old Brown Jug. Then I heard a lot of other things. There was a thump and a thud and something thrashing around and the rattle of hames and buckles and Hugh Bryan saying words that wouldn't look good in print or sound nice in polite society. His voice sounded like it was coming out of the ground. I dug under my slicker into my vest pocket for a match and struck it. By its flare we could all see what happened. Old Brown Jug had done something that none of us could do—not even John Trent. He had brought us into camp and then got hit with a quirt as a reward.

The old horse had been standing with his head over the propped-up wagon ongue. When Hugh hit him he jumped gainst it and knocked it off the neck-oke prop. The horse tripped and fell ver the tongue which pitched Hugh to he ground. Brown Jug had kicked himelf loose from the harness and was tanding quietly like he wondered what ind of damn fools we were.

Everybody had been keyed up to a igh pitch, but now the tension was roken, and everybody laughed. Even ohn Trent had a grin on those solemn eatures. In fact, everyone appreciated he joke except our horse wrangler who was lying flat on his back trying to get up, with the wagon tongue across one eg and both spurs tangled in the harness.

Emilio Kosterlitzsky

(Continued from page 21)

ucky. According to one observer, twenty-wo of their number were taken across he Rio de San Miguel to Imuris where hey were executed without trial. By the ime a thousand army infantrymen arrived on the third day, an uneasy calm had fallen over the district and the remaining *Rurales* silently filed out of town and disappeared into the scrub and desert country from whence they had come.

COLONEL EMILIO KOSTERLITZSKY, the man who had forced an end to this strike which had broken out between May 31 and June 4, 1906, had a ong history of putting an end to disorder along the extensive strip of territory comprising the Mexico-Arizona border. The dry plateaus, mountain ridges, and deserts of the area hold the graves of many, perhaps hundreds, of smugglers, bandits, and rustlers who made the mistake of tangling with the uncompromising Kosterlitzsky and his hard riding men.

This warlord of the border country was born in Moscow on November 16, 1853. His father, a Russian nobleman, fought in the Czarist campaigns in Poland during the 1850s. His mother was Polish. At an early age Emilio was trained for the military and after graduation he joined his father on the western front when Alexander II was wiping out the remnants of Polish resistance to his expanding empire. In 1870 he put out to sea aboard a Russian man-of-war which sailed down the Atlantic coast of South America. A year later, while the ship was still in the western hemisphere waters, Kosterlitzsky became involved in a dispute aboardship and soon afterward deserted to make his way into the United States.

Entering this country, Kosterlitzsky joined the U.S. Army and served with the First Cavalry at Camp Apache, later known as Fort Apache, which lay in the strategic area between the lands of the Navajo and Apache tribes. It was during this time that the Coyotero Apaches were being brought under the control of the white man, and Kosterlitzsky saw action in a number of skirmishes in the Mogollon Mountains.

Later he was transferred to Fort Bliss, Texas. It was during his off-hours, while passing the time in the rough nearby

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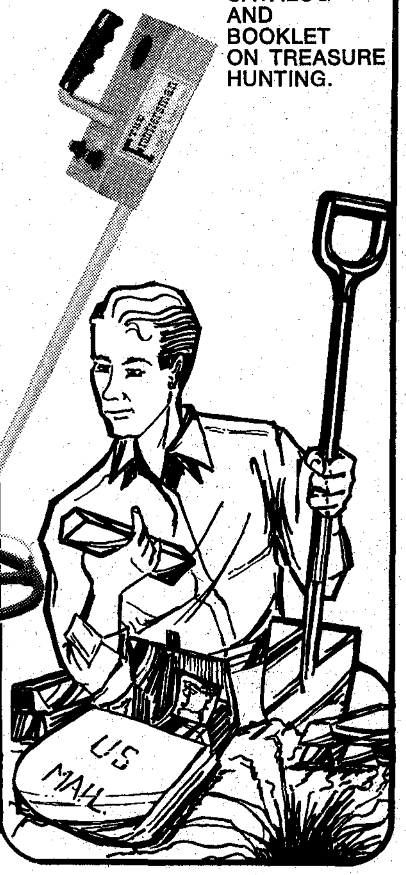

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border town of El Paso, that he met the adherents of Porfirio Diaz, a little-known Mexican army officer who was attempting to gain power in Mexico City. After being promised higher rank and increased pay, Kosterlitzsky abandoned the U.S. Army in the early part of 1873 and accompanied a group of *Porfiristas* across the border.

Presenting himself before leaders of the Mexican Army, he was given an officer's commission on May 1, 1873 and immediately sent south. Although he had not yet reached his twentieth birthday, the young Russian adventurer must have impressed his superiors. Not only did he possess a natural quality of leadership, but he could speak five languages, including Russian, Polish, English, Spanish, and French. He also had a keen knowledge of military strategy.

In the next few years Kosterlitzsky became widely known for his commanding appearance. He was six feet tall with excellent posture, and his uniforms were always immaculate. He had straight dark hair (it later turned steel grey) and penetrating black eyes which made men obey him almost instinctively.

During the mid-1870s Mexico was in turmoil. The star of Porfirio Diaz was on the rise and Emilio Kosterlitzsky became one of his most able followers. When Diaz was trying to impose his order on the countryside, the superb European tactician proved to be one of the potential dictator's greatest assets.

At the battle of Tecoac in October 1876, Kosterlitzsky, then a captain, went into battle riding on a mule. The outcome of the struggle was in doubt and a major retreat was ordered. But the sound of the bugle stampeded his mount and the confused animal immediately headed in the wrong direction. When his demoralized troops saw Kosterlitzsky charging across the field toward the enemy position, they were so astonished that they quickly regrouped and trained their guns once again on the opposing forces. Ultimately the battle was won and a month later Diaz entered Mexico City in triumph. He was to remain there for the next thirty-four years.

Kosterlitzsky was soon promoted to major. Although his personality became stern, he was known for his cultured air, and he mixed well with the foreign statesmen and military attaches who flooded into Mexico when Diaz became president. Diaz admired Europeans, which is probably why he tolerated Kosterlitzsky's growing popularity. Other officers who threatened his rule were bought off, exiled, or demoted. In turn, Kosterlitzsky understood Diaz's position and remained loyal to the dictator throughout his career.

ON April 21, 1886 the Mexican strongman placed Kosterlitzsky in command of the *Guardia Rurales*, the rural guard or mounted state police of Sonora. The *Rurales*, at this time, were a ragged bunch of renegades, adventurers, ex-bandits, and undisciplined gunmen who were kept on the government payroll to see that some semblance of law and order was maintained in the provinces. Numbering about 9,000 throughout Mexico, there were almost 500 i Kosterlitzsky's command which covere the northern half of the state. It wa their job to round up *gringo* outlaw who might venture over the border t escape American justice, to control Indian troubles, keep an eye out for illega smuggling, and to maintain peace in th rowdy cattle and mining communitie which lay along the U.S.-Mexico line.

In temperament and training, Kosterlitzsky fitted into the fledgling organization well. He would take nothing off th reckless and oft-times dangerous me he commanded. In his first few month of service many of his own men trie to test his courage in face-to-face encounters. Kosterlitzsky, however, pounded his group into line and within a shor time the *Rurales* had become a disciplined fighting force, a small army o relentless men who often assumed th role of judge, jury, and executioner fo the cases they handled. They operate under the *Ley Fuga* or so-called "la of escape," a custom which allowe them to shoot their prisoners, explaining afterward that the prisoners were killed while attempting to flee. Outfitted in broad felt *sombreros* and grey uniforms the *Rurales* were molded into a highly mobile group who were paid well to crush banditry and political opposition.

One of the saddest chapters in Mexico's history under Diaz came with the wholesale extermination and enforced migration of thousands of Yaqui Indians from their ancestral homes in Sonora to the slave plantations of Yucatan. Ever since independence from Spain, powerful landholders and political bosses of northern Mexico had attempted to take over the Yaqui holdings. But the Yaquis, like the Apaches north of the border, had never been conquered. Finally, goaded into war, the tribe revolted under their chief, Cajeme, and headed for the Sierra Madre.

Cajeme was caught and executed, but the war went on under Chief Tebinate. Kosterlitzsky, with most of his forces, joined the federal army in the campaign. For years hit-and-run battles continued and the government was obliged to keep 6,000 men in southern Sonora to cope with the raids. In the meantime another policy was devised to get rid of the Indians. They were to be deported to the humid tropical plantations of the extreme south. Between 1894 and 1910 it is estimated that 500 Yaquis a month were led along the exile road across Mexico to toil and die on the hot *henequén* farms of Yucatan. The *Rurales* of Sonora, under Kosterlitzsky, rounded up thousands of men, women, and children of the tribe and while the *Federales* drove them from the mountains, the *Rurales* guarded them on the long trip south. Their fertile farms were thereafter confiscated by wealthy landholders from Mexico City.

But the *Rurales* could be as brutal with white offenders as they were with peaceful Indians. The term "*Rurale* justice" was no laughing matter. An example of it was witnessed near the town of Fronteras on the Nacozari River around the turn of the century. A payroll shipment of $76,000 had been robbed and several Americans killed by unknown bandits. Hearing of this crime, Kosterlitzsky (who was living at Magdalena) sent his chief aide-de-camp, Jacob Mendez, to the area with the power of life or death over anyone he suspected of the crime. Within a day of his arrival to the scene, Mendez had uncovered thirteen men, including a prominent American rancher and the mayor of Fronteras, who were implicated in the incident. After listening to their stories, Mendez pronounced them guilty. The next morning the *Rurales* led their prisoners to the outskirts of town and gave them picks and shovels. The condemned men were told to dig their own graves. This task took up most of the day. Just as the sun set, all thirteen were shot by full volleys from the guns of the *Rurale* firing squad. After covering the graves, Mendez and his group rode to the southwest to report to their commander that "everything had been taken care of quickly."

In a less tragic event, a local policeman at Nogales arrested the American lawman Jeff Milton who was at that time driving stage between Nogales on the border and Guaymas on the Gulf of California. Milton had gotten into a fight with a cafe owner and when the officer arrived Milton took the hapless Mexican official's gun away from him. It wasn't until more deputies surrounded him that Milton could be subdued. Frank King, then special deputy collector of customs at Nogales and later a famous western journalist, heard about his friend's plight and knew that he would have to act quickly. King got in touch with the local *Rurale Commandant* who contacted Colonel Kosterlitzsky. The colonel was a good friend of both King and Milton and he immediately caught a train north. Although his quick appearance in court saved the indignant American from the possibility of a firing squad or imprisonment, Kosterlitzsky agreed he could do nothing about a fine.

"But don't think of paying over $50," the *Rurale* chief whispered. When sentence was pronounced, the judge leveled a fine of $300. Kosterlitzsky suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Three hundred hell!" he shouted. Taken aback by this protest, the judge then turned to the defendant and asked him how much he thought the fine should be.

"Fifty dollars," Milton replied with a straight face. The judge agreed and the case was over. After this incident, Kosterlitzsky made it a habit to issue police commissions to American law officers so that they would not get into similar trouble south of the border.

EMILIO KOSTERLITZSKY remained on good terms with other American peace officers as well. Perhaps his closest American associate was John Slaughter, rancher and former sheriff of Cochise County, Arizona. After Slaughter retired, Kosterlitzsky continued to work with him on various cases involving Mexican and American out-

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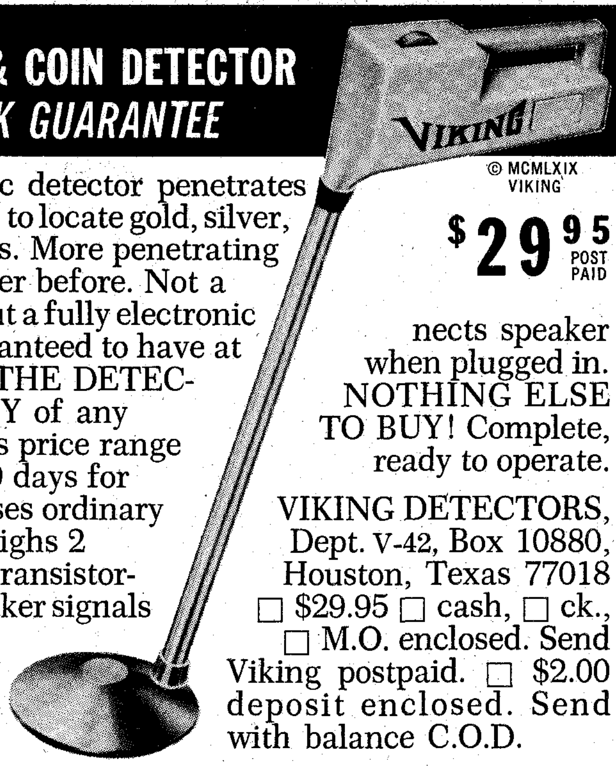

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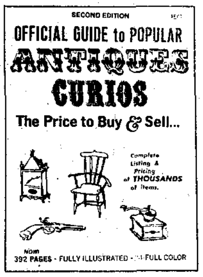
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laws. Slaughter admired Kosterlitzsky's tough determination in tracking down criminals and the *Rurale* leader was glad that Slaughter agreed with him in his views about carrying out instant justice according to an improvised law of the frontier. Throughout his dealings with Americans, the colonel never understood why most American lawmen took the trouble of transporting their prisoners hundreds of miles to trial when, in his view, a quick shot and a lonely desert grave did just as well.

In 1897, the train robber Tom ("Black Jack") Ketchum and his gang were being hunted all over Arizona. Since dangerous men like Ketchum did not often respect national boundaries, Slaughter invited Kosterlitzsky north to his sprawling 73,000-acre San Bernardino ranch for a conference. The impatient Kosterlitzsky, always itching for action, had equipped twenty of his best men with mules and supplies to last for days. Together with Jeff Milton and George Scarborough (who a year earlier had killed John Selman, the assassin of John Wesley Hardin in El Paso), he helped plan a sweeping campaign to run down the Ketchum gang near Chuhuichupa.

The posse rode south, Kosterlitzsky in the lead with a long Cossack sword dangling from his belt. The *Rurales* were armed with new German Mausers while the Americans sported their customary Winchester carbines. The trip lasted for over a week and covered some of the roughest country in the Southwest. Although the Ketchum gang was not captured, its members were run out of that part of the country and not seen again thereabouts. In addition, the expedition helped lay the groundwork for future cooperation between Mexican and American officials. In February 1900, for instance, when the outlaws Burt Alvord and Billy Stiles broke jail at Tombstone and headed for Sonora, Kosterlitzsky sent out his men after them. The *Rurales* trailed them to Minas Prietas in the southern sector of the state where both fugitives were working in the mines. Alvord was captured, taken back to the international border, and turned over to U.S. deputy marshals.

By the turn of the century banditry in Sonora had almost disappeared. Only one thorn remained in Kosterlitzsky's side. This thorn was Augustin Chacon, an ex-army veteran who had turned bandit in 1895 and continued to lead a reign of terror on both sides of the border. In Arizona he killed a deputy marshal and a store owner. Temporarily captured, he escaped. Burton Mossman, the first captain of the new Arizona Rangers, was on Chacon's bloody trail but because the outlaw was a Mexican national, Mossman was limited in his search.

Kosterlitzsky and Mossman had an agreement that either Rangers or *Rurales* could cross the border to run down their own countrymen but there was no agreement concerning Americans chasing Mexicans. Therefore Kosterlitzsky was brought into the affair. For over a year the determined officer and his men chased Chacon and his cutthroats. Numerous expeditions combed the Sierra Madre for his trail. Finally, Kosterlitzsky allowed Captain Mossman to come across the border and make a deal with Burt Alvord (who had ridden with Chacon) to tell where Chacon was hiding. At last the desperado was caught along the eastern slope of the San Jose Mountains near Naco, taken across the U.S. border, and hanged in November 1902.

WITH the new century, conditions in Mexico began to change. Although disorganized violence had almost been crushed by the force of the *Rurales*, a new form of social unrest began to appear in the country. Political opposition to the old dictator was slowly emerging, and just as they had done with Yaquis and bandits, the *Rurales* moved to halt this latest challenge.

After Kosterlitzsky's men stopped the Cananea strike they became ever more alert for anti-government actions. Opponents of Porfirio Diaz were jailed, deported, or executed. Mexican and American detectives, in the pay of Diaz, sought out his enemies everywhere, even across the border in the United States. Kosterlitzsky became involved in one of these cases when the Mexican consul in Douglas, Arizona, recognized Manuel Sarabia, a noted Liberal Party member who opposed Diaz, walking down the street on June 30, 1907.

That evening, Sam Hayhurst of the Arizona Rangers without explanation arrested Sarabia at the point of a gun and led him to the city jail. At eleven o'clock that night Sarabia was ushered into a waiting automobile, carried south to the international boundary near Agua Prieta, and held there until a group of *Rurales*, commanded by Colonel Kosterlitzsky himself, arrived to take Sarabia into custody. The frightened man was tied to the back of a mule and Kosterlitzsky carefully guarded him until they reached Hermosillo where he was placed in solitary confinement in the prison there.

This story of political intrigue and kidnapping soon spread and exploded into a scandal. The local editor of the Douglas *Daily Examiner* called the incident a "flagrant violation of international and U.S. domestic law." The newspaper named Hayhurst, the Mexican consul, and Kosterlitzsky as the culprits. Finally Sarabia, unharmed, was returned to the United States. The incident did not end, however, for a week later two U.S. deputy marshals arrived in Douglas and arrested Ranger Hayhurst, the consul, and three other men said to be the instigators of the plot. A hearing was held and Kosterlitzsky, with dozens of his gun-carrying bodyguards around him, came over the border to testify. He remained tight-lipped throughout the questioning and not long afterward the case was discreetly dropped.

But the dark clouds of revolution were rising ever higher on the horizon. Small bands of guerrillas began to operate in the Sierra Madre. Kosterlitzsky's men harassed many of these groups, but failed to end their activities. For a time Kosterlitzsky led a campaign against a will-o-the-wisp revolutionar named Doroteo Arango, better known a Francisco ("Pancho") Villa. Later, Kosterlitzsky told Harry Carr, a borde country cattleman, that he had chase Villa until his horse dropped, and afte shooting all his cartridges and throwin his pistol at Villa he still couldn't mak the notorious revolutionary fight.

Frank King, in an article from th *Western Livestock Journal* of March 28 1929, said of this occurrence, " I know Villa personally and have seen him i action, and want to say right here tha he sho'nough would fight. I also knew Col. Kosterlitzsky . . . and knew he too, would fight, but he was a blatan old rascal and used to exaggerate some of his exploits considerably. Just suppose for argument's sake that Villa was as yaller as the inside of a hen's egg, don't you know he would have gotten in action the minute old 'Kosty' threw his gun away? And anyway, that old boy didn't throw any gun at Pancho like that."

The forces of the revolution continued to close in everywhere. Porfirio Diaz had fled and the *Rurales* transferred their loyalties to General Victoriano Huerta, an officer who overthrew President Madero (successor to Diaz) in February 1913. As usual, Kosterlitzsky continued to support the strongest man in power.

In the north, however, the revolutionary army was strong and it soon surrounded Kosterlitzsky's forces in central Sonora. Deciding to make his stand at Nogales, he took with him Colonel Reyes, another *Rurale* chieftain, and 600 men. Breaking out of the enemy encirclement, Kosterlitzsky led his army into the sprawling border town and joined a federal army garrison there. From the southeast, the insurgent army of General Rafael Alvarado promptly closed another ring around Nogales and lay seige to the area. In the hand-to-hand engagement which followed, Colonel Reyes was killed. But the battle was long and difficult. As Calzado, Villa's "chief of railroads," stated to a news correspondent at that time, "The *Rurales* are brave. They are *Muy hombres. Rurales* are the best fighters Diaz ever had. They never desert . . . they always remain loyal to the established government."

But the Federal forces were defeated and Kosterlitzsky had to make a decision. Instead of surrendering he marched his troops, on March 13, 1913, across the international boundary line which cuts Nogales in half and asked for asylum. The age of dictators and fast guns south of the border at that moment ended for a man who had been greatly involved with both.

Stacking his guns for the last time, the old fighter was placed in a detention camp. Later he moved to San Diego, California, and in his old age became attached to the United States Department of Justice where his fluency in language, and long experience in tracking down criminals, proved an asset to that organization. He continued to serve with the Justice Department until his death at age seventy-four, in 1928.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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GOOD KANSAS HISTORY

Great Plains history has been enriched with true stories of Kansas by historian Mary Einsel. Her new book, *Stagecoach West to Kansas* (Pruett Publishing Co., $4.95 cloth or $2.50 paperback), presents a condensed history from the period when Coronado and his conquistadores came seeking the Golden Cities of Cibola to the present. Coverage includes Indian natives and their wars plus the pioneer legacy, homesteader take-over and industrialization. There is considerable for those interested in Kansas as the jumping off place for Santa Fe and Oregon Trails and other western ventures. Trail driving and trail towns come in for a good share of the space to which they are entitled in Kansas history. An original feature is a generous amount of detail about pioneers and the tug-of-war between grangers and cattlemen, plus related problems of barbed wire, Texas fever and marketing.

MONTANA MAULER

As a bare-knuckle boxing tout, Con Orem of the old Montana Territory gold fields was one of the toughest bruisers that ever pounded sawdust in the square circle. Outside of the ring he was a respected citizen, a gentleman and a progressive business man. While miners, outlaws and lawmen of the Virginia City, Montana gold strike are well known, the facts about Con Orem as a battler come as a welcome addition to the fund of western knowledge. Battling husky and often much larger opponents, Orem's fights often went over 100 rounds, one lasting three hours and five minutes for 185 rounds. While extremely well-known at the time of his ring career, the facts about Orem's astounding record have remained buried since then until recently unearthed from the morgue of Virginia City's *Montana Post.* This new facet on the Montana frontier is called *The Frightful Punishment* University of Montana Press, $5.95) and should excite the interest of those concerned with the history of American athletics, particularly boxing.

SOUTHWEST SCIENTIST

Memoir of a Tour to Northern Mexico, Connected with Col. Doniphan's Expedition in 1847 and 1848 (Calvin Horn, $6.50) by A. Wislizenus, M. D. with a foreword by Jack D. Rittenhouse is "an early account of travel over the old Santa Fe Trail." Wislizenus, a restive man, born in Germany in 1810, educated as a doctor and botanist in Germany and Switzerland, moved to Paris and then to New York. By 1836, he had settled in southern Illinois, near St. Louis, as a country doctor. His first book resulted from a trip to Ft. Hall in 1839 which was first published in German and translated into English in 1912 as *A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in 1839.* In 1846 Wislizenus set out for Mexico, arriving in Chihuahua in time for the insurrection, and early in 1847 he joined Col. Doniphan as medical officer. It was his efforts to obtain pay for his army services which caused Wislizenus to write *Memoir* which was printed by Congress. This book is especially important as an early document of the botany, geology and geography of the Southwest and the Santa Fe Trail.

AZTECS IN TEXAS?

Latest Aztec Discoveries (Naylor, $4.95) has been republished in an enlarged and revised edition by Guy E. Powell, formerly a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Navy. Part Cherokee and part Aztec, Powell pursued his inherent Indian archeological interests when he retired from the Navy. His researches took him back to his homeland in Trinity County, South Texas. There he and his brothers discovered what he believed was the foundation of an Aztec temple with its sacrificial stone, sacrificial well and sacred dwellings of the ruling god. Powell became skilled in reading the unique and puzzling pictographs found in caves in the white rock hills. While he and associates did not complete their researches, they made fundamental discoveries which should provoke further scientific studies at the cultural sites of these ancient Indian ancestors.

OUTNUMBERED!

Leonard Pitt's prize winning book, a social history of the Spanish-speaking Californians, 1848-1890, entitled *The Decline of the Californios* (University of California Press, $2.65), is now available in its third printing. This is a lively anecdotal account of the misfortunes of 10,000 Californios—overwhelmed by an aggressive Anglo-American invasion after

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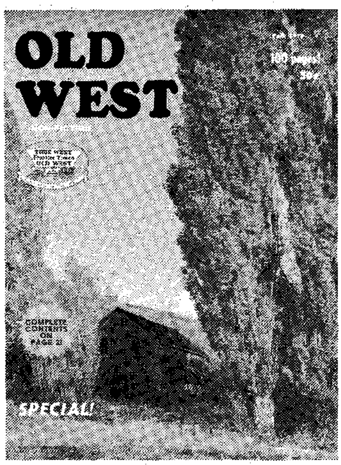

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statehood in 1849. The author boldly breaks new ground and probes some tender spots in relating the circumstances which caused the Californios to become outnumbered, and to lose their land as well as political and cultural dominance. Californio life revolved largely around a farming and ranching economy and the slick take-over of this wealth by inventive gringos adds an interesting contribution to the history of the American cattle trade. Dispossessed ranchers and other Spanish-speaking Californians, forced out of the gold fields by Anglo bullies, staffed the mobs of bandidos whose exploits added a colorful chapter to the California story. Highly recommended.

TERRITORIAL TROUBLES

Arizona Territory, 1863-1912 (University of Arizona Press, $12.00) by Jay J. Wagoner is a robust, well illustrated book about the early political history of the potential state. The scope of the work involves the activities of patriots dedicated to achieving statehood for their territory. First step was gaining territorial status in 1863 after 13 years of union with New Mexico. The road to statehood was a grinding uphill drag beset with constant blocks and detours before the goal was reached in 1912. One disappointment to Arizona citizens was the U. S. Government's appointment of General John Charles Thomas as Territorial Governor. Local leaders rated him as a part-time governor and carpetbagger par excellence. They said he did less for Arizona than any other governor, partly because he left the state much of the time attempting to recoup his lost fortunes in California and elsewhere. Lack of law and order also presented some crucial problems to citizens and lawmen in the territory. First was the Apache Indian Wars of the 1870s when troops under General Crook of the U. S. Army sent fierce tribesmen back to their reservation. Geronimo's later uprising in the 1880s was finally quelled when soldiers under General Miles captured the renegades and banished them to Florida. By 1900 cattle thieves and outlaws became so troublesome the legislature established the Arizona Rangers under Burt Mossman, foreman of the Hashknife cattle empire. His brilliant courage and daring inspired bold action from the little group of recruits composed of one captain, one sergeant and twelve privates. Arizona Rangers under Mossman and later under Tom Rynning rid the territory of most of the hardcases.

DESERT WATER

The Mojave River and its Valley (Clark, $8.75) by Erma Peirson is an exciting regional history made to order for those interested in deserts. The river served as a life-line to thirsty travelers from ancient times to the present. It was a pathway for Spanish explorers, armies, mountain men, pioneers, slave traders, horse thieves, cattle drives, miners, farmers, freighters, railroads and highways. Beginning in cold springs westward in the San Bernardino Mountains, the Mojave River follows a winding course through desert gorges, valle and plains until it ends in the alkali Mojave Sinks, the bottom of a large bas which held a huge lake during the I Age. Along much of its length the strea flows underground through long strai ers of sand, gravel and assorted ro debris. Irrigation farming is practic in the valley from Victorville to Hele dale, Hodge, Barstow and on to Dagge The author, a local newspaper editor a enduring member of the Mojave co munity, provides an interesting and co vincing story of the desert locale, i history, exploration, pioneers, mini booms, settlement and development.

CALIFORNIA DESERT

Exploring California Byways, III De ert Country (Ward Ritchie Press, $1.9 by Russ Leadabrand is the latest of t "Byways Series" covering desert histor areas, ghost towns, and scenic attra tions. Leadabrand is also author of Wa Ritchie's *Guidebook* series, of which fi have been published. *Desert Country* a handy field-book for urbanites or buf interested in learning about Californi or just getting away from it all. The boo is brimming with handy instruction maps, photos and details to make th mysteries and beauties of the desert mo understandable. The topographic variet of the California desert country create diversity which invites exploration c various areas at any time of the year.

All the News That's Fit to Laugh At

(Continued from page 37)

wheat field in September. His manne was a mixture of depressed mentalit and alcoholic expectancy."

ROBERT THORNTON LOWERY wa born in 1859 in Halton County, On tario. His younger years were spent i Petrolia and here he first ventured int newspapering. About 1886 with hi brother, Bill, he started the Petroli *Topic*. After they sold it a few year later, Lowery spent his time in "youthfu meandering," finally reaching the Koote nay region of B. C. where he more o less settled.

On May 12, 1893 the first edition o his first B. C. newspaper came off th press at Kaslo. It was the Kaslo *Clain* and he wrote in the first edition: "Th printing factory is on Printing Hous Square, close to the seething waters o Kaslo Creek. If the mules do not kic the office down before fall we will wea diamonds and gaze at the World's Fai before Christmas. This oration does no cost anything, but the *Claim* is still $3 a year and no chromos thrown in."

Kaslo looked to be prospering tha spring and for his paper Lowery employed a poet whom he found "nearl dead, and trying to live on the sweat o a cook-house window." However, th poet did not last long as "he got paralyzed on the natal day of Queen Victoria." The paper didn't last much longer for that summer the bottom dropped ou of the banks in Spokane, then the finanial center for the Kootenays. The Kaslo *'laim* went out of print on August 25, 893 with the "tombstone edition." On he front page in heavy black ink was rawn a tombstone which bore the incription: "Keep off the Grass. Sacred o the memory of the Kaslo *Claim.* Born May 12, 1893. Died August 25, 1893. Aged 16 weeks. Let Her R.I.P."

In this edition Lowery also poked fun t his delinquent advertisers. Those who adn't paid, found their advertisement rinted upside down; those who had paid art found it printed sideways; and hose who had paid in full had it printed he right way up.

Lowery wasn't out of circulation for ong after the Kaslo bust. He moved his rinting press some sixty miles to Nakusp, borrowed $900 off Dan McGillivrey nd started the Nakusp *Ledge*. The first dition rolled off the press on October 5, 893 with some of the copies printed on vhite silk. The Special Collections Library at the University of British Columbia has a copy of the silk edition and it is still as wedding-dress white as the day t was printed.

In Lowery's days a ledge was a vein of ore-bearing rock, and Lowery struck a paystreak with his *Ledge*. He ran it in the Kootenays for twenty-six years giving it five different homes. In December 1894 he moved it from Nakusp to New Denver because of a "financial frost"; in August 1904 to Nelson; in October 1904 to Fernit; and in May 1906 to Greenwood. He finally sold it in 1920. By then it was the oldest mining paper in B. C. and had earned the reputation of being the "Miner's Bible."

Colonel Lowery's editorial policies were broad, and he usually took the side of the underdog. When he began the *Ledge* in New Denver he wrote that he would not try to reform the labor question nor change the laws of the universe. He would be willing to trade advertising space for townsites; would give every man who died with his boots on a free obituary notice; would not damn any institution unless it became necessary; and would publish his paper so long as there was a dollar in it.

The Colonel, however, took strong stands on many issues. For example, when law and order were lacking in the Slocan, and the government was not putting up the funds for needed roads and horsetrails, Lowery wrote: "The fish canners and other fossils of the coast region are not fit to govern a lively and progressive district like Kootenay. . . . We want a capital near home—at New Denver, for instance."

His editorials indicate that he loved to jump into a fight with his pen and slash about with boldness, honesty, and humor. With the Colonel there was no toadying, soft pedalling or wishy-washing. It all came clean and hard. He would tirade the C.P.R. for not putting a stove in the train depot at New Denver or for not giving him an editor's pass on the trains instead of a "tie-pass" for walking the tracks. He would expose mining stock swindlers, chastise those guilty of cheating the printer, and praise the lowly pack mule when the iron horse

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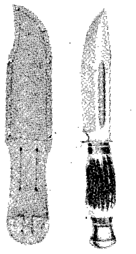
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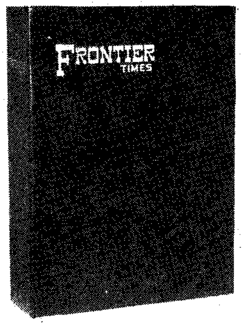
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SEE PAGE 59

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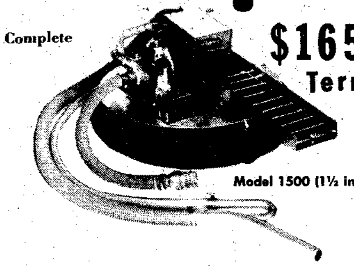

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came to the mining camps.

THE COLONEL delighted in human follies. In 1897 he wrote in the New Denver *Ledge:* "Four parsons have recently deserted their pulpits in Kootenay to make filthy lucre out of mining. The power of gold is indeed great when God's brokers will quit fishing for souls to bait their hooks for the stock sucker. The fact just mentioned proves how mercenary and insincere some of the western skypilots are."

He once wrote an editorial blasting a storekeeper near Kaslo for not giving a fish hook to a starving prospector. "The storekeeper will yet be rich," he noted, "and when he dies he will probably consider that a just God will give him a front seat in the heavenly tabernacle."

Another editorial drew attention to the miners' poor working conditions: "The miner is the backbone of every mining camp. It is upon the money that he earns that we, who live in the towns hard by, get our daily bread and other luxuries. It is for him principally that the saloons are fitted up in gorgeous style. It is for him that the storekeeper is waiting so that he may pay his bills. It is through his hard work that many men of capital are enabled to ride in carriages and dine with dukes in Europe. He gets $3.50 a day in the Slocan and for this amount he pounds a drill and lacerates rocks in the darkness of the tunnel or shaft. He occasionally is assisted up the golden life stairs by a premature blast, and sometimes gets introduced to St. Peter by the aid of a snowslide. Being of so much value to the community, his life should be freed from danger as much as possible. One way to do this is to have all buildings at the mines built in such a manner as to obviate the danger from slides, and render it unnecessary for men to flee for their lives, as has been done during the past week.

"Miners may be plentiful and some capitalists may think that their lives cut but a small figure, but we think different. We want every one of them to have a chance to die in bed, and we urge upon all owners the necessity of seeing that their employees are protected from the danger of slides in every possible way. Take our advice, boys, or when the slides come again some of you may have to push clouds instead of holding the end of a drill."

The Colonel was a good man in a good era and he left his mark. As to his personal life, that still belongs rightly to the Colonel although he did write something about it in *Lowery's Claim* in 1902: "We have never committed matrimony. Not because we are averse to the touch of a feminine hand, or the delicious caresses that comes from a woman who loves you, but simply owing to the fact that we have never had time nor opportunity to size up the situation according to our ideas. Marriage would upset the equilibrium of our placid career. It would revolutionize our entire life. We would have to buy lace curtains, enlarge our bed, and sleep in a room decorated with dresses, corsets, petticoats, and other lingerie of the gentler sex. Then we would have to get in early every nig without carrying a jag of green onio and milkshakes. It would never do stumble into our boudoir at 3 a.m. a have our divine partner say in a lo sweet and reproachful voice: 'Colon you are slightly jagged!' Such a rema would cause trouble and, consequentl for a while longer we will continue eat onions at night and sleep where soprano can break the even tenor of o ways."

HERE AND THERE are thumbna sketches of the Colonel. In an o record book in the hospital in Ne Denver there is written: "Discharg R. T. Lowery, New Denver. Admitt April 12, 1899. Same Old Thing."

Then there is this story. One day prominent lady in Greenwood walke into the *Ledge* office and asked the Col nel for the free advertisement of church bazaar because the funds "wer for the church." Replied the Colonel "Can't do it, can't do it. Our rate i fifty cents an inch straight—to saint or devils, and no discount."

Although Colonel Lowery travelle much and set up his printing press i many places, he had a soft spot for th Slocan country and New Denver whic he dubbed "the Lucerne of America. Later he wrote: "For ten years I ra 'the leading excitement' in New Denve and then moved on to prospect in othe fields. It was a mistake, probably, bu each man's life assays high in mistakes.

All of the Colonel's newspapers wer weeklies. He also published a smal monthly journal called *Lowery's Clai* which was devoted to "Truth and Humor and was a "Sham Crusher" that woul "fight all frauds to a red finale." It ra irregularly from 1901 to 1906 in Ne Denver, Vancouver, and Nelson. In addition, Lowery published a book calle *The Float* in 1904. It contained a collec tion of his own writings and short storie from other writers. Of this long association with the *Ledge* he wrote: "It is long time to run a paper in the solid wes without freezing your pedal extremities or being more or less gently assisted ove the great divide by the indignant multitude. However, we are still breathin the ozone of this mundane sphere although John Houston and a few more o the old-timers have gone ahead to loo up a location for us in the camp wher the angels play football with the clouds.'

Things were not always easy for the free-thinking Colonel and sometimes he stirred bitter controversy. For example W. T. Moir in his historical book *Saints and Sinners* wrote: "I bought the whole edition *(Lowery Claim)* and burned it in the stove. . . . He died as he lived. The strange thing about him was that he always employed printers of good character, and his old mother in the East was a Christian woman." Moir obviously did not consider Lowery a saint.

Lowery's Claim was twice suspended from being sent through the mails because it contained articles "offending against decency and good morals." False practices by the churches were often the butt of the Colonel's criticism.

Colonel Lowery died in the hospital in and Forks on May 20, 1921, after ng a patient there for over a year. was sixty-two. He was buried by the lson branch of the Kootenay Pioneers sociation in Nelson, a host of old- ıers from across the Kootenays gather- for his funeral. Today not many are ing, but those who are know that just Robert Service captured the romance the Yukon, Robert Lowery captured romance of the Kootenays.

We Won Another One

(Continued from page 3)

d "Far West: The Indians"— for Out- anding Service in Telling Other Nations bout the West; Jean Jacques Lagrange, riter-director; photographer, Andre azut; narrator, Bill Glass Jr.,; producer elevision Swisse Romande (Swiss Na- onal Television Network).

Inductees into Hall of Great Western ctors—Walter Brennan and the late obert Taylor—1970; Joel McCrea— 69; Amanda Blake—1968.

OEL McCREA, a trustee of the Cowboy Hall of Fame made the awards. Other lebrities attending were Milburn Stone ıd Amanda Blake (Doc and Kitty of Gunsmoke"), Walter Brennan, Denver yle, Roy Jenson, Fred Renner, David ortort, Olaf Wieghorst, Elmer Bern- ein, Raymond Carlson, Joseph Santley, ndre Gazut, Ursula Theiss (Mrs. Rob- t Taylor) and son Terry, Francis Dee Mrs. Joel McCrea), Joe Grandee, Tom yan, Melvin Warren, Casey Tibbs—so any, in fact, there was just no way of eeting them all and I'm sure the list bove is very incomplete. Glen Camp- ell, who had to be out of the country, ad picked up his "Wrangler" on April

My son Robert, his wife Kathie, Pat Vagner and Mary Sanders went up to eceive the FRONTIER TIMES trophy. hey haven't been worth a dried cowchip nce. It's mighty hard to have a ball for ree or four days and then have to come ack home, hang up your finery, and o to work.

That about gets it, I guess, other than can't possibly resist pointing out that tories in FRONTIER TIMES won the nly two national awards which we ave ever won, and I have been in the ublishing business thirty-four years. et, FRONTIER TIMES doesn't sell on he newsstands as well as TRUE WEST. t's like I said once before—you take tall bottle of strawberry soda water nd halve it in two small bottles. Label he two small bottles with different rands and you'll have people swearing hat one brand is better than the other!

Our national distributor told me once hat a company in New York publishes wo men's magazines. Stories are pulled rom the same files and the two are, in ffect, the same magazine. However, one itle consistently outsells the other by bout 10%! Anyone want to try and igure that one out?

Well, that ought to be about enough or this time. —Joe Hosstail.

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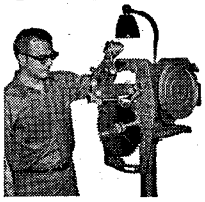

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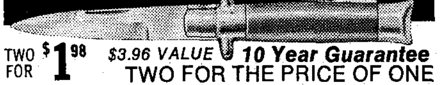

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Sixty Years Ago on the Kootenai

(Continued from page 25)

dragging the heavy sled. Then they prepared for their descent, Lena sitting in the rear in a doubled-up fashion. The first girl stuck her feet out in front, extending beyond the sled. Of course they flew down the steep hill but on coming to the sharp turn, went straight ahead. Lena vaulted into the air, turned a complete somersault, and landed in a snowdrift unhurt. Her companion, having gotten her feet caught under the sled, was less fortunate. The girls decided to look around for less dangerous recreation.

THE Kootenai froze quite solid in the area near Jennings so in zero weather skating was a good pastime on moonlit starry nights. Frank Brown, a bachelor of sorts who ran the general store, was a good skater, and seemed to enjoy Lena's company. Another "eligible" in the neighborhood was Charlie Ordish. He had a pair of Dalmatian hounds and had made quite a reputation for himself locally as a mountain lion hunter. One day the hounds treed a mother lion and her kitten. He shot the old lion but took the kitten alive and tethered it in Jim O'Brien's saloon. Naturally everyone tramped through to see what looked like an overgrown gray cat. When anyone came too near it laid back its ears and raised its stout forepaws in defense. Ordish later shipped the kitten to a zoo.

Across the Kootenai from Jennings lived a typical Frenchman, Gene. His two prized possessions were a canoe and a camera which used heavy black plates. Gene took many pictures and developed them in Mrs. Good's bathroom. Gene took the pictures shown on these pages and is in some of them. Traveling salesmen, who stopped between trains to take orders from Mrs. Good, Mr. O'Brien and the local storekeeper, often helped Gene with his photography and occasionally the Frenchman would pose rather than "snap."

The station master's wife had a six-months-old baby, and day after day spent inside the house sometimes made her restless and bored. One day she got permission from her husband to use the speeder, and invited Lena Stahl to go with her for a ride. Lena was to do the pumping because someone had to hold the infant. The schedule of all the trains passing through had been checked and there was plenty of time to wait on the siding for the passenger train and still get back home early.

The Kootenai was running bank full and a few days later washed the track out, but this day the ladies clipped along nicely, enjoying the scenery. At the appointed time they lifted the speeder off and waited for the train, then replaced it and started on their return trip. As they left the mouth of a big cut where the track took a sharp turn, their vision was cut off temporarily. All of a sudden the station master's wife yelled, "My God, jump!" Over her shoulder Lena saw an engine bearing down upon them. Lena knew if she jumped to the right or tried to get the speeder off the track they would go into the Kootenai. There was nothing to do but jump off into the snow. The speeder was hit by the through freight less than 100 feet from where the ladies took to the air. This train had not been reported.

The engineer stopped as soon as possible, backed up, loaded what was left of the speeder onto the caboose and took the shaken young women and the little baby on to Jennings. People had already gathered at the station as they had heard the "back up" whistle. Mr. O'Brien, as co-owner of the speeder, held $49.00 out of Lena's next paycheck for her share of the damages. It seems his good disposition and gallantry suffered a momentary lapse.

Today Lena Stahl Davies lives in Alhambra, California but the memories of her teaching days and other experiences in Montana are vivid and pleasant. Several years ago she visited in Libby and Kalispell and decided to take a side trip to see the little gray schoolhouse at Jennings in case the old landmark didn't survive the construction of Libby Dam. Her intuition was correct.

Old-Time Storekeeper

(Continued from page 31)

Upper Medio. One day, visiting with friends in the store, Martin idly scratched "Blanco" on a shingle—then added "nia." Thus, the little community that had been given so many names now permanently became Blanconia.

Banker, storekeeper, telephone ma ager, postmaster, cotton ginner, meat a corn grinder, and blacksmith shou have been enough jobs for Martin b he was much more. When someone w ill or had died, Martin was there to hel Even after Dr. J. J. Adkins came Blanconia in 1890 to establish his pra tice, Martin continued helping with t sick and troubled. He also served as u dertaker.

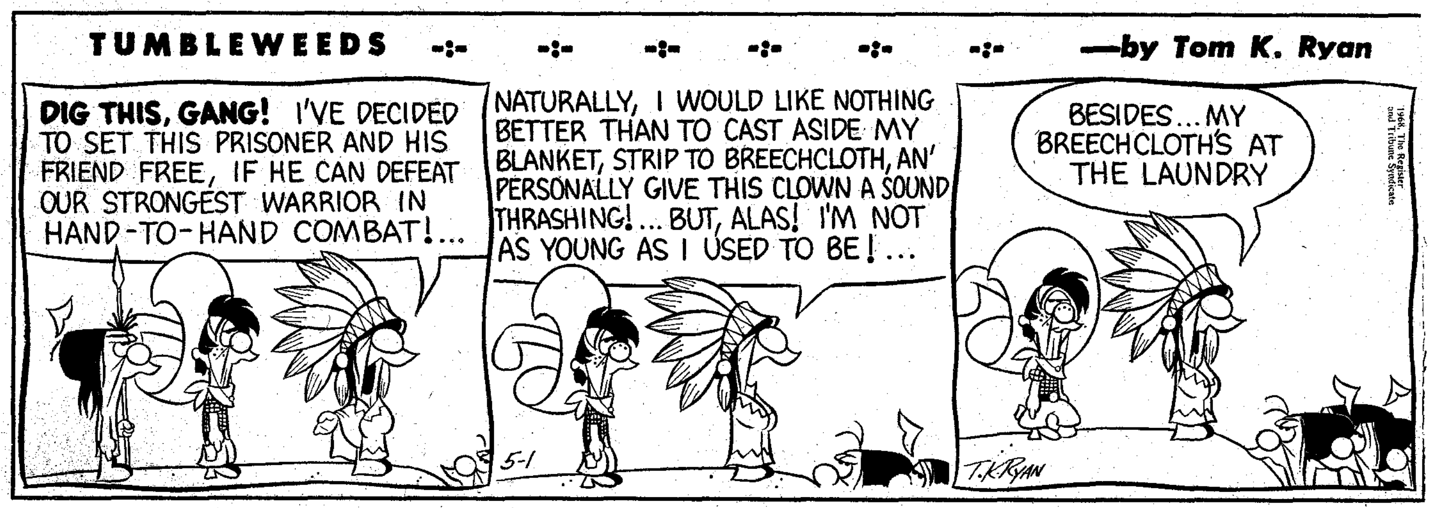
He was referred to as the peacemak because men of the community oft brought their differences to him for in partial settlement. Martin also, as d all of Thomas McGuill's children, to great pride in the church his fath built. When the congregation final outgrew the second church built Thomas, it was torn down and a ne church called St. Catherine's was bui on the Bee County side of the Blanco 1926. This lovely building still serve the Catholic congregation of the are All that is left of the churches Thoma built are the statue of Our Lady the Rosary and the Stations of the Cros

The second McGuill store burned 1920. Martin then acquired land acros the road and built another. When th third store was built, Martin added gas line. Today the old gasoline pump is a that remains of the McGuill Store— relic of early automobile days.

Across the Blanco on the Golia County site of the early McGuill settlement, only the Catholic cemetery remains. In 1890 Thomas donated one half acre of land for the cemetery. H was the first to be buried on it.

Martin's wife, Margaret, died in 191 With the help of his children, Marti continued to operate the store until hi death in 1937. After that the sons an daughters carried on until during Worl War II. Thus one family served thi South Texas area for ninety years through three generations.

In the early 1950s, the third McGuil Store was purchased and torn down So the pot-bellied stove around whic the old-timers spun their yarns is gone Shelves of dress materials and grocerie are gone, as are the barrels of molasses sugar, and flour and the buckets of peppermint and mixed candies. Only the ol gasoline pump, two old churches, and a few homes remain.


TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan
DIG THIS, GANG! I'VE DECIDED TO SET THIS PRISONER AND HIS FRIEND FREE, IF HE CAN DEFEAT OUR STRONGEST WARRIOR IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!...
NATURALLY, I WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO CAST ASIDE MY BLANKET, STRIP TO BREECHCLOTH, AN' PERSONALLY GIVE THIS CLOWN A SOUND THRASHING!... BUT, ALAS! I'M NOT AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE!...
BESIDES... MY BREECHCLOTH'S AT THE LAUNDRY
5-1
T.K.RYAN
1966, The Register and Tribune Syndicate

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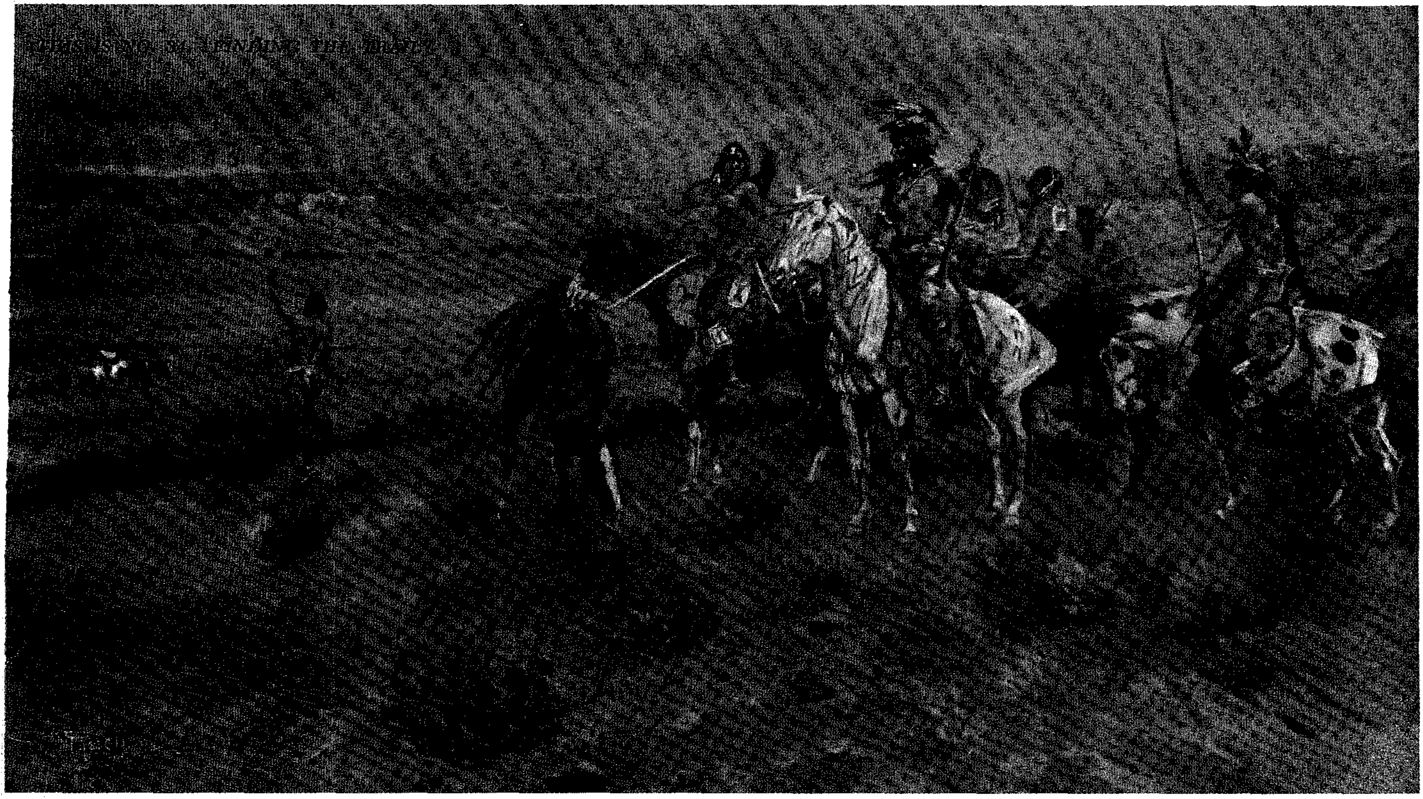

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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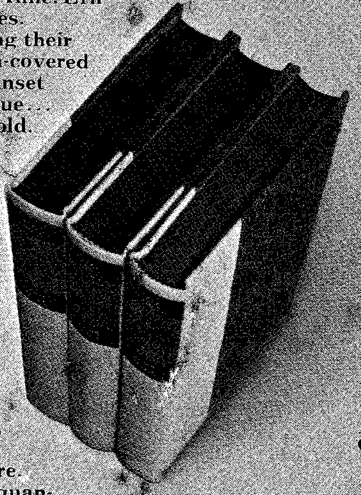

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